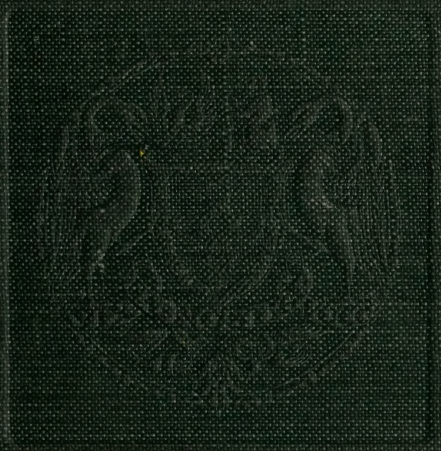
MEMORIES OF SIXTY YEARS

THE EARL OF WARWICK



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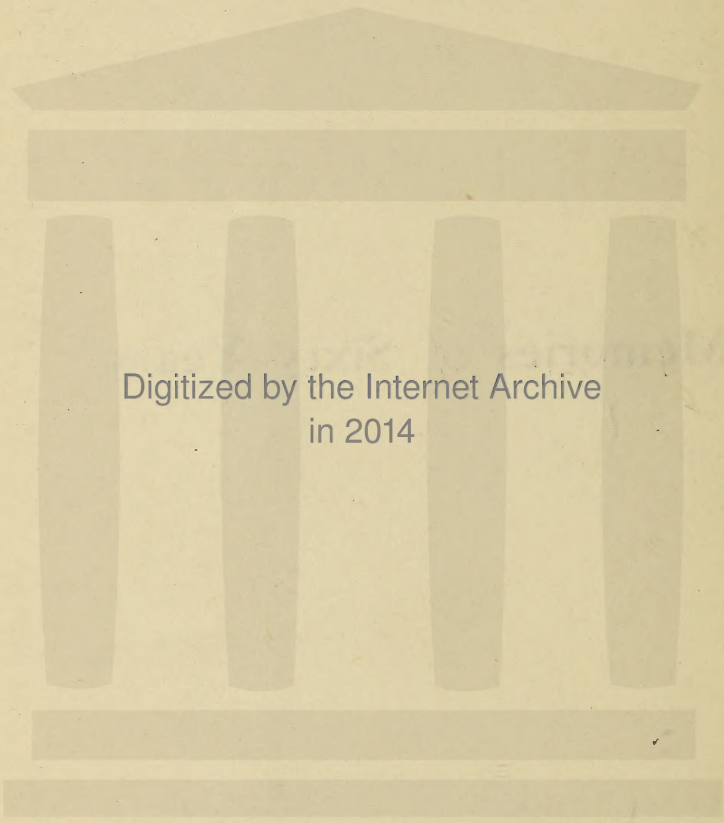
Memories of Sixty Years



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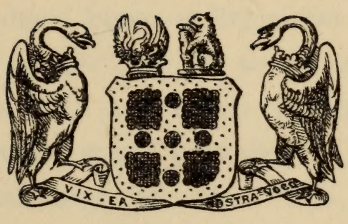
THE EARL OF WARWICK AT CAREYSVILLE, 1914.

Memories of Sixty Years

By The Right Honourable the Earl of Warwick and Brooke



With Eight Plates

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PREFACE

PONDERING the brief records of some of our forbears, flotsam and jetsam of past centuries, I have often thought how interested we should be in their own definite story of their lives. Had such autobiographies been written, we might have possessed to-day a picture of social and political England as seen and set down through the long years by men who were actually a part of the Government machinery of the time. To have studied their opinions in the light of our own would have been more than a recreation, it would have been an education.

Those of us who are already in our seventh decade and have lived the pleasant, leisured life of England's privileged classes, must have many abiding memories, and a certain inclination to share them, so far as a memory may be shared, with others. My own recollections of politics, sport, social life and travel, though varied, may be of little general interest, but I think they owe a certain significance to the changing conditions of the present time. I cannot see far ahead, but I can see a long way behind, and the conclusion forced upon me

is that my sons and grandsons will have nothing like the good time I have enjoyed. The long-established order of things has been growing old with me, and the Great War has dug its grave. The position of the Conservative landlord, often difficult and always fluctuating, is becoming harder than ever; the flood tide of taxes, local and imperial, threatens to submerge him; he will, I fear, be succeeded by men to whom the land can convey no tradition.

Looking back, I see that I have been able throughout my life to choose my duties as I chose my pleasures, and that I have always taken those I liked best. I don't think my tenants will say that I have been a bad, inconsiderate, or even indifferent landlord. The electors who sent me to the House of Commons, first for East Somerset and then for Colchester, will not charge me with having neglected their interests. In both my own and my wife's native county I have carried out official duties as long and as faithfully as I can, and for the rest I have lived in such fashion as seemed most agreeable to me, summoned to the farthest corners of the earth by the lure of sport, the promise of adventure, the prospect of finding the El Dorado that lies across the seas, and convinced that a good day's fishing or shooting is second in point of pleasure to nothing on earth. So it has been with many of

my own generation, and so it may not continue. An era closes with me; of this I am well assured. I thank the gods who ordained that my lines should be cast in such pleasant places and, for the most part, throughout such tranquil times. I am happier to have been born when I was than I would be to be born to-day. Ill-health for a good many years has been my lot, and I owe my ability to complete this book to the ministrations of my skilled and resourceful nurse, but when I balance good luck with bad I think I have little reason to complain.

Memoirs demand discretion, and I have endeavoured while mentioning dear friends and close associates to avoid saying anything to which the most sensitive could take exception; in other words, I have been intent upon minding my own business. I never made a note or kept a diary, so I must ask to be forgiven if at times my story is not governed by sequence. Only when ill-health denied me active exercise did I contemplate the making of this book, urged to it by a friend, a man of letters who does not wish me to couple his name with the thanks I express here and now for valuable assistance. My memory for events is good, it does not stretch as far as dates, and this failing has hampered me from time to time in endeavouring to present a strictly consecutive narrative. Curious that while I was regretting the absence of the memoirs of those who preceded me

I should have given no thought to the preparation of my own.

If I have persevered it is partly because I would like to inaugurate in my family the fashion of memoir-making. I will confess, too, that some of the incidents of travel and sport are so real, even after the lapse of years, and the passing of the old activity, that I do not wish them to die with me. I seek to give them a fresh lease of life in the memory of those who have cared for me and will remain behind, and I dedicate them to my wife and to my children.

WARWICK.

August, 1917.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
1.	Early Days	1
2.	Oxford Days and Sporting Memories	12
3.	Courtship, Marriage, and Early Years of Married Life	40
4.	Memories of Parliament, Politics, and Freemasonry	56
5.	Some Shooting Memories	75
6.	Fishing Days in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Scandinavia	94
7.	The English Landowner	122
8.	A Sporting Visit to Florida	136
9.	A Visit to Mexico	151
10.	A Visit to Mexico (*continued*)	164
11.	My Journey to East Africa	180
12.	Lord-Lieutenant of Essex and Mayor of Warwick: Some Aspects of Rural Life	205
13.	Random Memories of People and Places	217
14.	Random Memories of People and Places (*continued*)	233
15.	Memories—Chiefly of the Reigning House	260
16.	Round the Entrance Hall at Easton	291
	Index	315

LIST OF PLATES

The Earl of Warwick at Careysville *Frontispiece*

Lord Warwick as Colonel of the Warwickshire Yeomanry . . . . . page 24

The Countess of Warwick 48

Warwick Castle from the Avon 128

The Earl of Warwick's House, Oajaca . . 160

The El Oro Mine, Mexico 160

Lord Warwick addressing Natives on Mount Kenia, East Africa 194

The Earl of Warwick, Lord-Lieutenant of Essex 204

A Corner of the Entrance Hall, Easton Lodge 304

Memories of Sixty Years

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

I WAS born on the 9th February, 1853, at 7, Carlton Gardens. My paternal grandfather was still alive, though he had but another year to live, and when he died my father inherited and settled at Warwick. My very earliest memory, vague and shadowy enough, is of the visit of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in 1858 to Warwick Castle, when they came to Warwickshire to open the Aston Hall at Birmingham. I know that I had to present a bouquet to the Queen, and that she kissed me and my brother Alwyne, who was just one year my junior, our birthdays coming on the same day. Doubtless Alwyne and I were duly honoured, but my baby brother in arms, Louis, whom her Majesty tried to kiss, resented the attention bitterly, screamed, struggled, and finally, I regret to say, blew bubbles.

I can't recollect the incident myself, but have often heard my mother tell the story. While going over the Castle with the Queen, my mother brought her to her new boudoir then in course of being finished. My mother's kinswoman, old Lady Mexborough, was with us, and the Queen, who knew she was even older than she looked, said to her very kindly: "Please sit down." Lady Mexborough thereupon sat down on one of the new

and incomplete chairs that had not been seated, and her partial disappearance was very swift and dramatic. Queen Victoria's strict sense of decorum was not quite proof against the incident.

Only one other *contretemps* threatened the harmony of the proceedings. The housekeeper at Warwick was a very stately old dame, and she was showing Queen Victoria some of the Castle collection. Among the things of historic interest are the target, the pistols and the claymore of the unfortunate man to whom the housekeeper referred as "Prince Charlie." "Ah," said Queen Victoria a little dryly, "you mean of course the Pretender?" The old lady bridled up at once. "We don't call him that in our family, your Majesty," she replied. My mother's ancestor, Lord Elcho, had fought at Culloden for Prince Charlie.

I cannot remember much of the early years, but I know I was a very delicate lad, and the prospects of rearing me were considered small. Not until I was twelve years old was I strong enough to go to a preparatory school for Eton. The place selected was at Chalfont St. Giles, and I was sent away in charge of the butler. I remember him quite well, a stout, red-faced man who had been one of the barbers in the town of Warwick for some years. My father used to employ him, and he, being skilled in his trade, improved all possible occasions so well that when the butler's place was open my father offered it to him. We went to Slough by train, for that was as far as the railway service was available. At Slough the butler took me into a refreshment-room where he bought beer and cigars. He gave me a glass of beer and a cigar and then hired a cab to take us on our seven-mile

journey to Chalfont. As soon as the cab started we both smoked. The windows were closed, I had never smoked a cigar before, and soon felt that the end of the world must be very near at hand. When we arrived at the school-house the master and matron, who received me, wondered audibly why a poor lad should have been sent to them packed apparently in stale smoke, and in a dying condition.

For a delicate boy, life at Chalfont St. Giles had its drawbacks. I can remember that when I had been there a fortnight I was compelled to climb a tall spruce fir in the grounds. Jim Duncombe was in charge of the performance. He carried a long stick with a lady's hatpin tied to the end of it, and followed me as far as he thought advisable. Then when the tree-top was beginning to sway he stopped and applied the stick and hatpin with skill and effect so that I went up perilously high. However, I came down without accident and full of an affection for Mother Earth that I had never known before.

My next trial came with an instruction to challenge some lad to a fight. The boy's name was Phillip Allen, and oddly enough his father was the member for East Somerset, a constituency I was destined to represent in years to come. Reggie Duncombe (Lord Helmsley) was, I remember, my second—in the course of time his son was to marry my daughter and meet a soldier's death on the fields of France. I fought and won, for though I was slighter than my opponent I knew something about boxing. I was told after that the "Head" was an interested spectator. He held that fair fighting was the foundation of friendship,

and his judgment in this instance was certainly sound.

With my victory the worst of the bullying came to an end as far as I was concerned. But there were a few trying experiences left for me to undergo. Fenimore Cooper, author of "The Last of the Mohicans" and other thrilling books, was the schoolboys' hero in the 'sixties, and our games were modelled upon incidents he described. The big lads were trappers, and the smaller ones were Indians, or the game might be played the other way round. In any case there were bows and arrows in active use, rings of fire, and several forms of torture. Needless to add that it was not the big boys who suffered the torments. I suppose a certain measure of hardening is good for the average high-spirited lad, but whether I did not get rather more than is indicated in the case of a delicate boy is at least an open question. I can remember that I felt no pangs when my father told me I was to leave Chalfont St. Giles for Eton.

My career there was brief, but not altogether inglorious. Taking Upper Fourth on my arrival got my preparatory school a holiday. The recollections of that time are very shadowy. Dr. Balston was headmaster, De Rosens was my "Dames," and Woolley Dodd was my tutor. I can remember few of my contemporaries.

The end came in a moment. It was winter, and Barnes Pool was flooded. Of course somebody made a bet with me that I would not jump in, just as I stood on the bank, and swim across. Naturally I accepted the challenge, and I won the bet. But the price of victory was double-pneumonia. Life and death tossed up for me, and

though the former called successfully, it carried off very feeble material. My lungs were in a delicate state, so I had to take them to the South of France, in company with a tutor, and there combine the recovery of health with the gaining of knowledge. At the age of seventeen I had gained sufficient strength to go to Brackenbury's at Wimbledon—a military school where I could play football, always my favourite game. Unfortunately I went out skating when I should have stayed at home, congestion of the lungs followed, and once more I was ordered abroad and continued to avoid a strenuous life until at the age of nineteen I entered Christ Church College, Oxford. My rooms were in the Canterbury Quadrangle, my immediate neighbours were Lord Gage, Lord Darnley, and Mr. Walter Long. Prince Leopold, afterwards Duke of Albany, was up there then, and we formed a friendship that lasted as long as he lived. Another particular friend was a son of Harcourt of Nuneham, brother of the member for Oxford, Sir William Harcourt.

I was up at Christ Church for two years, and if I did any hard work during that period it has quite escaped my memory. But I did have a good time of which I will write at greater length in the succeeding chapter. Most lads in easy circumstances and peaceful years probably do much the same; in any case I've no apologies to offer. I kept two hunters and lent them to friends on days when I couldn't go out myself. Does anybody but an idiot lend hunters quite light-heartedly to anyone who may desire them? My rooms were above the Dean's garden, so at the proper season of the year Harcourt and I made a ladder of bell

pulls and napkins, fastened one end to my dining-table, and made straight for the Dean's mulberry tree. When the Dean went in the fullness of time to his favourite tree he found a serious shortage of everything but cigarette ends—and he did not smoke. There might have been trouble, but Harcourt was *persona grata* with the family, and particularly with one of the Dean's daughters. His father disapproved of his marrying so young and sent him to America for a year, during which time I played the part of postman and helped the lovers to exchange messages. He came back when the year was over, obstacles were brushed aside, all consents were won, there was a formal engagement, and then the poor girl died quite suddenly—a terrible tragedy. My friend never married, and Nuneham is the possession of Sir William's son, the descendant of an ancient line who has earned a peerage quite recently.

I remember that the Dons set themselves against Commemoration festivities—the season of ball and party and general liberty—and in my second year I found myself in trouble. There was a ball at University College, and I was there. The wife of the Dean of Christ Church asked me, somewhere about midnight, if I had leave, and I told her I hadn't applied, thinking it wasn't necessary. Then she kindly said that she would take me home in her carriage to save any bother, and so I returned with her and her daughters at 4 a.m.—a full carriage with plenty of concealment by the ladies' dresses.

A few hours later I was sent for and asked if I had been out late over night. Naturally I declined to commit myself or anybody else. The Dean

said mine was a serious offence, and I must be rusticated—only a few days remained to the end of the term. I remembered in that moment how my father had remarked that I did not seem to be doing much good at Oxford, so I took a bold line and told the Dean that if I was to be rusticated for something I could not regard as an offence, I should take my name off the books. Doubtless this confirmed the sentence; he was as good as his word and I kept mine. I returned home and did not talk.

Shortly afterwards, my father, walking down St. James's Street, was met by Lord Tweedmouth, who expressed his concern that my father's son, like his own, should have got into trouble. My father thereupon naturally demanded explanations, but I could not feel I was as guilty as Edward Marjoribanks, who had been helping to burn statuary at Christ Church!

Outside the even tenor of my Oxford way only one incident comes back to me, and that is the great fire at Warwick Castle. My father, already an invalid, was at Torquay. My mother was with me in town arranging for my coming of age celebrations. The rejoicings were to be on a large scale, and I was looking forward to them with all the ardour of a young man. Then one morning there came to our house in town, Lord Leigh, the Lord-Lieutenant of Warwickshire, with the grave news that the Castle was burning, and that my youngest brother Sydney and my only sister Eva, small children both, had had the narrowest escape, being compelled to crawl over a roof to reach safety. The fire had apparently broken out in my mother's dressing-room, where workmen had been making

certain alterations. The roof was burnt off the great hall, and molten lead lay on the marble floor. All the modern part of the Castle, including our old schoolrooms, was gutted, but the Castle walls and the older parts of the interior withstood the flames. There was no efficient provision against fire, the water used had to be pumped up from the river far, far below. Many of the valuable relics of past times were carried out of the Castle, deposited on the lawn or thrown into the Avon, and in this way much of the old armour was preserved. But the damage was deplorably heavy, and involved our family in very serious losses. In a moment I saw all my plans and hopes for the coming of age festivities brought to an end; a match dropped carelessly by someone had in all human probability sufficed.

My mother and I went down to Warwick very sadly; the only satisfaction she knew was that my father had been spared the shock of being present at the destruction, and that my brother and sister were at least safe and sound. As we entered the Castle our old housekeeper, whose gifts as a preserver of good things were quite remarkable, came to my mother in great distress. "Oh, my Lady," she began, "isn't it terrible? Oh my jam! Oh my jam!" And she burst into loud and bitter tears.

I might mention that, following the Castle fire, steps were taken to improve conditions and reduce risks; yes, it was late in the day, but better late than never. The provision now is ample, the water of the Avon is controlled by electric pumps, and it is possible to throw a jet from the river level one hundred and fifty feet over the Castle. I was testing

the hose and the arrangements for its use one day lately by the river side, when I saw on an island facing the Castle, about one hundred yards from where I stood, one of our Japanese cranes, a vicious and murderous bird, attacking the nest of a harmless moorhen. I happened to know that the nest contained half-fledged chicks. Before I could take any action he had picked up one fledgeling, shaken it hard, and swallowed it whole. I asked the fireman to hand me the hose, and with it I had a shot at the crane with the full force of the engines behind the jet. I got in a good sprinkling at the first attempt, but that did not serve. The crane shook himself a little angrily and attacked the nest again. I took more careful aim, hit my mark fairly and squarely and knocked the crane over on to his back. Thereupon he concluded that fledgeling moorhens were not worth what they cost, and walked off. I hope that the electric pump and hose will never be called upon to serve a more serious purpose.

Between the Eton and Oxford days at the time when I was beginning to discover how pleasant life can be, I had an amusing experience. I was staying at Warwick House, St. James's, our London home, with my mother, and one afternoon her cousin, Lady Granville, wife of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, called to see us. She asked my mother if she could come to a reception and ball to be given at the Foreign Office a couple of nights later. My mother said she would be pleased to attend, and Lady Granville, turning to me, said, "Would you like to bring your mother, Brookie?" Of course I said I'd be delighted, and when Lady Granville had gone my mother told me I must get a Court dress, as ordinary evening dress could not

be worn at a State function. If I am not mistaken the privilege of appearing in purely conventional costume used to be limited to the American Ambassador. Well, I didn't like the idea of going to a Foreign Office ball any the less because I could dress up, so I went to Nathan's in the Haymarket, and told them to send me a couple of Court costumes to choose from. The dresses arrived on the evening of the ball, and a footman spread them out for my choice. One was a black velvet affair with lace and knee breeches, the other was dark blue with a lot of gold. So I chose the latter; it was a capital fit, and we went off to the Foreign Office where guests were arriving by the score, and the great marble staircase leading to the reception rooms was crowded. Distinguished men, beautiful women, pretty girls, a blaze of light and jewels, stirring music, and the electric atmosphere of social London at its brightest and best, there is no need to tell how pleased I felt. Relations and friends came up to me and congratulated me on coming to my first great function, and upon the striking dress I wore. I remember Lady Airlie introducing me to her daughters, one of whom became the mother of Mrs. Winston Churchill. The first dance was a quadrille, and I was about half through with it when somebody tapped me on the shoulder. It was my kinsman, Lord Hardinge. "Hallo, Brookie," he said very cordially, but, I thought, a little sarcastically, "what are you doing here in that smart uniform? What is it?" "Court dress," I replied innocently. "Court dress!" he replied. "Look over there at Granville and that group of Foreign Office men. Do you see they're all watching you?" I looked and saw it was true enough. "What's

the matter?" I whispered. "You've put your foot in it, my boy," he replied kindly enough. "You're wearing full Ambassador's uniform." And so saying he left me to my fate. That was soon decided. As soon as the quadrille was over and I could dispose of my partner, I put my cocked hat under my arm and fled as fast as I could, leaving my mother unattended. My boyish imagination pictured a State Trial and saw my head, like the heads of so many of my forbears, paying the ultimate penalty. Happily Lord Granville was quite satisfied by my prompt departure, and beyond a little chaff I heard no more of the matter, except that Lord Hardinge sent me a caricature of myself in my splendid dress.

An odd incident occurred many years later. I was dining in New York with some American friends and something said about Ambassadors' uniform reminded me of the story I have just set down, and I told the company about it. Among the guests was a brother-in-law of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Robinson I think was his name, and he told us that he once found himself in London with an invitation to Court and no Court dress. He, too, went to Nathan's. Unfortunately, the clothes fitted him tightly, and when he made his bow to Royalty his nether garment refused to stand the strain, and a seam split ruthlessly and noisily. He retired carefully if not gracefully without any delay, and declined an invitation to a State Ball at Buckingham Palace on the following night, because he did not know what evil trick a hired Court dress might elect to play upon a Republican who dared to masquerade in such inappropriate costume.

CHAPTER II

OXFORD DAYS AND SPORTING MEMORIES

THE glamour of Oxford passed me by; I did not approach it with the romantic enthusiasms of so many young men. For all the beauty of its colleges, for all the attraction of the river, I think I was never overpowered by my surroundings; perhaps the stately old castle on the Avon that had sheltered so much of my boyhood was accountable for my comparative indifference. In those days the Avon was not as it is to-day. It flowed clear and bright and unpolluted; to stand by its banks in the earliest light of a June morning, when the colour of the castle walls was luminous pearl grey, when a full choir was wakening in the woods and great fish were leaping from the water, was to have sense of a beauty that remained secure against all the assaults of time and change.

I was not an imaginative boy; for music I had little or no taste, for my own reading I was content with fiction; it was only my love of painting that stood between me and complete indifference to the arts. This love came to me early; it was nurtured in the castle galleries where some of the finest achievements of the greatest masters gave me such measure of their message as I was able to receive. I think it was my love of painting that filled Oxford with such attraction as it held for my leisure hours, and hinted to me even then that there was something more abiding than the pleasures of the life

we all squandered so happily. Oxford deepened my sense of the beauty of colour and form, though I did not know it at the time; indeed, I did not recognise the full extent of my debt in this direction until I had long left the city behind me.

I realised even then, however, that the educative value of our Universities depends largely upon the type of man that goes there. For all save a strong-minded section of the men of leisure the call is to amusement, and nothing remains of Oxford when the swift years have flown save a certain "manner." It is an excellent manner of its kind save that it is not altogether free from condescension, and it gives a self-assurance that will be valuable to a sensible man, even though it may not save a fool from betraying his folly. But, after consideration, I did not propose to send either of my boys to Oxford. Let me admit that even had I so proposed, it would have been in vain, as each joined the Army from school, the elder to take a hand in the Boer War, the younger to play his part in the great struggle that engages us as I write.

My own opinion is that while the leisured seclusion of the 'Varsity may still continue to exist for fortunate lads, the whole spirit of Oxford and Cambridge must change, and that quickly. The old order has yielded to the new, and it is impossible to persuade the earth to stand still while young men fit themselves for high administrative posts by prolonged study of Latin and Greek, and go out into the world with complete and brazen ignorance of any modern language save their own.

Our competitors, not only in commerce but in diplomacy, have us at a grave disadvantage, even though the most of them may be but indifferent

classicists. In my earlier days, when I noted our isolation, it did not displease me; I may have even allowed myself to think of Englishmen as a race apart, living their own lives, doing as seemed good to them, and always likely in the last resort to "muddle through somehow," without taking any count of the cost. In such circumstances Oxford and Cambridge needed no reformation from within or without, their repose was at least dignified, and their lawns and immemorial trees, to say nothing of colleges and chapels, won the unstinted admiration of visitors from overseas, and offered a perennial gift of incense to our national vanity. If men did strive hard for some knowledge that, when attained, was carefully buried, there was always the belief that in some mysterious fashion they were the better for it. Though I can claim that I did no harm at Oxford, I must confess that I did no good. The time would have been better employed in Paris, Berlin, or Rome, learning a modern language or two, and studying the world in which I had to play some part, however modest. I enjoyed the Oxford days, and am grateful for many of the memories they have left me; but to claim that as a factor in life they had any value that could not be obtained elsewhere would be absurd. In those days it did not matter greatly; a certain proportion of the population of these islands could afford to waste its time. But what about the future, and what about an Oxford or a Cambridge brought up to date and carrying out a definite scheme of education in the interests of the State? It seems to me that in the future, the years in which I have no share, there will not be in England a single institution that can be maintained for social or orna-

mental purposes, and I have interested myself sufficiently in education to realise what could be done if our two leading Universities would place themselves abreast of the times instead of following them, in however dignified a fashion, at a distance of several hundred years. The position of the great Universities is not unlike that of the old land-owners. Both are faced with changes that may well have seemed incredible when the twentieth century dawned; both have to accommodate themselves to altered conditions if the country, having at last realised its needs, is to be satisfied.

I had no intention of moralising when I sat down to this chapter, but as I started to recall some more of the incidents of my two years at Christ Church, the contrast between life in the 'seventies of the nineteenth century and the latter part of the second decade of the twentieth became suddenly overpowering. I seemed to be turning back to another world, and in the light of old memories and present happenings some of the opinions I have set out above came to me with a feeling that they cannot be gainsaid by any who knew the past, or grasp the significance of the present, and endeavour in the light of both to look a little way ahead.

I have said that Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, was one of my best friends at Oxford; we only once had a slight difference. He used to come often to my rooms, and in my bedroom there was a large shower-bath that used to serve for my morning tub. The Greville Memoirs were published during my Oxford days, and I may whisper the truth that they gave a certain measure of offence in Royal circles. On this account the books had not been well received. Prince Leopold came to my rooms

one evening and chanced to see the Memoirs on the table. Without a word he rushed with them into my bedroom, pulled the string of the shower-bath, and gave the books a ducking that ruined them. I was not very pleased.

Lord Gage, whose rooms were just below me, suffered considerably from practical jokers. One afternoon Walter Long and I were chatting in my rooms when we heard sudden cries for help just below us, and recognised the voice. We rushed down, and found Lord Gage standing on his dinner-table to be out of the reach of a crowd of rats—hundreds of them—that had been brought to his rooms in cages and let loose. We seized hunting crops, and were busy for several minutes until the last intruder—one that forced its way into the back of the piano—was numbered with the dead. It was necessary to see the business through, for if the rats had been left it is safe to say that some would have invaded our rooms. A few days later the jokers returned, and Lord Gage found his feather mattress and pillows slit open, so that the rooms were knee-deep in swansdown and bits were floating all over the stairway. I never realised there were in all Oxford as many feathers as came out of that one bed.

There was once a parliamentary election in full swing. Oxford had blossomed out into party posters of every kind, popular excitement was at fever heat, and Aubrey Harcourt asked me to lunch with him in his rooms, close to my own, to meet his uncle, Sir William. It was my first introduction to that great scholar and parliamentarian, and we prepared for it rather dangerously by collecting copies of all the most flaring Conservative posters and hanging

them round the room. To make matters worse, I think all who were invited to meet Sir William were Tories. But he minded not at all. Portly and imposing though he undoubtedly was, he was full of genial humour in those days—a sprightly talker and a good listener, into whose ears before lunch was over we were all pouring our tales of petty adventure. As for our political views, he seemed to enjoy them. He must have been between forty and fifty years of age then, and had a considerable personal charm. I liked him very well on that occasion; but in later years, when we were to sit on opposite sides of the House of Commons, I found him a perpetual irritant. The truth is, I suppose, that he had the gift of tolerance, and I, in those days, perhaps did not possess it.

I remember another little experience with Aubrey Harcourt. His father was giving a dinner-party at Nuneham one night, and the house was full of guests. Aubrey and I drove out from Oxford, alighted at some distance from the house, and proceeded on foot to a room with a window opening on to the garden. This we forced. We then collected some books and other odds and ends, and returned to Oxford with them. Before the next day was over rumour began to talk. Burglars had entered Nuneham over night, the place had been completely ransacked, property of great value had been taken away, expert thieves from London were concerned, the police had a clue. How we enjoyed it all!

A familiar figure in the beautiful city was a crammer named Motley. He had a genius for getting men through Mods., and a special mastery over Euclid. An elderly man, strong and sturdy, he

would never show any resentment if you were not in when he called. It sufficed him to investigate the cupboard in which you kept refreshment, take what seemed good to him, and depart at his appointed time, leaving you the poorer so far as learning and liquor were concerned.

The late Lord Londonderry, who was then Lord Castlereagh, was one of my contemporaries, and showed me one morning a little note Motley had left in his rooms on the previous day when he had called to impart information and found no one to receive it. "Dear C.," it ran, "you are out of sherry." That was all. For pupils to be out was a venial offence; for sherry to be "out" was matter calling for a swift reprimand.

The old coach wore large horn spectacles, and his hair was rather long, black, and curly. The curls were nearly always in the same place and I suspected a well-fitting wig. So one day I managed to twist the end of my quill pen round one of the ringlets without exciting the old man's suspicions, and when it was firmly fixed I suddenly drew his attention to the window. Up he jumped. It was as I feared: a very excellent wig remained on the point of my pen, and my venerable tutor showed as bare a scalp as any in Oxford. That was all right, but a moment later he had picked me up as though I had been a child instead of a sturdy stripling, and I was "reversed and placed," as Mr. Euclid has it. There's no need to add anything more, but I developed on that day an unconquerable aversion from the bad habit of concerning myself about the head of hair worn by others. The investigations I started on that morning ended where they began, and I have always

been inclined to chide idle curiosity in the young and adolescent.

While I was up at Oxford I made the acquaintance of Lord Randolph Churchill, who had gone down a few years before I went there. The old Duke and Duchess of Marlborough were friends of my father, and as they extended at Blenheim a very generous hospitality to the children of all the people they knew, I was soon invited. I remember my first visit to their beautiful home. Being very young I went in a high dog-cart, driving tandem and attended by that rough diamond, Jimmy Higgs, from whom I hired my horses. He sat behind me armed with a post-horn, and blew blasts that would have certainly brought down the walls of Jericho had they been standing anywhere in the neighbourhood. He did not cease from blowing until the house was reached, and doubtless we were both pleased with the impression we made. Lord Randolph was dining at home that night, and I have a vivid recollection of the quality of personal magnetism that seemed to envelop him. He did not seek to be the centre of thought and conversation; it was simply impossible for him to be anything else. It was a great day, and all my boyish enthusiasms were carried captive by the second son of the house. When I left, the family came to see me off, and in the darkness, driving without lights, my horses chose to go across the lawn instead of down the path. But I must have been forgiven, for the invitation was often repeated.

What pleased me most about Blenheim was the array of tapestries. The walls were hung with them. Given to the great soldier who established the fame and fortune of the house, they had been

brought from rooms, where they were seldom seen, to take the place of some famous pictures that had unfortunately been sold.

Lord Randolph and I became quite attached to each other, and our pleasant relations lasted as long as he lived. His wife is one of our oldest and dearest friends. It was a great grief to my wife and me to see illness falling upon Randolph Churchill and depriving him of gifts that have seldom been granted more lavishly to any public man. There was a time when he seemed to have the world at his feet—a time when, if he had anything to say, all the world was keen to hear his message. He carried life lightly enough in those early days, and he and I had many a pleasant shoot round the park at Blenheim. I remember that on one occasion four of us bagged four hundred hares.

He recommended me to a tailor who, in addition to being a most capable man at his job, would, Lord Randolph assured me, come readily to the assistance of a client who found himself short of money. Now it is possible—or at least it was—for a young man to have a fair allowance from his father and yet to exceed it, and I am able to say without blushing unduly that the sad experience did not altogether escape me. One day, finding that a loan would give a brighter aspect to life, I took heart of grace and wrote to the tailor, quoting Lord Randolph, so that he might comply with my request by return of post. Well, it is clear that the tailor had either repented voluntarily of his bad habit or he had found that it was less remunerative than he had expected it to be, for instead of doing the right thing and sending me a cheque for the modest amount named, he put my eloquent

application into an envelope and posted it to my father, who was the last man in England to receive such a communication unmoved. There was a serious outburst of wrath on his part, a most trying interview, and my allowance which I had hitherto deemed inadequate was promptly curtailed. I have never looked with real affection upon tailors since then.

I was dining at Blenheim a few years ago; there was a Christmas party, when the present Duchess, whom I had taken in to dinner, received a telegram. With her usual courtesy she asked leave to read it, and the contents were so pleasant that she communicated them to me. The message was from her father, Mr. Vanderbilt, to say he was sending her a cheque for a very large amount to buy whatever house she liked in London. I think it was the cheque that bought the site of Sunderland House and raised the present mansion there.

In the great gallery at Blenheim there is a glorious modern organ, and Mr. Perkins used to come over from Birmingham to play it. I developed a keen desire to possess an organ, and the desire was stimulated when I heard the organ that the late Mr. Whitney had in his New York home. It was concealed behind panelling and played by electric power from a console in the centre of the room. Finally, my wife and I could hold out no longer, and we commissioned the builder of a very fine organ in Warwick Church to build one for us round the hall in Warwick Castle. Part of it is in the old gallery that connects two sides of the Castle, and a part is on the roof. Unfortunately, it has not been a complete success, for it has never been found possible to establish a uniform atmosphere within and with-

out, so that the difficulties of tuning are almost insuperable. But we have enjoyed delightful hours. Madame Norman Neruda have played, and Madame Clara Butt has sung, to its accompaniment, while many another player and singer has helped to charm our guests and ourselves, so that, although the organ has not justified either our high hopes or its heavy cost, it cannot be said to have failed altogether. I do not think that in the present state of our knowledge the tuning difficulties can be satisfactorily overcome, but perhaps some man of genius will arise.

Harking back to Oxford, I am reminded that there were two prominent Christ Church clubs, the Rousers and the Loders. I had friends in both, and when I belonged to the Loders my fellow-members included the Duke of Albany, the Parkers (sons of Lord Macclesfield), Algernon Mills, Hughie Shaw Stewart, Lord Darnley, and Lord Harris of Kent cricket fame. We used to have "wines" together on Sundays. Everyone took it in turn to provide the wine, but there was no real drinking. Each member took his glass, and we chatted about everything under the sun that interested us. I can't help contrasting this sober conviviality with the heavy beer-drinking of the German University students, their duels and their "*schlaeger*" fights that leave no face unscarred. I have never seen the face that seemed to me to be really the better for sword cuts, but of course tastes differ.

A friend of mine, who has held a very high command in the present war, was walking down the streets of a famous German city in company with a brother officer. They were both young. So, too, were the members of a band of German University

students who were coming in an opposite direction with linked arms, driving all pedestrians off the pavement, after a fashion that is, or was, I believe, popular in Germany. My friend promptly broke through and was at once challenged to a *schlaeger* fight by the student who was the greatest expert in the University. Needless to say, the challenge was accepted, but on arrival at the place appointed my friend insisted that there must be no padding and that the fight must take place in shirt-sleeves. There was general remonstrance and not a little astonishment, but as the challenged one my friend was able to carry his point, his opponent being perfectly willing to accept any conditions. He had no idea of fencing or *schlaeger* fighting, but as soon as swords were crossed he lifted in both hands the heavy squared weapon with its sharpened end and brought it down on his challenger's head with such goodwill that the latter went down unconscious. The duel was over. I don't know what the Germans thought of my friend then, but in view of what he has been doing to them since 1914, I am afraid they must be sorry he escaped so lightly after displaying such lamentable ignorance of the duello, and the etiquette properly associated with it. I should not be surprised if one of the results of the great war is to modify the German habit of beer-drinking and sword play as a preparation for the life of a warrior bold. In war, apparently, the stream of beer tends to run dry, and it is an open question whether the sword has not survived its office. Moreover, beer is a great softener of muscle, and a great producer of weight in all its patrons who are not leading very active lives.

Before leaving Oxford I joined the Warwick-

shire Yeomanry, and remained with the regiment six-and-thirty years. In those early days we went to Aldershot for training and were attached to a cavalry regiment; I was attached to the Fifth Lancers. Military service was not particularly arduous, and amusements were distinctly varied. There was a regimental circus of the Fifth; some officers appeared as clowns, and others were remarkably clever on the trapeze. There was at odd times plenty of bear-fighting and practical jokes. I remember the case of one officer who was distinctly unpopular, and one night a few of us decided to invade his quarters and treat him as his demerits suggested. I always thought that if there was any drawing to be done, it was better to be of the drawers than the drawn. I was not the first to enter the room, and have every reason to feel glad, for the enemy was a canny fellow, and, conscious of the truth that he was not beloved by man, he kept a fierce bulldog that had overlooked his infirmities and was a loyal friend. When the first visitor entered, the bulldog emerged quickly from under the bed and had the intruder by the leg before he knew what had happened. The rest of us spent no time on explanation or investigation; we went our several ways, promptly and ingloriously.

Yes, we yeomen were a lively lot. I recall Joe Aylesford, John Delacourt, and "Sugar Candy," whose daughter married the Duke of Newcastle. There was hardly a trick that we had not got at our finger ends. I remember one subaltern who was rather the butt of his colleagues. He had a beautiful white charger, and one night before an inspection some of us decided that he must not go about so gloriously. If he wanted to be merely

Photograph by Graham.

LORD WARWICK AS COLONEL OF THE WARWICKSHIRE YEOMANRY.

ostentatious, we would help him. So several of us—Frank Dugdale and Dick Charteris were in it—sent hastily for Judson's dyes in large quantities and many tints, and by the time we had finished with the noble steed the coat of many colours worn by the patriarch's young son Joseph was a bad second. Then we turned in, conscious of duty well done. Imagine our disgust when, next morning, parade for annual inspection started and we found our subaltern on his steed which was as milk-white as before. The truth leaked out later. He had discovered our trick in the early morning. The horse was one of a pair belonging to his mother, who lived only a few miles away. So he had rushed across country, secured the second horse, and turned up in all his glory. We were beaten.

I saw great changes while I was with the regiment; promotion was slow, and it was not until I was growing old that I got the command that my father had held for very many years. Rightly or wrongly, I had come to the conclusion that no man ought to retain command of the regiment for more than three years, and at the end of that period I retired. Just before I left Sir Ian Hamilton inspected the Warwickshire Yeomanry, and I confess to a natural vanity that leads me to quote his words: "I am sorry you are leaving your regiment, Lord Warwick, but you have the satisfaction of knowing that you leave it in the highest state of efficiency."

I remember when I was in command having early morning foot-drill on the common. While busily thinking out the next manœuvre, a dirty and bloated old man, whose dress was very sketchy and whose whole appearance suggested anything

but chronic sobriety, left the little company of spectators and approached me.

"I knows you, m'Lord," he began, "but you doesn't know me."

"No, who the devil are you?" I replied tartly, for my train of thought had run right off the lines.

"I'm the baby you was vaccinated from," declared the dirty man solemnly!

I confess I don't know the etiquette of such a case, but half-a-crown seemed to meet it. My subsequent inquiries showed that the old chap's claim was well founded. He must have had a good memory, for we were both between fifty and sixty. I can only hope that in those evil times of arm-to-arm vaccination he was a little cleaner than when he introduced himself to me.

My friend, Prince Leopold of Albany, was lying ill at Balmoral, and expressed a wish that I might be sent for to bear him company. So I was "commanded" to the Queen's beautiful Highland home, and on alighting at the station was met and driven to the Castle, arriving about 9 p.m. There I was shown up at once to Prince Leopold's room, and found Queen Victoria by his bedside. She greeted me most kindly, and expressed the hope that as soon as I had had some supper I would come to the ball-room, as this was the night of the gillies' ball. I said I should be delighted, and having changed and supped I went to the dance. There was a large assemblage present, most of the men wearing the kilt, and the Queen looked on with motherly interest. About midnight the great John Brown appeared, bearing a salver with glasses of toddy. He presented it to Her Majesty, who graciously refused; as he did so he remarked, *sotto*

voce, that it was time for those who move in the most exalted circles to go to bed. Her Majesty retired, and we danced into the morning.

Another incident of the visit recurs to me as I write. It was on St. Swithin's evening, and I was out with Dr. Royle, Prince Leopold's doctor, a very charming young man. Suddenly along the road leading to the front of the Castle we met a strange procession. First came royal carriages with the Queen and the Royal Princesses, following them some hundreds of retainers, all carrying torches, and two brakes full of stablemen dressed up as witches, and some dummy figures stuffed with straw and sawdust also to represent witches. Arrived before the Castle, the Queen alighted, and the procession halted until Her Majesty could be seen at a window on the first floor. Then the procession deployed, and made for a great pile of wood heaped up on the gravel. Torches were plunged into it, the mass was fired, the dummy witches were forked on to the flames, the "live witches" ran screaming away, to be caught another year, I was told, and finally there was a fine dance in the open.

When the Paris Exhibition of 1878 was opened, I went across to explore its wonders in company with Prince Leopold. We stayed at the Hôtel Bristol, but were not in it very often. Sometimes we dined at the British Embassy with Lord Lyons, whose secretary, Mr. Sheffield, was our particular friend, and one of the best of good fellows. A frequent visitor to the Embassy was Léon Gambetta, and many a night I have sat in the smoking-room at the Embassy listening to that great statesman's stories of his escape from Paris in '71, and his attempt to organise the defence of his country

He was extraordinarily good-natured, and never resented the closest cross-questioning. The Franco-German War was not old history then, and there was so much we wanted to know. Gambetta was anything but handsome. His rather coarse features had a curiously distorted look; he was a dark man with florid complexion and wore a beard. As soon as he started to speak on any topic that really interested him, you understood one at least of the sources of his influence. I've heard the greatest of great speakers in my time, but his eloquence rivalled that of the best of them. His influence upon a crowd must have been electrical.

The ex-King of Naples, who married a sister of the beautiful Empress of Austria, called one day to see Prince Leopold at the Bristol, and on the conclusion of the visit I escorted him from the room to his carriage. Suddenly he remembered that he had left his stick upstairs, so he stepped out of the carriage, and quite forgetful of the burden of his years and my offers to fetch it for him began to run up the steps. I pursued, but he raced me readily, and as we came down together and I congratulated him on his paces he replied: "*Quand on a une mauvaise mémoire il faut avoir de bonnes jambes.*"

I have very pleasant memories of the old blind King of Hanover, who was staying in Paris for the Exhibition with his charming daughters, the Princesses Louise and Frederica. I remember dining with them on the night of the King's birthday, and was rather astonished to see the Queen smoking two large cigarettes at once. I think she must have noticed my astonishment, for she remarked: "I smoke in this fashion because I get more smoke into my mouth, and that is what I like." There

was a reception after the dinner; we all passed before the King of Hanover, were formally presented, and touched glasses with him. He stopped me and had a pleasant chat, asking many questions about my father, whom he had met in previous years. He seemed kindly and capable in spite of his affliction, and there was no suggestion of kinship with a race that has invented "frightfulness."

In the early season and in the hey-day of a sporting life a man makes delightful friends, and friendships are strengthened by the bond of union that comes when passion for some sport or pastime is shared. I have always looked back with keen pleasure on my friendship with Mr. Willie Jameson, the celebrated yachtsman, who for many years was my partner in our salmon fishing on the Blackwater in Ireland. Undoubtedly as a yacht-racer he has had few equals, and his experiences are without number, so that I have often asked him to do what I am trying now to do and to tell the story of past times for the pleasure of old friends. His fund of stories seems inexhaustible. Jameson and I have had many a jolly cruise together. We used to start off in an old cutter of the first class, the *Iverna*, of about 120 tons, belonging to Mr. Jack Jameson, my friend's brother. A party of four of us and Mrs. Willie Jameson, a sister, by the way, of Sir Douglas Haig, used to set out from Southampton about Cowes Week. The *Iverna*, which had won many a fine race and valuable trophy in her time, had most of her racing spars and a racing crew, so the going was good. Our route usually lay down Channel, and we would stay for a while in the Scilly Islands, surely as fair a place as ever the sun shone upon. Who having

seen the gardens of Tresco can forget them, and what lover of sea-fishing has found better sport than Scilly can provide? Leaving there we would beat up round Cornwall and make for Kingstown Harbour in the distressful country, and thence in the launch or sailing cutter to Portmarnock golf course, in my opinion one of the best and most gloriously situated in the world, and there we would spend a week or ten days.

Leaving Portmarnock we would seek the Western Highlands, and the golf courses of Islay, Machray and Macrihanish, and leaving them we would sail to Oban or Skye. Those who know the Western Highlands in late summer or very early autumn, when the waters are warm and have just enough wind to invigorate without distressing them, when the hills that come down to the waterside are touched with the purple of the heather aflower, those and only those can realise what it means to a good sailor, with health, leisure and delightful company, to pass from one beauty spot to another. I would not dare to say that conditions are always ideal —the West Coast of Scotland knows in August more wet days than fine—but there are times when all the conditions are favourable, and the result is a sense of exhilaration and the sheer joy of life that is hard to recapture after middle age, even for the happiest of us. The real halcyon days are few.

I remember one year we were sailing up to Oban with an unfavourable wind, and the tide running strong in the narrows. We attempted time after time to make way but with so little success that at last Jack Jameson decided to go closer in shore, believing that we should so escape the

worst of the tide and be able to creep up. On the chart we seemed to have plenty of water, but suddenly there was a heavy crash, and we were badly on one of the rocks in the locality, watching deck-chairs, books, papers, glasses, and the rest of our creature comforts above deck disappearing down the waterway. It was very nearly high water, and as the tide fell the boat heeled farther and farther on her side. We sent the launch off to Oban, some fifteen miles away, and stuck to the boat. For three days and nights we remained fixed. At times the boat lay on an even keel, at other times with the ebb tide the water was only a foot or two off her hatches.

The salvage people sent tugs out from Oban, but one after another the hawsers parted, and at last two empty steel lighters were commissioned. They came alongside and passed a chain under the keel of the boat; baulks of timber were placed across our deck and lashed to the deck by the chain, leaving their projecting ends resting on the lighters. There was about six inches rise of tide, and when it came the lighters lifted our boat sufficiently for the attendant tug to pull everything off. We found little or no damage had been done; it was not for nothing that we carried eighty tons of lead on our keel.

I have often thought that had the chance presented itself I should have taken to yachting with even greater interest than I took to rod and gun. I was born and bred to the last-named articles, fishing as a little lad on the Avon and handling a gun as soon as my father would permit me to do so. Yachting came much later, but it always meant much to me, and Willie Jameson's skill

never failed to stir my envy. I remember once when the *Iverna* was lying in Kingstown Harbour, sailing round the cove with him in the cutter to Portmarnock, and to his brother's house, St. Marnock's. Coming back in the evening the wind had risen and we found ourselves in very bad water. Colonel Forster, who was Master of the Horse to several Lords-Lieutenant of Ireland, came up alongside in a decked cutter to offer the help of which, even to his practised eye, we stood in need. But Willie Jameson was not having any. Completely master of himself and his craft, he said he would see the job through, and he did so, greatly to my admiration and, perhaps, if the truth be told, a little to my relief.

I always feel that I did not take the fullest advantage of my chances. I might have raced with Jameson, and never did. I ought to have learned far more than I know about yachting, for, apart from Jameson and one or two other friends, I had occasional experiences that might have taught me a great deal. My brother Alwyne had a beautiful "Solent One Design" cutter, and I sailed with him for several years in delightful races off the Isle of Wight.

I suppose the very strenuous people, if there are any who read what I have to tell, will be inclined to censure me for enjoying life and sport as fully and heartily as I was able to. I'm afraid I have no regrets. In all the years I have passed in review, on paper and off, I cannot charge myself with neglecting any of the duties that rightly fall to an English country gentleman, as those duties were carried out and taught to me by my own father. If a new standard or conception of duty

has sprung up since my day, I can only say that I know nothing of it, and have not seen or heard of its advantages in working order. In the last years of my father's life I frequently carried the burden of responsibility of entertainment that he would have borne had strength permitted, for he took a large view of his duties, public and private. In the year before he died (1892) the Royal Agricultural Show was held at Warwick, in the grounds of the Castle, under the presidency of the late Lord Feversham. I remember we entertained the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.) and the Duke of York (King George V.) for the Show, so there was much to be done apart from our share of the exhibition work. Certainly a better *mise-en-scène* could not have been devised. The Grand Stand was erected on a hill, all the exhibits and most of the visitors were below the hill, and the Castle provided a distant background. I remember that the whole affair was a success, and yielded a very substantial profit to the Society.

I think myself that the change of venue from country towns to Park Royal was a distinct mistake of my old friend, Sir Walter Gilbey, as true a friend to agriculture as Essex ever housed. The trouble is that London is full of exhibitions of every kind, few people can see half of them, and these competing interests are fatal. If the Show be held in a country town that is not usually a centre of many attractions, there is, it seems to me, a better chance of a large gathering; besides this, I think a show changing its *locale* has much more educational advantage than a fixture.

In connection with the Show at Warwick, I remember that on the Sunday the Bishop of Worces-

ter, Dr. Perowne, I think, preached a special sermon to the drovers and stockmen and others who had gathered to help. He took for his text, "Labour not for the meat which perisheth," a curious selection for that audience, and one that took a deal of handling to make it fit in with the general scheme of things.

In 1877 there was a great Durbar at Delhi to proclaim Queen Victoria Empress of India. My father asked Lord Salisbury to let me go out, and he kindly spoke a word for me to Lord Lytton, the Governor-General, who promptly sent me an invitation. I started off from England, and on board ship met with two friends of my own age, Lord Kilmaine and Sir Robert Abercrombie. The Indian Minister of Finance and the Governor of Bengal were on board, and I remember after many practical jokes that, on the night before we reached Bombay, I procured a live turkey from the cook, wrapped it lightly in a tablecloth, opened the door of their cabin, and left the visitor I had intruded upon those worthy gentlemen to amuse them as best it could. It behaved awfully well, and so did they to me.

Ours was a pleasant voyage, and I found that my sketches and caricatures were in great demand. Unfortunately there was a man on board who in the Red Sea found his cabin too hot for him, so he used to sleep on a table in the saloon and snore profoundly, to the vast annoyance of some of the lady passengers. They complained to me, and I felt it my duty to climb on to the skylight with a jug of water and abate the nuisance. The operation was perfectly successful, but I fear the operator's name was revealed by some injudicious person. The

snoring man's revenge was to capture my sketch books and sacrifice them to the ocean.

In Bombay we provided ourselves with the necessary equipment, and hired servants. Lord Lytton had just arrived and we attended his levee. I remember an odd pause in the proceedings. His Excellency, feeling a little tired or bored, took a ten-minutes' interval to smoke a cigarette. Then the business was resumed.

Lord Lytton invited us to travel with him on his special train to Delhi. On arrival there I found my conveyance to the camp awaiting me. It was an elephant, and my name was written on a label tied to its tail. I climbed up in the howdah, took my place in the procession, and we passed along the wonderful streets between the troops armed with spears and thousands of bayonets. Then came an awkward moment, when my howdah began to slip, and I was hanging on at an angle that was everything but comfortable. Luckily the mischance was seen, and certain agile natives climbed up on to the elephant and secured my seat without stopping the people behind me, or even throwing the elephant out of its stride. The Durbar camp was an enormous one, covering a very great space, and a tent had been reserved for me in the avenue leading to the Viceroy's headquarters. There were very few people from England; at the moment I can only recall Lord and Lady Downe, John Campbell of Islay, and Val Prinsep, who had come across to paint a picture of the Durbar for Queen Victoria.

It was a very pleasant time. Sometimes we dined with the Viceroy; at other times we were entertained in his guest tent. I visited many of the Indian chiefs, and have never forgotten the

tent of the Rajah of Kashmir; the walls were all hung with priceless Kashmir shawls and embroideries. For the Durbar and the Proclamation ceremony, Lord and Lady Downe, John Campbell of Islay and I drove in a landau, and we men had to push the carriage a good deal of the way through the sand; I have a reminder of the incident in one of my sketch books. At the Durbar I sat by the side of a very wild-looking, long-haired chieftain, the Khan of Khelat. The ceremonies occupied a fortnight, and that serious business over, it seemed time to get a little sport. But I must first recall one tragic incident. This was poor Captain Clayton's death—on New Year's Eve, I think it was. Playing polo, he collided with "Bill" Beresford—as the late Lord William Beresford was known by all his friends—was knocked over, and picked up unconscious. I dined that night with Lord Lytton and during dinner he told me the news of Clayton was not so good, and desired me to go up and get information. I found Clayton in Beresford's tent, the latter at the foot of the bed in tears. Clayton was breathing stertorously, and the end came soon. I believe Beresford succeeded to his troop, and Clayton left him all his horses. They were devoted friends, and that the one should have brought about his pal's end was a bitter tragedy.

Several Indian potentates had very kindly invited us to shoot and see their palaces, and we went in the first instance to Bhurtpore for duck-shooting. The Rajah had been called away, and his Sirdar took us to the palace. We were escorted by men who had gold stirrups tied to the saddle with bits of string! At dinner I observed they had opened two dozen bottles of champagne and placed them

on the sideboard, a liberal allowance for three temperate men. The duck-shooting was on the same generous scale. Thence we visited all the historic scenes of the Mutiny—Cawnpore, Lucknow, and the rest. After that we went on to Jeypore, where Sir Pertab Singh and Sir Bindon Blood gave us ten days' pig-sticking, a really wonderful sport; I don't think I ever enjoyed anything so much.

While I was in Delhi, my friend Tommy St. Quentin, who has published an excellent volume of recollections, used to come to my tent to meet a prominent salesman of Kashmir shawls, Manick Chund by name. St. Quentin would put in a heap the pieces he desired to purchase, and would then demand the price. Naturally it was a big one, Mr. Manick Chund was not in business for the beauty of the life. My friend never sought to beat him down, he would merely offer to toss him double or nothing for the goods. The salesman always agreed, and St. Quentin won far more often than he lost. He wanted me to buy in the same fashion, but the stakes were high, and I had no taste for reckless speculation. I preferred to get to the nearest approach to a fair price that Mr. Manick Chund found attractive.

Then came the great event in every sportsman's life—the first tiger shoot. My first tiger was driven up to me at Jeypore—it was an exciting moment, I think, for both of us. At Ulwar, the place of our next visit, we had sambur shooting, and I got another tiger. I remember while after sambur hearing a melancholy howling; this was from a boy who was carrying the Maharajah's sacred water from the Ganges, and seemed to find his job depressing. After that we went to Darjeeling and drove up there in gharries, I should think one hundred

miles, then rode up the hills, from great heat on the plains, to an altitude of 10,000 feet and frost. From Darjeeling we visited Bhutan and the frontier, staying a fortnight in the shadow of the rose-tinted snow peaks of Kinchingjunga. I remember riding from the plains in a temperature of 90° in the shade, right away into 10° in a few hours.

When we had concluded our stay there we went down to the Brahmaputra and joined a party of sportsmen going to shoot tiger in the country of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar. To get there Abercrombie and I were three days and nights carried in palanquins. We had an escort of a hundred men, bearers and torch-bearers, and on the morning of our arrival in camp started our hunt on elephants. I remember lending an old rifle with four back sights to a sportsman who was still older than the gun, and I am glad I did, for a tiger in the grass close to me, which I could not see, bolted across an opening and was killed at a distance of 100 yards, shot dead in the head by my friend. There were four sights for the 100 yards!

We were seven guns in all, and the game included buffalo, antelope, and deer. One day five of the party went out to shoot buffalo, and I remained behind with the officer who was managing the shoot; we had to arrange for the next camp. A prairie fire was burning. I was on an elephant, and we were wandering along by the side of a river. The elephant became very restless, and my mahout said there was a tiger in the grass close to me. We got down, set a light to the prairie, and then rode across the river. We saw the tiger come down four or five hundred yards away above us, swim gracefully across, and disappear into the thick

growth by the bank. Just then our party came in sight on the track of a wounded buffalo. We formed a line, put one man under the bank, to get a shot if the tiger went away across the river, and then beat the grass. I was not a little startled when the tiger sprang on to the head of my elephant. Happily, the shaking was not too severe; I fired at close range, and the tiger went down. I shot seven in all during that trip, but unfortunately the skins were badly cured and perished.

I had some good mahsir fishing too; a friend and I caught thirty fish on three mornings before going out shooting. They took the fly on a salmon rod. My friend Hewitt caught the biggest with a spoon; it weighed 64 lb., and I gaffed it for him. Unfortunately mahsir are not fit to eat.

We went down the Brahmaputra to Calcutta, and thence to Madras, where there was a famine camp, and we saw the poor, starved people brought down by rail to the feeding camps by the shore. We went on to Tuticorin and caught boat to Ceylon, of which my friend, Sir William Gregory, was Governor. We went to Kandy and Nuwara Eliza. From the latter we saw Adam's Peak, and then on to Point de Galle, where was, I remember, a planter called Elphinstone, who kept hounds; with these we often went hunting elk. Thence I came home by way of Venice.

This has been a very sketchy chapter—just memories to which I can't possibly do justice. But to the sportsman there will, I hope, be something in the dry bones of narrative, and, after all, the fine descriptive writing that helps the dry bones to live has been done a hundred times by men who have the gift of writing.

CHAPTER III

COURTSHIP, MARRIAGE, AND EARLY YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE

I MET my future father- and mother-in-law for the first time at Taymouth, Lord Breadalbane's place in Scotland. I must have been about six-and-twenty at the time. Lord Rosslyn had married the widow of Colonel Charles Henry Maynard, only son of the fifth Viscount Maynard, and, as the son died a few months before the father, the Maynard estates devolved upon my future wife, Miss Maynard, who was only two or three years old when she became an heiress. She had one sister, Blanche (Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox), three half-sisters—Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, the late Countess of Westmorland, and Lady Angela Forbes—and two half-brothers, the present Lord Rosslyn and the late Fitzroy Erskine. I think the late Lord Rosslyn was the most distinguished, aristocratic and agreeable man of his generation—certainly I never met anybody more attractive. We became great friends at Taymouth Castle, and he invited me to Easton for the coming-out ball of his elder step-daughter. I remember the occasion, how beautiful the place looked, and how exquisitely charming the heroine of the hour. I don't suppose it is a State secret —if it is I apologise beforehand—that there was some thought of a marriage between Prince Leopold and Miss Maynard. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Rowton (Montagu Corry) were the prime

movers, and Queen Victoria took the friendliest interest in her possible daughter-in-law. Miss Maynard did not assist them in their project, and the proposed arrangement came to nothing. But at Claremont, near Esher, where she was on a visit, and I chanced too to be a guest, we improved our acquaintance, and one wet day out in the park under a kindly umbrella she accepted the suggestion that she should become my wife.

I may mention in passing that Queen Victoria held my father-in-law in high esteem. She liked his conversation and respected his judgment; his poetic and literary attainments also appealed to her. He was a particularly fine judge of cattle and horses, and when he was at Easton any farmer or dealer with a good horse for sale would make a rule of riding or driving it within view of his study. Business was safe to result. There was a story going about to the effect that Lord Rosslyn and I did not get along well together after I married his stepdaughter, and the Prince of Wales, who loved a joke, said to him one day before a group of friends, "Well, Rosslyn, I hear that you are very much afraid of your son-in-law." "I'm not nearly so much afraid of him as I am of you, Sir," was the quiet reply. "How is that?" asked the Prince. "I never know, Sir, what you are going to say next," was Lord Rosslyn's neat retort, and the Prince, always a sportsman, joined in the laugh.

There are countless stories about Lord Rosslyn, whose fiery temper was checked by a very keen sense of humour. He had a favourite donkey, and he arranged with the Rev. Mr. Tufnell at Little Easton Vicarage that the animal should graze in the paddock there. One morning news came to

the Lodge that the gate of the paddock had been left open and the favourite had strayed, no man knew whither. A hue and cry was raised, but nothing could be seen, and, in a towering rage, Lord Rosslyn strode down to the Vicarage where he found Mr. Tufnell in his garden.

"Here's a nice state of things," roared his Lordship; "you undertake to look after my donkey, and then the paddock gate is left open." The vicar volunteered some explanation, but his visitor was far too angry to listen. "I've had the park searched and all the lanes scoured, and there isn't a sign of him," he stormed; "the poor beast will be half way to Newmarket by now, I expect."

"That's what I've been thinking," admitted the parson.

"What do you mean, sir?" thundered Lord Rosslyn.

"You see," replied Mr. Tufnell, "there's a race-meeting starting to-morrow at Newmarket, and every ass in the neighbourhood will get there if it can."

Lord Rosslyn was a fiery-tempered man who took a certain interest in Newmarket, but above all things he loved a prompt retort, even at his own expense. He burst out laughing, shook Mr. Tufnell's hand, and returned home. On the following morning, Mr. Tufnell received a note from the Lodge, and opening it read: "*Asinam meam recuperavi.*—Rosslyn."

Our engagement was announced by Miss Maynard's mother, Lady Rosslyn, at a ball at Grosvenor House, and we were overwhelmed with congratulations. I remember shortly afterwards riding down the Row with Lord Rosslyn, my fiancée, and her

sister Blanche (Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox). I was on a very smart, quick, thoroughbred hack. Cantering to the end of the Row we turned to come back, and my thoroughbred was so quick about it that he fairly whipped me off. Fortunately, I kept the reins and jumped on again so speedily that none of my party noticed the accident; but my friend, Colonel Oliver Montague, who had been sitting under the trees, had seen it, and at a dance that night reproached Miss Maynard for taking so little interest in her new possession and his fortunes. But for his chaff she would not have known that I had come momentarily to grief. Our engagement was not a long one, and would have been briefer still had not Lord Rosslyn's boys chosen that time to indulge a foolish fancy for measles, but the great day came at last, and, though both bride and bridegroom would have preferred a quiet ceremony, we deferred to the wishes of others, and were married in Westminster Abbey, in the presence of a large gathering of friends, relations, and most of the tenants of our estates. The Duke of Albany was my best man, and the bridesmaids were a numerous and a very charming bevy of ladies. As we were leaving the Abbey I heard a voice remark, "He's forgotten his hat." I realised at once for whom the personal pronoun stood, and was relieved to find that Miss Charlotte Knollys, always kind and thoughtful, had spotted the missing headgear, and cared for it until she could give it back to me. Unfortunately, our marriage was a crowded ceremony, and I think Miss Knollys's knowledge of silk hats was in the rudimentary stage, for when I recovered it the hat looked as though it had met with several accidents and had been finally brushed the wrong

way. I was not proud of it and the hat itself may well have felt hurt.

There was a worse trouble in store. Our old family state coach—a gorgeous affair slightly behind the times—was waiting in all its glory to take us from the Abbey. I handed the bride in and followed. There was a great cheer, and the well-fed horses, rather startled, jumped into their collars with such good will that the elderly traces—I'm sure they must have been heirlooms—promptly snapped, and we sat there helpless until rope was forthcoming from the house of a kindly publican in the neighbourhood. The coach was almost as undignified as the hat on its journey to the house in Carlton Gardens, that belonged to my father but was rented by Lord Rosslyn. There the wedding breakfast was served, and thence we drove to Paddington, where a special train was waiting to take us to Ditton Park on the Thames, lent to us for our honeymoon by the Duchess of Buccleuch. The farewells were so long and tender that the special train started before my mother- and father-in-law had time to leave in comfort, and we had a narrow escape from taking them with us.

We were not left long in our agreeable privacy. A few days later old Lady Ely, so well known in the Royal Household, arrived from Windsor, with a command from Queen Victoria that we should dine at the Castle, and that my wife should wear her wedding dress. I can well remember the Queen passing down the gallery at Windsor with Princess Beatrice, receiving her guests and congratulating my wife on her charming appearance and exquisite costume. After dinner the Queen retired, and while we were in the drawing-room of the Royal House-

hold. Her Majesty sent her birthday book by a Maid of Honour for me and my wife to sign. I came through the ordeal without trouble, but my wife a little carelessly signed "Frances Evelyn Maynard"; thereby reminding those who saw it that we were a very young married couple indeed. The mistake created quite a scandal and the offending word had to be erased. I should think, however, there still remain some traces of the blunder.

Shortly after my own marriage I attended that of the Duke of Albany to the Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont. The ceremony took place in the Chapel of St. George in Windsor. I think, of all the beautiful women assembled there, perhaps the most lovely was Lady Mary Mills, to whose husband I had recently been best man. Only a few years later I was to be one of the pall-bearers at the funeral of the bridegroom, my dear friend the Duke of Albany, whose loss was a very heavy blow to me. I remember standing at the head of the coffin just in front of Queen Victoria, greatly overcome. As the coffin was lowered into the vault I felt a hand on my arm and looked up. The hand was Her Majesty's, and she looked at me for a moment with a face full of grief, in fashion that told me she realised my loss as I realised hers. It was, too, or so it seemed to me, almost an involuntary recognition of my long friendship with her dead son.

What a wonderful woman she was! And how thoroughly mistress of herself and her emotions! From her I never had aught but kindness and sympathy, and yet it was impossible to carry on a conversation with her and remain quite at ease, for her calm, clear gaze seemed to read your inner-

most thoughts. History has yet to do full justice to her varied gifts and strange, commanding nature.

I remember some time before Prince Leopold's death, at a time when he was lying ill at Windsor Castle, Lady Waldegrave gave a wonderful ball at Strawberry Hill. The ladies were all masked. I danced once with a particularly graceful and charming unknown, and on leaving her begged her to receive as souvenir of a delightful occasion the beautiful gardenia I was wearing. The offering was silently accepted. On the following day I heard that Prince Leopold was asking for me, and hurried down to Windsor. There I came in for unmerciful chaff from him, for the fair unknown, of whose identity I had not the slightest inkling, was none other than the Princess of Wales (Queen Alexandra).

In the days when I had not been married very long I had a curious Leger week at Doncaster. My friend Michael Herbert, then of the Paris Embassy and in after years our Ambassador at Washington, told me that he had seen Mr. Bob Vyner's horse Lambkin run very well indeed in the Grand Prix, and he was strongly of opinion that it ought to have a first-class chance in the St. Leger. Now I was never a betting man. To add to the pleasure of a race-meeting I would put on a few pounds here and there, but to be a backer of horses on a large or regular scale never appealed to me at all. Yet, as Herbert was a rare judge of things, horses as well as men, I thought I would take him seriously. So I booked the largest bet I had ever made in my life. I took 4,000 to 300 about the Lambkin for the St. Leger. This was some weeks before the race, and I had had an invitation from Sir John Willoughby to stay with him and Captain Machell

and some others at Doncaster for the Leger week. On my arrival there Captain Machell, meaning to be very friendly, said, "Young man, you will no doubt want my advice. We have three horses in our stables here — Queen Adelaide, Harvester, and Sir Reuben. I advise you to take an even thousand about our three." I thanked him, and said I had already booked the biggest bet I had ever made, and that I did not propose to hedge. Thereupon he looked at me as though pitying my ignorance and left me to my fate, but on Leger day I remember his coming to his box where I was sitting, a few minutes before the race was run, and telling me that Fred Archer had just said to him that he thought he had a chance of a win on Lambkin, and that on the strength of this hint he had backed it. I don't think he got 40 to 3 about it, anyway, for people were beginning to put the money on, and I had the pleasure of seeing Lambkin come in a winner. Nor was this all. Shortly before another race I met Sir Henry Calcraft, and he asked me to look out for a friend of ours who had been doing very badly and tell him to back Lord Ellesmere's mare Belinda. The young man, duly discovered and instructed, was afraid to venture, but on the strength of my considerable winnings I took 1,000 to 100, and the mare brought it home to me by a head. The long and short of it was that I, the amateur of horses, who knew nothing about form and the rest of it, took a matter of £7,000 in all out of the ring that week, while all the good judges were heavy losers.

I remember the night when we met round Sir John Willoughby's table at dinner for the last time before the party broke up. It was a distinctly

gloomy crowd. Machell and Willoughby and others of my poor friends may well have been thinking of settling day, when suddenly outside the dining-room window we heard the click of bones, the rattle of a tambourine, and a company of nigger minstrels started a then popular music-hall ditty with the refrain, harsh but significant, "Down went the Captain, down went the crew." I cannot help thinking that some heartless wag must have had a hand in the intrusion.

I did not talk about my exploit, but rumour, with her hundred tongues, carried it to the ears of my father-in-law, Lord Rosslyn, and he promptly warned my father that his son and heir had taken to the wild and wicked life of the turf. So my father sent for me, and I got the form of paternal address that was, and perhaps is still, known as "a wigging." But it is astonishing how the sting of reproof loses its power to penetrate when the hide of the reproved is cased in seven thousand sovereigns. I had had the beginner's luck, that curious measure of fortune—I won't call it good fortune—that makes so many young men believe that they are born under a lucky star, and have only got to throw the weight of their instinct against the ring to break it to pieces. Fortunately for me, I had no illusions and the turf has never done me any harm.

I recall one curious experience only a few years ago in connection with horse-racing. My wife had a maid whose young man was in some racing stables. One day the maid told her that she had received information about a double event for the Lincoln and Grand National, that it came from somebody who never put her wrong, and she begged

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

AFTER A DRAWING BY G. PERCIVAL ANDERSON.

my wife to have something on it. So, just to gratify her, Lady Warwick put a sovereign on and told me, and I put another. I was very ill in bed at the time at Warwick Castle. I remember so well watching some British workmen mending one of the towers and praying that Nature's healing processes were not modelled on those of the sedate folk, whose labours—save the mark!—I could watch from my window. Well, to cut the story short, each of the horses named won its respective race, but the first was disqualified for bumping. The price of the double event was 120 to 1!

A little while after my marriage my wife and I went to Blair Atholl to enjoy the late Duke's lavish hospitality. It was the time of the Atholl gathering, the great annual function of the Clan. On the night of our arrival there was a ball for the Atholl Highlanders, and on my reaching my room the butler pointed out a kilt that lay on the bed, and said His Grace would be greatly pleased to see me in it, because, in accordance with the old-established custom, I should not be allowed to dance unless I wore it. Anxious though I was to oblige my host, my courage didn't stretch to a kilt, so I decided not to dance. But I amused myself agreeably enough, and at 3 A.M. found myself in the smoking-room with countless Highlanders and their Chief. The Duke took his toddy, and then said he was going to bed. "Be careful with the tantalus, gentlemen," he said, pointing to the great structure that held the wine of the country; "if the lock snaps it's the end of your whisky. Good-night." So saying, he passed out. When he had gone one of the older members of the party, who was, if I may say so, fully charged, moved a resolution that there

was a stranger present, a Sassenach; that the said stranger had invaded Blair Atholl wearing garments that honest Highlanders must hold in scorn; that the outrage could only be mended if the said stranger were taught to learn the value of kilts by being deprived of his ineffective southern substitute. It was a dangerous moment. I at once declared my willingness to meet the mover of the resolution then and there in combat. He hesitated; others urged him, but at that moment there was a howl of execration that filled the smoking-room. A young and careless hand had snapped the tantalus lid and the whisky was out of reach. My offence was at once forgotten, and the destroyer of the Highlander's proper pastime was seized by a dozen angry neighbours. Over the rest of his experience I prefer to draw the veil of decency with the hand of discretion.

In the early years of our married life my wife and I hunted regularly in Essex and were both keen followers of the hounds. One morning over breakfast at Easton we saw an announcement in the paper that Captain Trotter, Master of the Meath Hounds, would be selling his hunters in Dublin on the following day. Twenty-four hours later we were at the Shelburne Hotel in the Irish capital, where the sale took place. Local buyers and dealers were delighted to see us, and put the prices up so merrily that the cost of the five hunters we took away with us ran into a very large sum indeed. It was the time of the Punchestown races, and there was a great gathering. Certainly the horses were good to look at, but in the Essex country they put us down time after time, our banks, ditches and clay plough were evidently not up to their

standard of quality. I would have given a hundred pounds to have missed the paper that advertised them, and should then have been a lot of money to the good. But our journey, though we were only two days away, had one curious incident.

Ireland was in a very distressed state at the time. Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke had lately been murdered by Fenians in Phœnix Park and extraordinary precautions were needed to keep prominent people secure. On our arrival in Dublin we had received a message from the Viceroy inviting us to dine and sleep at the Vice-Regal Lodge. Lord Spencer was Viceroy then, and was known as "the Red Earl," by reason of his full red beard, while his charming wife, by reason of her grace, bounty and kindness, was known as "Spencer's Fairy Queen." In the evening of the day of the sale we drove to the Lodge and were received by an aide-de-camp, who explained that the Viceroy had not yet returned from some official duty. We went up to our rooms to dress. Mine, I remember, was at the back of the house overlooking the gardens, and while I was dressing I was conscious of voices and altercation in the gardens below. I looked out in curiosity, with my back to the light, and heard a voice that I recognised as Lord Spencer's call out sharply, "Who's at the window?" I replied and greeted him, and he asked me if I would slip down to the aides-de-camp's room and ask one of them to come out with the pass-word. I did so at once. It transpired that Lord Spencer, with Lord Headfort and others of his party, instead of coming in by the main entrance, had taken a short cut through the gardens, only to be stopped by the sentry, who refused to

allow any of them to enter the house without the pass-word, which not one of the party chanced to know. The sentry was quite right. It was not a time when any deviation from orders, however slight, was permissible or even safe.

Turning back to our early years of married life at home, I feel it right to say that much nonsense is written about the land-owning classes. Very few people outside the land-owning circle understand the difficulties and responsibilities of administering an estate, and these few do not write. If my recollection of a landlord's troubles is particularly vivid it is because my wife's estate is largely in Essex, and by some special dispensation of Providence, which I will not presume to understand, when trouble comes to England it always hits Essex hard. Whether it be in the form of Zeppelin raid or agricultural depression, Essex is bound to suffer. I can remember how, in the early 'eighties, it was hard to find farmers to farm good land and pay the outgoings, and how during the subsequent years of acute depression wheat was down to £1 a quarter, and was actually bought for less in some markets. We were compelled to farm 3,000 acres or more, so that it did not go out of cultivation, but the undertaking cost £30,000. When land recovered, taxation was on the up-grade too, and the prospects before the landowner to-day are not encouraging.

Even in fairly prosperous times the landlord's duties are not of the lightest. Questions relating to estate management are innumerable, there is constant outlay on new buildings, drainage, tree-planting, gates, fences, and repairs. Rent is not an elastic thing; very old tenants expect that all changes, if any, must be made in the direction of

a reduction. So there are questions for solution or in the making all the time, and those who believe that the country landlord sits at his ease receiving and absorbing large sums of money are very much out of their reckoning.

Our difficulties began with our marriage, for those who had control of the Maynard estates during my wife's minority had often failed in judgment. It became necessary, if we were to keep our tenants, to raise a sum of £70,000 in order to erect new farm-buildings, repair estate roads, and supply gates and other amenities that had been allowed to fall into ruin or decay. Land needs the constant prop of attention, and while it is easy to keep a going concern in good heart, it is a seemingly endless endeavour to pull back into order an estate that has been neglected. Happily I had always been keenly interested in estate work, and was able to be of practical assistance when my wife and I settled down in her Essex home. As a boy I had been about a great deal with my father's estate agent, a very capable man, who, as a young officer in the Crimean War, had lost a leg. We would visit every farm on the estate together, and he gave me my first knowledge of tenants' rights, crop rotation, allowances, repairs, improvements, and all those other matters that one must know, on pain of making many foolish and costly mistakes. I did not regard my instructor as a teacher but as a friend, and I suppose that is why I learned my lessons well. He was not only a clever man, he was a game one, too, and though he had but one leg there were very few fences in the park at Warwick which we did not take together when we were riding round to the farms.

I am pleased to remember to-day that in a modest fashion I have always done my very best for agriculture. I was President of the local agricultural societies in Warwickshire and Essex on several occasions. Once I was President of the great Bath and West and South of England Agricultural Society, an institution second to none in the country, and one that has done excellent work for upwards of half a century. I held office for the year of 1883, succeeding my friend, Lord Tredegar, and, if I remember rightly, Bridgwater was the place chosen for our annual exhibition. I was Chairman of the Dairy Show held in London at the Agricultural Hall, and in the following year was elected Chairman of the Central Chamber of Agriculture, representing very many agricultural societies throughout the country and meeting in London at the rooms of the Society of Arts.

In my year of office several questions of considerable importance were to the fore, and on one occasion there was a very large gathering of representatives of agriculture to discuss Mr. Walter Long's proposed regulations for limiting the speed of motor cars to twenty miles an hour. I remember that the discussion was very animated, and that there was an amendment moved that the maximum speed should be twelve miles only. There were nearly two hundred delegates present, many of them being men who represented agricultural constituencies in the House of Commons, and when the votes were counted it was found that the numbers for and against the amendment were just even. I felt a certain amount of pleasure in giving, as Chairman, my casting vote against the amendment. I do not say that the Chambers of Agriculture in

England were, or are, strong enough actually to influence legislation, but I don't think they would like to have felt, in view of subsequent developments, that they had once pledged themselves to a twelve-mile maximum limit. In fact I believe that the feeling of relief was very great for, at the dinner following the meeting, the Chairman of the Farmers' Club, in proposing my health and praising my services, met with an enthusiastic response from those whose amendment I had deliberately rejected. I think they already felt that I might have saved them from committing themselves to a false position. I remember Henry Chaplin being at the dinner, and how I congratulated him on seeing his long-standing views on Protection taken up by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and having every prospect of being carried out. How many years ago is that ? But Tariff Reform, at time of writing, is very much where it was.

CHAPTER IV

MEMORIES OF PARLIAMENT, POLITICS, AND FREEMASONRY

MY first appearance in Parliament was quite unexpected. My father, who, towards the end of his life, suffered from very bad health, had been ordered to the South of France, and I was staying with him on the Riviera, when I had a letter from the executive of the Somersetshire Conservative Association to tell me that Major Allen, one of the members for East Somerset and father of "Philly" Allen, whom years before I had fought at Chalfont School, was about to resign. There were two Conservatives sitting for East Somerset, the constituency then embracing East Somerset, Bath, Frome, Weston-super-Mare, and a part of Bristol; the other member was Sir Philip Miles. The important mining district of Clutton in the constituency was one of the oldest of our family properties, and the Conservative Association thought that as I was well known to and not unpopular with the miners, I might secure their vote and interest. I was about twenty-seven at the time and unmarried, and my father advised me to accept the invitation. So I returned to England and canvassed the constituency with great, I may say with needless, energy, for when Major Allen did retire the other side put no candidate forward, and I was returned unopposed.

The Irish troubles then, as for so many years

afterwards, monopolised the attention of the House, and put all other work into the background. Sittings were prolonged and tedious, but there were some splendid speeches. The best and most eloquent I ever heard at Westminster was made by David Plunket (Lord Rathmore), the member for Dublin University, and some time First Commissioner of Works. I'm afraid I was not of the age or the creed that could do full justice to Mr. Gladstone, but Parnell made a deep and lasting impression upon me. If there was in Parliament a patriot whose life was entirely given to one end, who allowed no incident or accident to deflect him from his set purpose, who never spared himself or stooped to gain the approval of the mob, whose whole being was wrapped up in a difficult and unpopular cause, that man was Charles Stewart Parnell. Young as I was I could not help feeling that this figure, standing for something it was my duty to oppose, stood head and shoulders above those of us whose object in life was to defeat his aims and ends. Ireland has produced brilliant speakers, patriots, wits, men who can handle the cumbersome machinery of parliamentary procedure with a skill and facility which even their opponents acknowledge, but Ireland has only produced one Parnell, and none but himself can be his parallel. I followed his career to its tragic end with sincere sympathy.

I fear that at such an age I was not a very good representative of my fellow-citizens in the House of Commons. If I had had some minor office to fill, or had been wise enough to concern myself deeply with some great question of the day, I think I might have entered more keenly into the questions of which so many were waiting for a

solution. I have a feeling that too little is done in either of our Houses of Parliament to encourage and push on the younger men, to whom nothing is left but such mechanical duties as are entrusted to them by the Whips. After all, this is perhaps only the excuse of a lazy young fellow, but it is hard to be wise when the whole world is before you and health and strength are given you to enjoy it. Knowing my case was hopeless I did not strive, and I may add that when the death of my dear father took me from the Commons I left Westminster, seldom or never to return. I have not sat often, and perhaps shall never sit again, in the Lords. My attendance as member for East Somerset soon suffered from a purely domestic cause, for in the early days, while I was still its representative, I became engaged. So there was "pairing" of another kind in the House of Commons, and as a rule I deprived the Conservatives of my support while the Liberals parted with Mr. Bradlaugh. It was generally conceded that Conservatism got the better of this bargain.

Although as a bachelor I had identified myself with the interests of my East Somerset constituency, I found, when I had married and settled down at Easton, that I could no longer do full justice to a district lying so far from home. In those days there were no motor cars to annihilate distance, the journey was long and tedious, and the business of the Easton estate demanded a great part of my time. So I resigned my seat and became the candidate for the Saffron Walden division of Essex, being anxious to associate myself as closely as possible with the county in which my home lay. A tragedy upset my plans. The Conservative member

for Colchester met with a fatal accident in the hunting field. The Liberals had hit Lord Salisbury's Government hard at recent by-elections, and there was a general feeling that if there were many more defeats at the polls the position of the party would become critical. As soon as the Colchester seat was known to be vacant the Liberals put forward a strong candidate, Sir William Brampton Gurdon, of Norfolk, a good all-round man, popular landlord, keen sportsman, East Anglian, and some time private secretary to Mr. Gladstone. One quiet Sunday at Easton I was disturbed by a sudden messenger from the Conservative Central Office asking me if I would fight the Colchester seat, and in that case if I would come up to town at once. I reviewed the situation rapidly. With Colchester I had never had any political tie, my only association being masonic, as it was there I had been installed Provincial Grand Master of Essex. That evening found me on my way to town, where I had an interview with the Whips, Mr. Akers Douglas and Sir William Walrond, who told me that my address to the electors must be published by Tuesday. I had the necessary preliminaries arranged, and my wife and I took a house in Lexden Road, Colchester, for the election time. Let me confess my debt to my wife. She was the very best of canvassers, though I sometimes wonder what sort of support a Conservative candidate might hope to receive from her to-day, even if he were her husband. Her opinions were not formed then, and she went all over Colchester scoring heavily among the undecided, to the great chagrin of the devout Liberals. One day she called at a large factory when the people were being paid, and a story was at once

put about that Lady Brooke had driven down with a sack of money, and that the wages people came away with were not really wages but a bribe. The Liberal organisers—or some of them—being ill-equipped with a sense of humour, actually protested! There was intense excitement and a disorderly element disturbed our meetings, and more than once compelled us to drive home as hard as we could, while the panels of our carriage resounded to the thwacks of Liberal sticks, and the air was thick with shouts and yells. But, in spite of these manifestations, I think we both enjoyed the fortnight of the fight, particularly on Polling Day (1888), when the count revealed the pleasant news that I had been returned by the largest majority known in Colchester for some years. Maidstone returned a Conservative at about the same time, and these two successes gave much-needed encouragement to the Government. Lord Salisbury wrote me a very kind letter of congratulation as soon as the issue of the election was known.

It was at Colchester, as I have said, that I was installed as Provincial Grand Master of Essex by the Duke of Albany, who, with the Duchess, stayed at Easton on that occasion. I remember that Colchester gave the Duke a great reception, the military lining the streets and the pleasant old town being *en fête*. After some years of office as Provincial Grand Master—in which I hope I gave as much satisfaction as I received—I entertained the Provincial Grand Lodge at Easton. My wife's sister, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, was staying with her then, and I regret to have to say that both ladies made up their minds that the time had arrived when they could learn all the carefully guarded secrets

of Masonry. Grand Lodge was to be held in the library; they thought they would be able to secure some point of vantage and witness the Unveiling of Isis, or whatever else there was to witness. It is pleasant to be able to record that their sinister attempts were all foiled. Those who had the privilege of guarding our secrets were neither to be bribed nor intimidated, and at the end of the day my wife and sister-in-law knew just as much about Masonry as they did at the beginning.

We had a banquet in the evening and a display of fireworks to follow. One brother mason, who had risen from the dinner-table in a rather sleepy condition, had sought a comfortable wicker chair in the gardens and had gone to sleep. The opening *feu de joie* roused him to horrified wakefulness. He felt that some grave danger threatened; he sought to escape. But the chair would not part with him; it clung like a garment, and the poor man proceeded on all fours across the lawn, looking like one of the minor antediluvian monsters, until some kindly hand took away the all-embracing chair and restored him to the perpendicular. My wife still declares that for some days after the banquet the gardeners were finding masons strewn about the grounds, and that they had acquired a collection by the end of the week; but I am delighted to state that this is a gross and unfounded libel due to a pardonable disappointment at finding the secrets of Masonry inviolate. Women will never respect Masonry while they are excluded from all participation in it, but the masonic hold upon men does not diminish. I remember with what pleasure I found at Nairobi in East Africa a Lodge where the

work was carried out as faithfully and well as it would be in any Lodge at home.

Perhaps, as reference to Masonry has crept into this chapter, I may be permitted a further digression. I should say that I have had much to do with Masonry in my time, and when, on the death of Lord Lathom, Lord Amherst was appointed Pro-Grand Master of England, I, who had then long been Provincial Grand Master of Essex, was made Deputy-Grand Master of England. One of my most interesting duties in that office came when I was sent as the head of a deputation to Germany, to offer the congratulations of the Grand Lodge of England to the German Grand Master, Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, and the German Freemasons generally, on the erection of their Grand Masonic Hall in Berlin. The Boer War was being fought, and it is doubtful whether Great Britain could be said to be suffering from excess of popularity on the Continent. I was accompanied by the present Lord Egerton of Tatton, Sir Terence O'Brien, late Governor of Heligoland, and two of the Queen's aides-de-camp; we stopped at a hotel in Unter den Linden. I may mention that there are three great Masonic Lodges in Germany—the Three Globes, the Royal York, and the Landes. All were represented at the opening of the splendid hall that held 5,000 people, and Prince Frederick Leopold sat on the Throne. I fully expected that our mission representing England would be permitted to offer the first congratulations, but the place of honour was given to Sweden. It was explained that the Swedish representative represented the King of Sweden, while we only represented our Grand Master, the Prince of Wales, who was not

the Sovereign but merely the Grand Master. I have always thought that etiquette was strained a little on this occasion in order to snub England. However, I had no authority to protest, so I was content to enjoy the sight—a striking one enough. Following came a banquet at which a portrait of the Kaiser was unveiled, and speeches were made between the courses. It was not at all easy to address a large audience while waiters were busy and noisy. Prince Frederick Leopold was good enough to ask me for a copy of the speech I had endeavoured to make in the most cordial terms to German brother masons.

On the day following the banquet we were received at the Palace at Potsdam, and entertained at dinner by Prince Frederick Leopold and his wife. Nothing could have exceeded the kindness we received. After dinner I found myself sitting next to an old general of artillery whose broad chest was crowded with decorations. "General," I remarked, "I'm afraid that where the Boer War is concerned there is not much sympathy for England over here, but I'd like to know your views." He thought for a moment and remarked: "I congratulate you most heartily on the bravery of your officers." This was not a large statement, but it was a welcome one, for at home a part of our Press had been writing as though our officers were beneath contempt. I may remark, before leaving the question of Masonry, that when, following King Edward's accession to the Throne, the Duke of Connaught was made Grand Master of England, he had to give up among his decorations those that belonged to him as representative of Germany in England, and I was asked to accept the official

position of representative in this country of Germany's masons.

When I had beaten Sir Brampton Gurdon, at the by-election, and increased the Conservative majority considerably, I was rather popular with my party. In order to acknowledge some really hard work and pay me a pleasant compliment Mr. W. H. Smith, Leader of the House, sent for me and told me I should second the Address to the Throne when Parliament re-opened. Among the various subjects referred to in the Queen's Speech was a reference to the measure by which landlords were in future to pay tithe direct. Hitherto the farmer had paid. For most landlords this new obligation was a very serious matter, and as there was a talk of a Tithe Redemption Bill I asked Mr. Smith if the two Bills could not go together. He assured me that the Cabinet had decided that one should follow the other, and I was content. It is, or was in those days, the custom of the Leader of the House of Commons to give a dinner before Parliament opens, a dinner to which the Proposer and Seconder of the Address to the Throne are invited so that they may hear the Speech from the Throne. I went to the dinner, heard the Speech, and was disappointed to find no mention of the Tithe Redemption Bill. I could only suppose that Government had decided that landlords could afford to wait. After dinner I was chatting with Mr. Speaker Peel, whom I knew pretty well, as he was member for Warwick.

"I shall be catching your eye to-morrow afternoon," I remarked.

"Perhaps you will not," he replied. "I hear the Irish Party is going to raise a question of privilege."

I made further inquiry on arrival at the House next day, and as a result obtained the Whips' permission to leave my uniform in their room until required. The Irish raised their question, and, for the first time I think in the history of the House, the Address to the Throne was not moved on the first day of the Session, and I went about comfortably in mufti while one of the members for Liverpool, who had to move the Address, was perspiring profusely in regimentals. Early next morning I appeared in uniform, and did what was required of me, a colourless performance enough, but one that earned a few words of congratulation, which I valued very highly, from Sir Richard Webster, the great lawyer, who afterwards became Lord Alverstone.

It was while I sat for Colchester that I learned the wonders of the annual Oyster Feast at which a few hundred men attack, defeat and consume thousands of oysters. Many famous men have revealed their weakness, or one of their weaknesses, on this occasion, and many an excellent speech has been made. I remember Dean Hole returning thanks for the clergy of all denominations at one of the banquets, and commenting upon the changes that had taken place in the Church since he was a young man. "Then," he remarked, "there were three kinds of parsons—the Nimrod, the ramrod, and the fishing-rod parson."

I have always felt that in this country there is, or there has been through the years I have known best, an ever-growing and a lamentable tendency to confuse national and political issues. It has often been my experience to see some good plan deliberately shelved or rendered useless because

it was opposed by the other political party, and neither side is guiltless in the matter. I happen to be a Conservative, but am quite willing to admit that my side has not been more scrupulous than the other in past years. Looking back over the long season of my association with Essex, I can recall two striking instances of the tendency I deplore, and if I set them down here it is not to rouse ill feeling or to revive old scandals, but merely to point out some of the conditions that obtained in the past and should not be allowed to obtain in the future. Let me refer in the first instance to Lord Haldane's Territorial scheme. I was brought up, and have been all my life, associated with military matters; they have always interested me, and Lord Haldane's plans for county organisation struck me at once as being admirably adapted to the needs, moods and temper of the country. So, when it was put forward and as Lord-Lieutenant I was invited to assist, I called a public meeting in Chelmsford and took the chair. The audience was a considerable one, and showed a keen interest. As the scheme matured I worked hard at it, my heart being in the task, but throughout the county of Essex few of the members of Parliament—though I remember my old friends, Colonel Mark Lockwood (Lord Lambourne) and Mr. Pretyman, were exceptions—appeared on the public platform in support. I have no wish to criticise other members for our county, but I cannot help thinking that, consciously or unconsciously, they were placing party politics before national policy. I don't suppose I share many of Lord Haldane's political convictions, but I recognised, and still recognise, the truth that as a first step in the direction of securing the national safety

this idea deserved success on its merits without reference to politics. Great soldiers whose names command the respect of all classes have testified to the value of Lord Haldane's scheme, but everybody who has studied the question knows that it was crabbed by the politicians, particularly by the advocates of compulsory military service, which was at that time unacceptable to the national instinct. I think that the voluntary group system of Lord Derby brought about a peaceful revolution and prepared the people for what was to come, but if Lord Haldane's scheme had received the general support it deserved, the terrible stress of the first few months of the Great War might have been far less awful than it was. I fear we are learning to take politics too seriously and national needs not seriously enough in this country.

Another question occurs to me as I write. Some few years ago it was found that phthisis was greatly on the increase in Essex, and that the county and local authorities were not dealing very adequately with it. A scheme was put forward to deal with lung trouble with the aid of open-air shelters, and as King Edward, then lately dead, had been so keenly interested in all hospital work, it was decided to establish these shelters as a King Edward Memorial. I went into the matter thoroughly, took steps to arrange meetings, and went to town to see Mr. John Burns at the Local Government Board and ask for Government support and assistance. He thought highly of the scheme, and said to me, "Go on collecting for yourselves in Essex, and the Government will add to what you collect, and help in the manner found to be most suitable." I told the friends and supporters of the scheme

what he had said, and we had laid out over £600 on shelters, collected over £2,000, and done a great deal of useful work as well, when the Government scheme of National Insurance was introduced and our shelters were pronounced unnecessary and useless. So all the energy and hard work had availed us little, the shelters were scrapped, and later were replaced by the same thing! In Wales, where there is much lung trouble, more than £150,000 had been collected. I have never yet heard that National Insurance is a financial success or that it is even solvent and able to fulfil its contracts in fashion that would be demanded from any other insurance company.

Let these two cases suffice me here; I could mention others if I thought the point I have raised had not been pressed home. Perhaps in the haphazard days just before the War it sufficed to send every political idea into the world flying party colours; in the future surely all parties will have to consider programmes in the light of State interest, and then we shall be able to work good plans to their proper ends. It will not be such a drastic change after all when seen in historical perspective. I cannot remember Lord Beaconsfield's times very well, though I was a young man before his career ended, but I have some recollection of them, and of course I can recall the Governments of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone, when Lord Hartington, Lord Granville, Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Stafford Northcote (Lord Iddesleigh), John Bright, and others were in their prime. In those times there was political competition, but outside the arena of the Home Rule question there were no hatreds. The two leading parties were on com-

paratively friendly terms, the great hostesses preserved the friendliest relations, the British Empire was the chief concern of all legislators. I'm not going to say that they were perfect administrators, or that they possessed a genius for effective government, but they were not devoted to the rather sordid political pastime of making each other's legislation ineffective. It was only in later days that the new spirit began to display itself, to the infinite loss of the best kind of political life.

Though I have carefully refrained from any approach to regular attendance at the House of Lords, feeling like so many men who have sat in the adjacent Chamber, that I could not do anything there worth doing, my interest in politics, nourished in the old East Somerset and Colchester days, has never faded, and I have always hoped for a return to the older and healthier conditions. I cannot help feeling that the present atmosphere of the House of Commons is not going to continue to attract the young patriot with talents. The struggle for recognition is too fierce, and the old amenities are passing or have passed. In an assembly of nearly seven hundred gentlemen engaged in administering the world's greatest Empire, the question of party politics should not be predominant. To-day it is, and I can only feel grateful that it was my good fortune to sit in the House when political friendships were more stable and the more virulent forms of political hatred simply did not exist. I owe very many happy memories to the pleasant conditions that obtained in the House in my time; I hope that the next generation may see a revival of past glories. I have always felt that the House of Commons, true to its great traditions, can deal with any prob-

lems, internal or external, that may arise. But the good of the State and not the advantage of the party must serve as motive power and driving force to those in office.

I don't claim that these views are right because they convince me; I merely say that they are the outcome of a good many years of political experience and of opportunities for seeing part of the governing machine that is not always exposed to the public view. If the Great War avails to turn politicians into patriots, I believe that the Empire will hold its own in the future as in the past, and I am optimist enough to believe that the change will come and that it will not be long delayed.

Permanent and other officials have come in for a great deal of criticism since 1914. Before that time, even a Cabinet Minister hardly dared to fall foul of the permanent staff, because there is scarcely a Government office in which his position could not have been made untenable. My own experience of officialdom is that, if tactfully handled, it is nearly always polite, but under no conditions is it easy to move. When I was sitting in the Commons for Colchester, the town wanted some gas buoys at the mouth of the Colne to facilitate navigation on dark nights. It was prepared to supply the gas and keep the buoys in order if Government would give the buoys and put them in position. Anxious to help, I took four members of the Town Council to Trinity House to see the Master, who received us with kindness and even entertained us at lunch. He explained that while Trinity House collects dues, and is considered an expert collector, it has no power at all to spend any of the money received. He suggested that I should go to the

Board of Trade. Now the Permanent Secretary there was my old friend, Sir Henry Calcraft, a very dignified, clever man, possessed of extraordinary tact, and a personal friend of King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales. How often was his judgment relied on in intricate questions, and how seldom did he fail in a just appreciation of the situation! His wisdom and discretion were a household word in the highest circles. It was, perhaps, one of the defects of his qualities that he regarded his word as law and his ruling as something beyond appeal. At the same time he was a good fellow, and I went to him on this little matter of Colne buoys with every confidence. He received me kindly, listened attentively, and at the close remarked, "I'm sorry, my dear Brookie, but it can't be done." I pressed him for a reason, but he offered none. His *ipse dixit* was presumably all that a sane man should have required. Nothing daunted, though a little annoyed, I approached Lord St. Aldwyn—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach as he was then, known to some as "Black Michael," less on account of the colour of his beard than the colour of his temper. Certainly he was choleric, but he was always ready to deal with a matter on its merits. I knew him very slightly, but as soon as I mentioned the matter he said: "Come down to my room and explain it all to me." I told him of Colchester's needs, the inability of Trinity House and the reluctance of Sir Henry to help. "The idea is quite a good one," he said, "and the town shall have the buoys on the terms it offers. Leave the business in my hands." He was as good as his word, and for months after that I thought Sir Henry rather avoided me. Happily it takes two to make a quarrel, and I refused to

be one of them, and after a while I am sure I was forgiven. Permanent officialdom makes for the creation of a type of mind that is not precisely progressive.

I should have long forgotten another occasion when both my wife and I suffered from the rudeness of an official, if the accident were not associated with a very interesting event in our family. My eldest son Guy had left Eton and was at an Army crammer's when the South African War broke out. He was very keen to go but feared that my wife and I might object as he was only just seventeen. He had had a large number of tips at various times, generally when he was returning to Eton after the holidays, and he had not spent much of the money. By selling his fur coat, some jewellery, and his guns he found himself with a couple of hundred pounds or so in hand. So he took a second-class passage on a steamer bound for East Africa with the intention of joining Weston-Jervis at Beira. Before doing so he went to the War Office and called upon our old friend and neighbour, Sir Evelyn Wood, who was then Adjutant-General. He asked bluntly for a job. "You're too young, my boy," said Sir Evelyn kindly; "we can't make soldiers of boys of seventeen." "I've always heard, sir," replied Guy, "that you took part in the Crimean War when you were sixteen." This answer could not be met, so Sir Evelyn told him to go to the Worcester Regiment at Aldershot; he was then in the Militia, and if the Colonel sent a favourable report, he should be allowed to go out. For the next two or three months he was with the mounted company of the Worcestershires at Aldershot, and we then heard that he was going with his regiment

to Africa and would sail from Tilbury. Thereupon I went down to the Admiralty and asked for a permit for my wife and myself to go on board the troopship and say good-bye to him. Armed with this document from the Embarkation Admiral, my wife and I went to Tilbury on the following Sunday morning in terribly frosty weather, and found the platform roped off. When Guy passed we shook hands with him and then waited, stamping our cold feet, until it should please the little junior officer in charge of the embarkation to permit us to go on board. We waited a long time, cold and hungry. We heard the clatter of knives and forks on board; we saw our butler and stud groom come down the gangway wiping well-filled mouths. They had found no trouble in getting permission to say good-bye to the "young master." Our appeal to the Embarkation Officer met with a reply that he did not care an anathema for the Admiralty permit, and would not have us on the ship! So we went very dispirited to a small public-house near the docks and bought some bread and cheese, and thought unkind thoughts about that officer who so abused his "little brief authority." Only when the ship cast off did we see our boy leaning over the ship's side smiling and waving his hand to us. I reported the matter to the Admiralty, and received a note to say that the Admiral of the Embarkation Department was afraid that the Embarkation Officer had shown "a little too much zeal." I can't help thinking that "zeal" is not the precise term I should have chosen by way of definition.

In 1914 I went to see my son off to the Great War as A.D.C. to General French, and Colonel Seely, then Minister of War, who was leaving by the same

train, said to me, "Do you realise that your boy has seen more of war than most of us?" I suppose that was true. After the South African War, where he was galloper to General French, he went for Reuter to the Russo-Japanese front, and was with the Russian Manchurian Army. Later he was with the Turks, and after that, when King Alexander of Serbia was murdered, he went to Belgrade for a paper and called on King Peter without showing his credentials. The King said, "I'm pleased to see you, but I can't be troubled by the newspaper men—there's too much to do," and forthwith had him driven through Belgrade and taken to the scene of the assassination. He was in the Balkan War of 1913, and has been a Brigadier and a Divisional Commander in manœuvres in Canada. So I suppose Colonel Seely was right.

CHAPTER V

SOME SHOOTING MEMORIES

MY early years were given to amusement. I suppose it sounds shocking nowadays, when everybody is so strenuous, but forty years ago things were different. Social problems were apparently unknown. I hadn't heard of any, and the right of a young man to make the most agreeable use of the May-morn of his youth went unchallenged. Nobody suggested that I was a lazy fellow who ought to be getting busy; it was understood that after a few years devoted to the more expensive forms of gaining experience the work-time would arrive. In the interim I hunted a good bit, I could sit on a horse, but was never a finished horseman, and I shot fairly well with rifle and shot-gun.

I suppose my love of sport came to me on my mother's side, for, although my father was a good shot and enjoyed sport a little, he never gave the foremost place in his affection to rod or gun. On the other hand my maternal grandfather, Lord Wemyss, was one of the finest sportsmen I have ever met, and I always remember that it was he who gave me my first gun, and that it was on his moors in Peeblesshire that my first grouse tumbled on to the heather. He lived in the days of the muzzle-loader, when sport was far more difficult and the big bags we make to-day were quite unknown, but he contrived to establish a shooting

record among men of his own generation by killing a hundred brace of grouse to his own (muzzle-loading) gun in one day. He shot over dogs, and the keeper, who was loading for him and carrying the bag, fainted towards the close of the afternoon from sheer exhaustion, quite suddenly. It was clear to my grandfather that the dogs were worn out too. He was still short of his hundred brace, but was a man of resource. He helped the keeper up and sent him home with the dogs, hurried back to the house, whistled a black French poodle that had a good nose and would retrieve, and then hastened back to the moor. He had to do his own loading and carry his own game, but he stuck to his job and turned the hundred brace before darkness set in. He was a great sportsman, all who knew him united in doing him honour, and it was not only on the moors and in the coverts that he showed his prowess. As M.F.H. he showed the best of sport, and was a hard and fearless rider. I think he hunted for many years the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds on the Border.

He lived to a great age, somewhere on either side of his ninetieth year. He was not only good to watch, he was good to listen to. His experiences travelled back a very long way to conditions that have long ceased to obtain. For example, he had wonderful stories of wild-goose shooting on the shores of the Firth of Forth in winter, under conditions that would have kept all but the keenest of men under cover. He would go out with an old and well-trained shooting pony, and stalk beside it, much in the fashion practised on the prairie lands of Western Spain by men who are hunting the shy and wary bustard. It was his custom to

carry his heaviest gun highly charged with slugs, and he used to tell me that after a single shot among the geese that crowded the Firth, he would pick up as many as the pony could carry. He was a splendid shot at wood pigeons, and when I was a lad staying with him in East Lothian he gave me many a fine afternoon's sport in the autumn season. We would stand in some shelter, generally a rough screen put up for the purpose by the edge of a wood, or in a ride that offered good views of incoming birds, and we would wait for the pigeons to come home from the "stooks" on which they had been robbing the farmer until their crops could hold no more of his oats. On a windy day the sport was wonderful for pigeons flying at a great pace, and as they do not come in all at once, gunfire does not frighten many away. It was all high, quick shooting, and the farmers were delighted when my grandfather and I came along. Since that time I have shot pigeons in the same fashion at Easton, and in the late autumn, between two and four o'clock, I have several times killed nearly a hundred birds, but have never succeeded in picking up the hundred, although I must often have knocked down many more. I don't believe there is any sport of the kind to equal it.

I always think that the most fortunate incident in my sporting life has been that my grandfather stood sponsor to it. You could not be out with him for long without learning not only what to do, but what not to do, and if you could satisfy him you could feel assured that you had graduated successfully. The generation that knew him best has passed—more's the pity—and there is no record known to me of his achievements, though if he could

have set down the story of his sporting life, I think it would have become a standard work. My gratitude to him began when I was a schoolboy; it has lasted to this day.

People are apt to think that shooting has become a simple matter since hammerless ejectors and sporting powders and hand-reared birds have come along. I'll admit that it is possible under certain conditions to kill thousands of birds without effort, but this is not sport, and does not interest sportsmen. Driven grouse and partridge in a high wind will take care of themselves, and need fear none but the good shots, and the same may be said of really high, driven pheasants. In my experience I have found nothing harder to hit than the high pheasant returning to his feeding-ground at top speed and with a favouring wind. It is very difficult to get the correct angle when a bird is high over your head, and as they drop, or curve round, you may miss many, one after another, and never understand precisely why you fail.

Deer-stalking was a favourite sport; my brother Alwyne and I would spend the season in the Highlands from the days when the stags' heads were getting clean of velvet to the time when our great quarry began to roar and seek the hinds. At Glenfeshie, in Inverness-shire, I had a rather remarkable experience in the days when I was young and very hardy. I was the guest of Sir Charles Mordaunt, a charming host, but a man who liked to have his own way, and one who disliked infringement of his rules and regulations. I had been stalking a great deal on the boundaries of the forest and keeping the deer from breaking out over the march. Sir Charles would send two ponies with the stalker, and if

more than two stags were shot, the other or others would be brought in on the following day. Saturday's limit was two stags in order to avoid Sunday work.

One Saturday I had had rather a thin time. The afternoon had come, the stalker and I had been very hard at it, but wind was bad, I could not get another shot—and I had only one stag. Now, I prided myself on seldom or never going home without having at least a load for each pony. From the hill-tops we looked down upon a nice number of deer in an adjacent corrie, but the wind was blowing awkwardly. I said and thought such things as the occasion demanded, and sat there rather sulkily waiting for a plan of campaign or a change in the wind. Suddenly, as I watched the deer through my glasses, I saw a fox run through them. Up went their heads, and they came charging on in our direction, to cross the top of the hill some eighty yards away. I pulled out some cartridges as they moved, and when they crossed I picked my beast and fired several times, seemingly with no result. Not a little annoyed I rose up when the last of the deer had passed, walked over the hill brow, and there I found that my shooting had not disgraced me. I had shot about six times, and there were six stags on the ground, but the rise of the hill had screened them. For a moment I was delighted; then I remembered that this was Saturday, that my limit was two stags, and I had shot seven. I looked at my watch, saw it was four o'clock, and determined to face the music. We fastened up one of the stags, and leaving the five with a little protection over them against the ravens, hurried back home. I asked the butler for Sir

Charles. "He's had a hard day, and is sitting in his dressing-room with his feet in mustard and hot water," was the reply, and I knew that this was not the precise moment for a confession. But I always have held that a disagreeable job can't be settled too soon, so I went to him and found my host looking a little tired and cross. "My dear Charlie," I began, "a dreadful thing has happened. I've killed seven stags. I've left five dead on the hill, but if you'll let me have a cart I'll go back with the ponies and the stalker, and we'll get them down before it's dark." Sir Charles stared hard at me for a moment.

"Most unfortunate, most unfortunate," he began, "but what am I to say? I've had a very hard day myself and *I've killed fourteen.*" So between us we shot twenty-one stags in one day, without driving, and, if I am not mistaken, we must almost have established a record.

The River Feshie was, and I suppose still is, a rather variable stream. You might step quite easily across the pebbles that had no more than a ripple of water round them in the morning, and find by night a raging torrent hardly to be forded at all save at stray points known to the stalker or the gillie. One day I had been on the march, and shot a stag. I left it with the gillie who was to signal for a pony, and went on to stalk again with the stalker. Then the gillie came after me in time to take charge of my second stag. In the afternoon I wounded a third, which I had to follow for miles. It was already dark when at seven o'clock I reached the point twelve or fourteen miles from home where a pony was to have been waiting to carry me home. I hadn't seen the gillie since I left him with the

second stag, and as he carried my lunch and flask I had had nothing to eat since breakfast. The weather was cold, and it was sleeting heavily, and the pony was not there, for it had got bogged. The gillie thought I had gone back, and having extracted the pony had ridden home. My stalker said we must foot it home, and I did try, but I had been on the hills since early morning, and was too exhausted to go far in that storm. At last the stalker told me I must stay where I was, and he would fetch me in the morning. "Don't move," was his final warning, "or you'll go over the crags." I slipped down exhausted in the heather, bitterly cold, for I had no coat, and I lay awake for hours listening to all the cries of the Highland night. Grouse coveys, within easy reach of me, but quite invisible, seemed to be sorely tried by the storm. At five o'clock in the morning, when the gale had abated a little, the stalker came back with whisky, sandwiches, and the pony, and told me, after the frank fashion of stalkers that, while he had brought the things according to promise, he had not expected to find me alive. He had not realised the hardening effect of the Highland deer forests even upon southerners. I was out again stalking at 9 A.M. that morning.

Highland stalkers and gillies are quaint folk and excellent company, but just a little startling at times. An uncle of mine rented a deer forest in Scotland that had been tenanted by one Mr. Godman, a very fine stalker in his time. One day in his hurry to get down a long steep grass bank, this gentleman sat on the top and slid the whole way down. When he picked himself up and was about to continue the chase the stalker advanced, saluted

respectfully, and said, "Does Mister Godman know that the seat o' Mr. Godman's 'bockers is awa'?" I had good sport in that forest, where the story of Mr. Godman's misfortune still lingers.

Another time I was on a visit to Admiral Beatty at Invercauld. Arriving late I rode out to join the party, and my gillie discovered the Highlander who was to lead me to the shooting ground fast asleep on the heather, and very inarticulate when roused, quite useless as a guide, in short. The gillie looked at him sadly. "Ah, poor man, he has made a foolish man of himself," was his comment.

In the same forest about ten years ago I was out with a stalker on the hills, and he handed me a rather heavy Ross telescope. I used it, and as I gave it back remarked, "That's the best glass I ever looked through." The stalker admitted its merits, and went on: "It was given to my brother, the head stalker at Glenfeshie, thirty years ago, by a young fellow named Brooke. There's his name on it." I looked curiously at the glass, and there, sure enough, was my name. Shooting with Sir Charles Mordaunt I had received a gift of an aluminium telescope, very light and easy to carry, and had given the excellent but heavy Ross to Sir Charles's head man. Now, after thirty years, I was to meet it on another hill, very many miles from my old hunting ground.

I have always loved Ireland and the Irish, and even in the days when I was a politician sitting on the Conservative benches, and voting against Home Rule, my feeling for Irishmen was always of the kindliest; indeed nobody would rejoice more than I should to see the great gulf between Englishmen and Irishmen bridged to the advantage of

both. My love for Ireland is largely associated with its sport, and looking back over experiences that in the world of sport have been exceptional, I can find no recollections more pleasant than those that are associated with Ireland's hills, rivers, and boggy snipe grounds. I remember that my brother Alwyne had Muckross Abbey on Lake Killarney for a couple of years, and that I paid some delightful visits to the place. You could say with absolute accuracy that sporting chances presented themselves as soon as you stepped outside the house, and were with you until the boundaries of the estate were reached, some miles away. The house overlooks the lake, and where the lake ends the hills begin, not harsh and savage hills like some of those in the Scottish Highlands, but slighter, more inviting, and so tenderly coloured that, as a keen sportsman much addicted to the brush and palette, I often found myself in two minds what was the most desirable pursuit at certain morning or evening hours.

It was a cheering sight to see the boats with companies of beaters and loaders going down the lake on the way to the haunts of the woodcock; I suppose it is unnecessary to say how good the woodcock shooting is at Muckross. The boats would be raced across the water, and the men on board would be singing all the time. Nothing could have been more picturesque than the haunts of the cock on the slopes of the hills round the lake, and the scramble after them was very sporting. I was always at a slight disadvantage, being a little hard of hearing and so failing to hear the rustle with which a cock rises. Although woodcock shooting is bound to have a certain element of risk, owing to the fashion in which the bird twists and turns, where arrange-

ments are properly made, and men know precisely where the other guns are stationed, accidents should be unknown. I've never seen any mischance in the rides on the hills round Muckross, though it was often necessary to let birds pass if they were flying awkwardly, and it was a rule in certain places to have the bird between you and the sky. It was abundantly necessary to keep a very straight line when walking the birds up.

Not only was the sport remarkably good, but it was not dependent, as it is in many places, upon a flight of birds. Many cock breed there, and of course these are largely added to by the foreigners; they afford the best sport after a hard frost has driven them down from the hills into the lower coverts.

One evening at Muckross I went out on to the lake with my brother, sister-in-law, the fisherman and a boy. We took with us a heavy sporting rifle in case one of the Japanese deer, that had been imported into the country on a large scale by a landowner, should come down to the side of the lake. After a while we landed, my sister-in-law and the lad went home, leaving my brother, myself, and the fisherman carrying the rifle, to scramble among the heather at the foot of the hills. While we were there we saw a small herd of deer, including several good stags, leaving the wood for the hills. Evening was coming on, and there was little light left, and it is of course extremely difficult to stalk from the base of a hill; from above is always best. We lay down in the heather and consulted quietly and quickly. The wind was right, the glass revealed one splendid stag with what was known as switch horns. The temptation was irre-

sistible, and we started to crawl in his direction, until some two hundred and fifty yards away we found further progress impossible. My brother Alwyne, a very fine shot with the rifle—he had been one of the English eight at Wimbledon as a young man,—took the rifle and fired. The great stag fell stone dead, shot behind the shoulder; the rest of the herd, puzzled rather than alarmed, hesitated, and then from behind a rock another stag, seemingly larger than the first, showed itself. I took the rifle from my brother, and heard the first bullet hit, loaded again, fired a second time, and dropped my stag. The others then went off. When we climbed up the hill we found our stags lying side by side, two of the finest I have ever seen. The clean weight of mine was twenty-five stone, and that of my brother twenty-four. I may say in passing that these weights were not the record for Muckross. At a deer drive held there during my brother's tenancy Adrian Hope shot a stag that weighed thirty-two stone, clean weight. My brother and I dragged our deer down to the lake side, and then rowed home, reaching the supper-table at the Abbey about nine o'clock. After supper we started off on a drive of a dozen miles or so to an outlying part of the estate, Glen Fesk, there to watch for a stag that was said to come night after night and spoil the corn. We watched all night without result, and returned home in time for breakfast, feeling all the better for our experience.

Writing of woodcock reminds me of another experience that I met with when shooting once with my kinsman, Colonel Charteris, at Cahir. We had to motor a dozen miles to the ground and found the head-keeper and forty or fifty smocked beaters

by the roadside. The keeper came up and explained that the men had gone on strike. They had accepted the job of coming to beat for the standard price of half-a-crown or three shillings a day, and now they declined to move unless they received another sixpence or shilling apiece—I forget which. There was nothing to do for it in the circumstances but to meet their demands or return home. We gave in, and I am bound to say that the men did their work extremely well. Truth to tell, there had been a lot of wet, the going was bad and heavy, and as the beaters knew that it meant a soaking to go through the soddened covers, they put their prices up. I suppose that their action amounted to breach of contract, and that we could have punished them for it, but it seemed better in view of the wet ground to give them what they asked for.

I was once shooting on the Cawdor Moors near Nairn, perhaps the finest grouse moors in the world; they were tenanted at the time by an American friend, Mr. Percy Chubb. One day we were out in a very high wind, a gale in fact. Birds were hard to stop and "rights and lefts" almost impossible. At one drive, the birds coming with the wind, I shot a high bird right in front of me, and without waiting to see the result of the shot turned half round and aimed at another, which I missed. Almost as I pressed trigger I received a tremendous blow on the side of my face that fairly knocked me over in the butt. My loader pulled me on to my feet, and I realised that the bird I had shot at first, falling dead through the air while travelling at the rate of an express train, had struck me as it fell. Very dazed and a little angry I said to my loader: "Didn't you see that bird coming?" "Yes, m'Lord," was

the unexpected reply, "I did see it coming, so I hid behind your Lordship." It may not have been precisely a soft answer, but it certainly did turn away wrath.

I do not find it easy to say where the best pheasant shooting in England is to be had, but I don't think I ever had any quite as good as at Warter Priory, Lady Nunburnholme's Yorkshire home. I recall a week there of perfect shooting weather, fine with sufficient wind, and high birds in thousands, literally in thousands. On one day in that week eight of us brought down upwards of two thousand and seven hundred birds. The other guns were Lords Herbert Vane Tempest, Ancaster, Cairns, Chesterfield, and Dudley and General Sir Arthur Paget.

Now and again the most practised hand may find himself up against difficulties which he may find pretty hard to counter. I was shooting only a few years ago in Herefordshire with Mr. Percy Chubb, who had hired the place, Brockhampton, from another friend of mine, Mr. Garland. It was a second shoot. We were driving pheasants, and we usually drew lots for stands. My stand, at a place called Holly Bank, was in a sort of disused chalk pit with trees growing out of it; at the pit top there were more trees, and when the keeper showed me my place he remarked, "Please be as careful as you can, for Mr. Chubb doesn't like his birds blown about." I thought no more of the matter, but when the pheasants came over they seemed to me to be extraordinarily high and difficult. I should think that about eighty passed over my stand, and that I killed eight. In the afternoon in the same rise at the recurrent drive a very fine shot,

Mr. Noble, had the same stand and did not do much better. Like all keen men, I was considerably puzzled and even vexed, and remarked as much to the head-keeper. He replied that he had seen all manner of men shoot the Holly Bank stand, visitors from India, America, and Australia, and the best English game shots including Lord Ripon—who as Lord de Grey certainly must have headed the list, —and in this particular place one and all had failed to satisfy themselves. I am inclined to think that the actual height at which the birds passed over was not the only difficulty. In the pit there were trees whose crowns were on the level of the upper ground ; on that ground there were other trees, oaks in both cases, if memory serves, and the pheasants came over the topmost trees. Either some curious angle or the birds dropping slightly must provide the only possible explanation of happenings that undoubtedly gave great concern to certain experienced game shots. Or was it, perhaps, that I and other men of my generation have paid back to Father Time some of the capacity that he lent us when we were young, and that the generation that has followed could go to the Holly Bank stand and do much better ? A small point enough, I suppose, but I think that some of my contemporaries will understand my interest in it. Then, again, shooting has entered so largely into my life that in the latter years all manner of pleasant memories are bound up with the covert side, the moor and the corrie.

My own sporting career nearly came to an end almost as soon as it began. I could not have been more than sixteen when my brother Alwyne and I were sent off to the North of England by my father to stay with a parson who was to prepare

us for confirmation. I confess that my memory retains nothing of the good man's ministrations, but I can remember that he had three pretty and charming daughters, and that he lent me his gun to shoot rabbits. I had been out shooting and was getting over a hedge when my foot slipped. In one hand I carried the gun, and in the other a rabbit, and I could not lightly relinquish either. So I went to the ground without a chance of saving a fall, and the point of a stake caught me on the underside of the jaw, leaving a dent that is visible to this day within an inch of the jugular vein. Only an inch lower and I should have been killed, and so have lost nearly half a century of as pleasant a life as any man might hope to live. The gods were in a gracious mood that day, though I may not have recognised it.

Among the great sporting estates I have shot over, Eastwell Park in Kent, between Ashford and Faversham, was one of the best. I remember some really remarkable shooting there. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were then tenants of the estate, which is now held by Lord Gerard, and my wife and I were invited down soon after our marriage. The Duke, Queen Victoria's second son, was a good game shot, and an admirable host, he was also intensely musical and a skilled violinist; the Duchess was the daughter of the Tsar Alexander II. But it is not only for the shooting that I remember Eastwell Park. It was there that I saw the finest jewels I have ever seen in my life. The Duchess and my wife were talking about jewellery, and the Duchess said: "If you would like to see my jewels, I will tell my maid to put them all out in my room to-morrow evening, after tea, and if your

husband is interested, bring him too." We went together at the time appointed. The Duchess received us in her bedroom, which was one blaze of precious stones; the bed, the tables, the chairs were covered with cases containing tiaras, dog-collars, ropes of pearls, necklaces, bracelets, brooches of rarest lustre and beauty and of inestimable value. One would have thought that the world had been ransacked to lay these treasures at the Duchess's feet, and there seemed to be enough for an entire royal family rather than for one member of it. The Duke and Duchess were the kindliest people, and unaffectedly simple in their lives. They took a great interest in the cultivation of the surrounding country, which was very largely under hops, and I remember the Duke telling me that a really good crop, which was a rare occurrence, yielded almost the actual fee simple of the land upon which it was grown. Some years later, at a dinner party given about the time of King George's Coronation, if memory serves me truly, I found myself sitting next to a very beautiful and attractive lady to whom I quite lost my heart. She was the Crown Princess (now the Queen) of Rumania, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and heiress to the charm of both parents.

Two or three years ago at Nice I attended a great skating carnival, at which Miss Muriel Wilson distinguished herself, and the Princess Hohenlöhe, who was one of the hostesses, asked me to tea at her table. We happened to talk of Rumania, and I told her how the Crown Princess had captivated me. "One must be very careful," she remarked with a smile. "You are talking of my sister." I realised then that one should not ignore the Almanach

de Gotha as completely as I am in the habit of doing.

I have never kept records of the sport at Easton, or Warwick, or elsewhere. Perhaps in the days of my greatest activity it seemed unnecessary, because there were no signs of change. What my friends and I were doing we thought our children would do after us, and the only possible alteration in conditions appeared to lie in the direction of higher birds and new sporting powders. Now that I see all manner of changes coming to call a halt to the life of careless pleasure in the open air, and am conscious that a new era is opening out, I could wish that I had set things down, for memory is a fickle jade, and will probably stir me, when it is too late, to many a recollection that I would like to preserve.

The Easton shooting depends largely upon rearing. Over the greater part of the estate the soil is heavy—clay, or a mixture of clay and loam, hot and dry in summer after ten days' fine weather, cold and difficult in winter for long months on end. On such ground you can never expect to see such a great head of partridges as you will find, for example, in the famous Six Mile Bottom country in the adjoining county of Cambridgeshire. The woods will carry a very heavy head of pheasants—ten thousand would be a moderate number. Much of the shooting is good, particularly where the woods have been planted on either side of a valley. Lord Rosslyn, a keen sportsman, used to take great pride and interest in the covers, and in his day, as well as mine, they were visited by some of the finest game shots in the world. I am bound to say that in the early days of my sporting life landowners as

a class were not dealing fully and fairly with the farmers' claims. It is quite impossible to keep pheasants in, and when the shooting is over they are left to care for themselves, as they are well able to do, until rearing season has been gone through again or feeding is resumed. Whether they stray with or without approval they are safe to do a certain amount of harm, and this should be recognised, estimated, and paid for. Fox-hunting can provide sport for a large field, and so the farmers whom the fox punishes from time to time are made honorary members, and get their sport in return for their sacrifices, but a farmer may not find adequate compensation in a day's cock-shooting in January for the damage to his crops at intervals throughout the year. That the coming of the small-holder has complicated a difficult position goes without saying, but the shooting season of 1916–17 had a special interest for those who realised that pheasants provide the only food in the country that is sold in normal years at a fraction of cost price. Very few birds were reared anywhere; owners of shootings, their children, friends, keepers, under-keepers, and the rest, had been swept into the net of war; and in the middle of November pheasants were being sold in London up to fifteen shillings a brace! In normal years I have known the price of the same food to be four shillings and sixpence.

Lord Rosslyn, my father-in-law, was shooting the well-known Tilty Woods one day with a distinguished party of guns, and the beating of the wood had reached the point at which the pheasants were beginning to come over, good "rocketers," too. Suddenly there was a fearful riot in the cover, and a certain local grocer appeared blowing a horn

in frantic fashion, and trying to call off a pack of harriers that had broken away from the road and followed a hare into the middle of the beat. He came up to Lord Rosslyn trembling with agitation and full of apologies. To whom Lord Rosslyn replied in sternest tones: "Don't talk to me, sir. How dare you bring your hounds here? Go home at once, sir, and sand your sugar." And the grocer, greatly relieved, disappeared at once.

The Tilty Woods provide, perhaps, the highest birds on the Easton estate, and some of the best game shots have found their work cut out for them there. In all my experience I have never seen the equal of Lord Ripon (formerly Lord de Grey) at high birds; and even low birds, which one is sometimes obliged to shoot, were killed by him almost without disturbing a feather. He stands far above all his contemporaries, but the level of game shooting has risen considerably since I was young and started at the age of sixteen with a muzzle-loader. Breech-loading guns, reliable cartridges and new powders, sporting schools with high towers and clay pigeons, at which the tyro can be trained how to use his gun by experts who can explain how you miss, all these things have helped. Then, again, the young Englishman, who loves sport and has an income and good sporting friends, enjoys unrivalled opportunities of which, down to 1914 at least, he took full advantage.

CHAPTER VI

FISHING DAYS IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND AND SCANDINAVIA

MY fishing experiences began when I was a little lad, on the Castle waters at Warwick. In those days no factories fouled the flow; there were no sewage troubles, and fish were not only in vast numbers but were often of great size. The bream fishing was particularly good, and continued attractive for a number of years. I remember fishing once for bream with a friend, Prince Francis of Teck; we got a fisherman from Maidenhead and thousands of worms, and caught eighty pounds' weight of fish in one morning. There are a few good fish in the river to-day, but there is no comparison between the past and present conditions. I was fishing with my keeper one day on the lake at Warwick. I left the butler trolling on the bank while I was in the boat. Hearing shouts for help, I hurried back and found he had a big pike on his line, but no net or gaff. He managed to pull it near to the bank, and I put my fingers into its eyes and landed it that way—there was no other. I remember the incident, because the fish weighed 28 lb., and was the largest we ever caught at Warwick, though doubtless there were many larger in the water. My butler was very proud of his fish, and it was stuffed and is in the Castle to-day. As I grew older the claims of the fly became paramount and the

attractions of trout and salmon irresistible. Later I shall tell of experiences with tarpon and other monsters. The Tweed, Tay, and Spey were for a long time my happiest hunting—or, I should say, fishing—grounds, and for more than twenty-five years I have fished on the Blackwater near Fermoy. There, between February and May, 1892, four rods, myself being one, caught 808 salmon.

While I was staying in Ireland once for the salmon fishing I was asked to attend in Dublin and give evidence before the Commission on the Blackwater fisheries. I heard a good story about the commissioners. Professor Cunningham, who was one of them, complained of the damage that whales were doing to the fisheries on the West Coast of Scotland, and cited an instance where a stranded whale was found to have upwards of a hundred fine cod inside him. Sir Penrose Fitzgerald, another commissioner, not to be beaten by a mere Scotsman, at once volunteered the statement that on the South Coast of Ireland whales were far more destructive and dangerous. Without moving a muscle of his face he gave a circumstantial account of a whale which was washed up in the south of Ireland. In it were found a bathing machine and the old lady who looked after it, the whale showing a decided advance upon the capacity of the far-away ancestor that swallowed Jonah. Professor Cunningham bore the recital bravely, but was heard later to make the following anxious inquiry of one of his colleagues: "Is Sir Penrose always strictly accurate in his stateestics?"

Staying once on the Tweed with Mr. and Mrs. Morton Lucas, I went with a brother of Mr. Lucas to fish at Wark Ferry. My friend went off to the

upper pool in a boat with his fisherman, and I fished the lower pool, a deep one, which the ferry crosses. My fisherman rowed me out, and while I was standing up in the boat adjusting my line, the fisherman twisted the boat suddenly up stream, and I was tossed into the middle of the pool. It was a hot day and I quite enjoyed the swim, first in search of my hat and, that recovered, to the bank. Then I took the three-or-four mile walk to the house, leaving a trail of Tweed water in my wake and my salmon remained uncaught, for it was the last day of my visit, and I had to catch the night train to London. I heard afterwards that my friend—who, of course, had his back to me, as he was being rowed to the upper pool—saw a look of amazement and alarm on his fisherman's face. Then he burst out: "Good gracious! The Lord's in the water!" And a moment later: "But there—it's all right; they've got him out again." I resented the imputation that I needed help.

In sport, as in other affairs of life, the unexpected often happens, and the man who can devise means to meet it on the spur of the moment is the man who can counter most of the chances of the game. One or two of my own experiences while salmon fishing seem worth recording here. The first that comes to my mind was when I was once fishing the Blackwater in Careysville in a high flood. I was standing at the ferry on the lower Careysville water; the river was very flooded—hardly fishable. I was fishing with a phantom minnow, and asked Sweeney, the fisherman, to hold the rod with a very short line while I lit my pipe. The bait was spinning just under the bank. As I took the rod back I realised that a fish was on, and almost immediately

it took a bolt into the heavy stream, carrying out about eighty yards of line in one rush. Then it went down river in mid stream very hard. I ran after it just as fast as I could go for about three quarters of a mile, until I reached a point where the river divides round an island. The fish took the channel on the side nearest to me and ran down under some fifty yards of alder bushes, heavily submerged by the flood. I thought I was beaten, for the strain on the rod was heavy, and though I could feel, I could not see the fish. I told Sweeney to run below the alders and search the pea-soup water with the gaff in an endeavour to recover the line. He had the skill or luck to do this at the first attempt, and I then told him to get a tight hold and cut the line just above his hand. I then hurriedly reeled up the severed portion, ran down to where he stood, knotted up quickly, and followed the fish some hundreds of yards down the heavy current, where I managed to play him within reach of the fatal gaff. He weighed 26 lb., and had been caught by the minnow triangle hook in the dorsal fin !

Some little time after this I was on the bank at Careysville fishing a pool with my brother Louis while the fisherman sat in the long punt arranging tackle. The nose of the boat was on the bank, and a heavy chain with a lead weight stretched from the stern. I got into a pretty heavy salmon that crossed the river, about eighty or ninety yards in its first rush, and then darted under the boat and took the line round the chain. Guided by my previous experience, I told the fisherman to cut the line, and joined it again. I reeled up, played the fish down stream, and landed it safely. I think that if a salmon gets round a stake or a stone it

will swim quietly there for a long time without trying to break away. The strain on the mouth has been removed, and it is apparently waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up.

As an old fisherman, I would like to give a word of advice to those who care to follow it. Never be without a pair of nippers strong enough to shear through any hook shaft, because if you get a hook into you—no uncommon occurrence—you can pass the barb through, nip it off, and pull the shank back. There is less pain in this method than one would imagine. In the last year of his life poor old Jack Flynn—finer fisherman never handled a line—came near to hurting me badly. We were on a jetty under the weir at Careysville, called "Mr. Jameson's promenade," where the water was shallow and the bushes behind were troublesome. He put on a prawn with two large triangle hooks, and cast out to see if he had leaded it properly for me. A little clumsy for once, so different from the old days, poor chap, he managed with that cast to land the two triangles in my forehead, though I was close by his side. I was content to think that it was not in my eyes. I motored at once to Fermoy, where the nearest doctor lived, and took with me my powerful pair of American nippers. The doctor proposed to cut the hooks out, but I persuaded him to follow my method and press the hooks in turn, through and round until the barbs showed, and then cut them off. This he did; there was little pain and no waste of time. A couple of pieces of plaster were put on, and in an hour I was back on the Blackwater, rod in hand once more. Poor old Flynn was very much disturbed, less by the damage he had done than by the information—he

asked for it—that the medical gentleman had charged a sovereign for his valuable help.

In Norway, on the Nansen, Landal, and Alten rivers, I enjoyed good sport of which I make a few notes. I went to the Nansen with my sister, brother-in-law, and daughter, and found a glorious country, a wide and beautiful river, the magnitude of which entailed harling, where casting, if possible, would have been preferable; but the fish were large and my associates delightful. It was very exciting when you got hold of a log, of which there were many floating down.

I went up to Hammerfest as the guest of Willie Stuart Menzies and fished for a month on the Alten River. I took the steamer to Hammerfest and saw an enormous quantity of fish, called lythe, being brought in by the boats; they looked rather like hake. The fish was ordered for the Archangel market or for Spain, and the method of preparation was very primitive. As the catch was taken it was gutted on the deck, weighed, thrown down the hatchway with a little salt, and then battened down. On the northward journey no ice was used, and the fish would sometimes become a mass of corruption, and worms would crawl through the planks. The shore round Hammerfest was glistening with split cod set out to dry there.

In a good season the Alten River can afford some of the best fishing in Norway, but we went there rather late in July, and a month's sport yielded no more than about eighty fish to two rods. The Alten is a very "taking" river; if you saw a fish rise in a good pool you were wellnigh certain to get him. One evening, about six o'clock, I was poled up to our topmost beat, half a dozen miles

from the house, in a finely-shaped canoe that glistened with the bright hue of crimson from its coating of Stockholm tar. It was a hard job for two men, one in stern and one in bows, to pole against the current, and it did not seem really necessary for the mosquitoes to add as much as they did to our difficulties. Their attacks were merciless, and did not cease. Arrived at the rapid leading to the topmost pool about 6 P.M., I noticed two big fish going up stream, and the sight offered some consolation for the troubles of the journey, now, I thought, at an end. Unfortunately, I was too optimistic. A dense fog fell upon us, and the best we could do was to make hurriedly for the shore. There the two Norwegian fishermen and I lit a fire to drive the mosquitoes away and to get the necessary minimum of warmth, and we remained by it from a little after 7 P.M. until a little after six in the morning. Our equipment was limited to tobacco and my small whisky flask, rather less than the occasion demanded. Just before half-past six in the morning the fog rose and the sun came out and thawed us slightly, so I at once pushed out on to the pool and started fishing. In a short time I had landed two fine salmon, one weighing 28 lb. and the other 34 lb. I am quite sure that these were the two fish that were making for the pool on the previous evening when fog fell upon us. By the time both were in the boat we began to feel very cold again and more than hungry, so we dropped down stream as quickly as possible, glad that we were not forced to return empty-handed. As things were, we did not feel sorry for ourselves, and the beauty of the river on the journey home helped all of us, I think, to forget our discomforts.

My brother, Louis Greville, built himself a house on a high cliff overlooking the River Tay at Stanley, above Perth. When Mr. Barclay Field died, the Stobhall water fishing was taken over by Mallock, the well-known fishing-tackle maker of Perth, and until a syndicate was formed to improve the fishing by taking off the nets my brother had fine sport, which I sometimes shared with him. While staying up there once I had a letter from an old friend, Colonel Everard Digby, to say that it would soon be the last day of the fishing season, and if I would come up to McClure we would spend the day on the river at Islay mouth. He added that we might get a score of salmon, for the river seemed full. I was delighted to go, and on reaching the riverside at ten o'clock found my boat waiting and the fisherman in charge told me that Colonel Digby was at work higher up the water. I soon realised that there were fish in plenty, but they were just rising and nipping, coming so short that I couldn't hook them. A little puzzled, I searched my book and found a largish fly, an Eckroyd, with an attachment patented by Macleay, of Inverness, a bit of stiff gut with a triangle hook fastened to the end of the fly. After putting on this fly and attachment I hardly missed another fish, and at the close of the day had a dozen beautiful salmon of considerable weight. On his beat Colonel Digby had caught eight, so that he proved himself a good judge when he wrote that we might catch a score between us.

I don't like to lay down the law on any matters, but having caught many hundreds of salmon in my time, I have some very definite theories of playing them. I think that as soon as the fish is hooked you must be hard on him all the time. If possible,

keep opposite to your fish, and by turning the point of the rod down stream, turn him over and bully him well; the tackle must be good and the hold also. In that way the salmon grows weaker, and a struggle is shortened which, if too prolonged, may tear a hole in the fish's mouth and then, with the first slackening of the line, he will probably be a lost fish.

I often used to fish with the late Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Gordon Castle at the mouth of the Spey and perhaps ten miles upwards—I don't suppose any fishing was better organised for ten or eleven rods; I think there were more fish than I saw in Norway, but they did not take so well. If I remember rightly, one night over seventy fish were brought home to about ten rods. It must have been difficult for our host and the head fisherman in allotting the pools every morning to apportion a fair division of sport to the guests, but this was well thought out and most fairly done.

I remember entertaining King George, when he was Duke of York, at Careysville on the Blackwater, the beautiful place I rented for twenty or thirty seasons from Mr. Montgomery. Sometimes I was the sole tenant, sometimes I had a partner; on the occasion of which I write my partner was the late Lord Cairns. I had been staying at the Viceregal Lodge in Dublin when the Duke of York was there, and I asked him to come and try the sport on the Blackwater. He had a visit to pay to Lord Ormonde, and then he came on to Careysville via Clondulane Station, whither we had brought the only landau to be found in Fermoy, and a pair of white horses that were used for weddings. Sir Charles Cust accompanied the Duke as Equerry.

It was a pity that the weather changed with the arrival of our visitors. Rain began to come down heavily, and although fishing is possible when the waters begin to flood, a very few hours suffice to make this water dirty and the fish will not rise. However, Jupiter Pluvius being no respecter of persons, however august, we had to make the best of things, and we went on to the big island on the river opposite Careysville House, and my old fisherman, Jack Flynn, held the boat for the Duke while young Flynn and I sat on the bank and watched. My guest landed two or three fish, the largest, if I remember, a fourteen-pounder. Suddenly young Flynn called my attention to the presence of nearly a dozen policemen in the shelter of a clump of laurels near by, and expressed indignant surprise at their presence there. I satisfied him by saying on the spur of the moment that though everybody round Careysville and neighbourhood was most loyal and friendly, people from other parts of the country might have heard of the Duke's arrival, and might have endeavoured in some fashion to disturb his visit. That, I pointed out, was a responsibility I should not like to incur. Truth to tell, I knew nothing of the coming of the police; the precaution must have been taken by the local authorities, and they had not advised me of it.

The weather barred fishing after the first day, and on the second we went to Lismore Castle, and with the Duke of Devonshire's permission examined the fishing weir and the arrangements for killing salmon to which the Duke was entitled under his charter. I think that, as fishermen, we all agreed that we would have liked to see the fish taken in a more sportsmanlike fashion, higher up the river.

The late Duke sometimes fished with me at Careysville, and was a tolerably skilled hand at the game. He might have been an expert if he had started earlier in life, but I imagine that the claims of politics had left him with comparatively little time for sport. He thoroughly enjoyed his fishing, and was so pleasant a companion that we were always delighted at any success he obtained.

One evening, while the Duke of York was at Careysville, he kindly permitted me to ask my landlord, Mr. Montgomery, who chanced to be in the neighbourhood, to dine with us, and after dinner Mr. Montgomery showed us the deed under which his family had held the place since the time of Cromwell, whose signature was appended to the document. The Duke responded to Mr. Montgomery's request to add *his* signature, so in years to come the title-deed will have an added historical value.

I do not know any river more beautiful than the Blackwater—especially the tidal waters of the river—down to Youghal; it is sometimes called the Irish Rhine. As you descend in a launch and see all the fishermen plying their nets, you wonder how any fish escape to breed or afford sport to the rods of the upper fishermen.

A shooting party, given at Easton, provided me once with some excellent fishing. This is how it happened. The Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.) had honoured us with his company, and we had in the house-party a particular friend of His Royal Highness, Baron Oscar Dickson of Sweden. We were shooting pheasants in the Home Woods when, by a most unfortunate accident, Baron Dickson "peppered" the Prince—not severely, but unpleas-

antly. Naturally, the poor man suffered even more than his distinguished victim, who, with his usual good nature, accepted his friend's apologies and forgave him. "But," he said, "you cannot do such things without making reparation." Baron Dickson protested he was prepared to make any that the Prince would name. "Then your sentence will be," replied His Royal Highness, "that you invite our friend Lord Warwick and one other whom he may appoint, to fish with you in the Falkenberg River next June." Baron Dickson was delighted, and so was I, for the fishing on the Falkenberg was said to be among the best in Scandinavia. With the following summer came a reminder from Baron Dickson that he was looking forward with pleasure to atoning for his transgression at Easton, so I asked my brother Alwyne to come across with me, and we went together to Gothenburg, a short distance beyond which was the Baron's country house. There we were most warmly welcomed, and at dinner on the evening of our arrival we drank so many "skolds" that it became a work of almost superhuman endeavour to pilot the ladies of the party through the beautiful gardens afterwards. There is very little darkness in that latitude on a night in June, and the grounds were exquisite, but we could not do full justice to them. It was a relief to learn from our hostess on the following day that we had really acquitted ourselves with some credit in the circumstances, and that many of their English friends, unaccustomed to the warmth and strength of Swedish hospitality, had found themselves in far worse plight. Greatly comforted, we went on to the Falkenberg, escorted by Baron Dickson, who, having important work to do, could

not stay, but left us in a delightful wooden house with a French chef, wine, and cigars, which neither taste nor money could have hoped to better. The fishing reserved to us was from the stake nets to the salt water, a matter of a few hundred yards, and the average size was five or six pounds, though now and again a twenty-pounder might take the fly. This, unfortunately, was a bad season, but we managed to catch some eighty in a fortnight. Friends of mine who had fished there in good years had done much better, one catching as many as thirty in a day. But the hospitality, the weather, surroundings, and the sport combined to give us such a delightful fortnight that I began to feel I was not the loyal subject I ought to have been. Try how I might, I could not continue to regard the Prince's mild "peppering" as an altogether regrettable incident.

The salmon fishing I had on the Blackwater was rented before my time by the Duke of Beaufort and by the Duke of Marlborough who was father of Lord Randolph Churchill. My fisherman told me that the last named was quite keen about the sport, but, tired by the fearful strain of political life, often quite unfit to pursue it. One day in warm, bright weather, when the water was in excellent order and the prospects were of the best, he came out to fish, but in a few minutes lay stretched under a tree fast asleep and looking so tired out that the fisherman stayed by his side until the day had gone, and then the two parted without a word.

I remember Randolph Churchill telling me how he used to enjoy the stay at Careysville. It was the time when he gave me the finest salmon

landing net, made of whalebone, that I'd ever seen, because, he said, he had used it there and thought he would never have time to use it again. He had given up his sports for the exacting life that was to kill him in the end. He and Lady Randolph were great friends of my wife and me, as I have said, and we followed his progress with the keenest interest. When I was sitting for Colchester my constituents were anxious that he should come down and address them. I said I would arrange it if I could, and Lord Randolph wrote and fixed a date some time ahead. As ill luck would have it, between the time of his letter and the meeting, he handed in his resignation as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Strong feeling was aroused, and I had the unpleasant task of writing to advise him not to come to Colchester, as, in the circumstances, I could not guarantee his reception. He replied with the courtesy he always showed his friends, thoroughly realising the situation. His effort to push Lord Salisbury into a difficult position could only have ended one way. That remarkable man was as hard to force as a bronze door. Imperturbable, far-sighted, resolute, he was a model statesman, and behind the gifts that maintained in him the long-lived prestige of the great house to which he belonged were an unfailing tact, a keen sense of humour and a kindliness to which many besides myself could bear witness. Always good to young men, I think I came in for a special measure of his kindness, perhaps because my brother, Sidney Greville, was his private secretary. He entertained us on several occasions, once at a garden party given at Hatfield for the Shah of Persia. Nothing quite so remarkable for beautiful women, costly gowns, and priceless jewels

has been seen before or since, I imagine ; but I think the Shah was most impressed by the rifle shooting of Dr. Carver, the celebrated American, who broke innumerable glass balls without making a mistake, to the vast content of his distinguished audience.

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I once met the head of a great stores that provides everything for everybody. I was going away fishing and was trying to get what salmon fishers know as elephant gut—it is made of the finest Spanish material and is of enormous strength. I had failed to get what I wanted, and a friend of mine, meeting the great business man, said : " Lord Warwick has been trying to get the fine Spanish salmon gut everywhere and failed. Even your place is without it." The reply was definite. " If we haven't got it we can get it. Tell Lord Warwick, with my compliments, that it shall be at his house in time for breakfast to-morrow morning."

I suppose that in the long run man gets the better of fish, but every now and again some fish arises to take vengeance. It was one of these avengers of his less fortunate brethren that I must have encountered in the days when I was a member of the Longstock Club. From morning till late evening I had finished without any sport at all, and as we all objected very much to return empty-handed to the house, I was going home a little disconsolate. It was a very clear night, light enough for me to see a fish rise in the deep and weed-strewn water on a tributary of our big stream. Here, then, was my last chance. I had the luck—or so I thought it at the moment—to rise and hook the fish, which at once plunged into the weeds. I was wearing my long waders, so I removed my coat and gave the

rod to my old net-man, saying to him as I did so: "I'm going into the water, and I shall follow the line as far as the weeds with my hands in order to disentangle the fish. If I get him free and he bolts you must give him plenty of line till I get out again." Then I went in, to find the water much deeper than I thought. It poured over my waders so that I was very wet and uncomfortable. But I went on and got the fish free, quite a fine one, well over two pounds. As soon as the line was clear the trout ran down stream, the net man forgot his instructions and held on tight, with the inevitable result that everything was broken. I put on my coat, thinking all manner of things, and perhaps for the moment was the most melancholy man in Hampshire. Then I looked at my watch, a rather handsome repeater, to see if I should be late for supper, but the water had penetrated the watch through the waistcoat and it was silent as the grave. On the following day I had to go up to London and I took the watch to Dent, the maker. "You ought to have poured in a little oil or whisky immediately after the accident," said the expert after examination. The watch came back to me a fortnight later, with a bill for ten guineas, and I was left wishing that the trout that lured me on to a bad wetting and expensive repairs had chosen to rise when I was not in the neighbourhood.

One of the special charms of fishing is that it takes the sportsman to beauty spots he might never hope to see in ordinary circumstances. The Inver fishings near Ballynahinch, in the Connemara country of County Galway, are the most beautiful I have ever seen. I was introduced to them by my friend Moreton Frewen, and was partner first with him

and then with Lord Castletown for some years. To get to Inver you travelled by rail from Dublin to Marnè Cross. The train arrived there in the late afternoon, and you then took a side-car for a ten- or twelve-mile drive over a wild and lonely moorland, with never a tree in sight. The effect of such country upon those who have just come from busy haunts is most curious. I might almost say it is awesome when the light is fast failing and everything within the sweep of the eye assumes an aspect at once mysterious and mournful. The Celtic imagination must be developed in a very great measure by such surroundings. I have known countrysides, thousands of miles from civilisation, that seemed far less lonely than the Galway moorlands on the still summer evenings when I drove from Marne Cross to the lake-side. There one left the side-car and walked down a little quay jutting into the water, and found a rough and ready boat in charge of an Irishman who spoke little English, and he pulled that boat a hundred yards or so to a small island with a miniature harbour fenced in. At the season of my visits—late summer time—the huge hydrangea bushes would almost sweep the water with their pink and blue blossom. Stone steps led to a little pergola smothered by clematis and roses, and the pergola stretched to a tiny house with just sufficient accommodation for two or three fishermen who were out for sport and not for luxury. It was a tiny island enough, but in that mild, humid climate all manner of heaths flourished, the bog myrtle was particularly glossy and fragrant, and beyond the few fishers the only two-legged inhabitants were golden pheasants, so tame they would eat out of our hands. Round the island were four or five lakes

fed by streams from the hills and pouring their surplus waters into the sea; most, if not all, were connected one with the other. A lake was sufficient beat for a rod, and we fished from boats. Of the quality of the sea-trout fishing let one example suffice. In a single day I counted upwards of four hundred rises, killed seventy-two fish running up to between four and five pounds, and two small salmon. These last were not worth the trouble they gave me, for they bored right down to the lake bottom and gave very little sport. Sometimes one of us would take with us a small collapsible boat, known as a "cottle," to the upper lake to which the fish liked to go as the season advanced, and where, I imagine, they stopped until spawning was over in the adjoining streams.

Being fond of experiments, we spent several hundred pounds annually on a sea-trout hatchery, and turned down every season several hundred thousand fish. I am inclined to think that hatcheries may do good, but less than those who do not know them might expect, for in spite of them we had several indifferent seasons as the years passed. This is inexplicable, but we do not yet understand the movement and migration of fish, or all the various adverse influences with which they must contend.

Not far way from us were many other attractive little islands, and on one of them, near Screeb, rented for some time by a friend of mine, salmon could be taken with the fly in a small tidal current running between the rocks. I heard during my stay that a fisherman landed at Screeb a salmon attacked by a small shark, and as it would not release its prey it was brought to shore with the

salmon. I have recalled a rather similar incident when I was fishing for tarpon in Florida.

The Galway folk who used to row us about the lakes were often dark and swarthy men, whose appearance suggested that had they claimed descent from the Spanish sailors who escaped to the western shores of Ireland after the destruction of the Armada, the claim could be sustained. One of them, known locally as "Black Michael," was a great friend of mine. He used to provide us with delicious lobsters and prawns caught along the shore. I gave him some grouse boxes and asked him to forward prawns to me in England, promising him the full London market prices. I received one or two boxes, and he then sent word to say that the bad weather had stopped the catch. I cannot help thinking that this was not so, and that the truth is that having passed out of sight I had gone out of mind, and that the natural indolence which such regions breed had made Black Michael careless of adding to an income which, however slender, probably sufficed his simple needs.

For many delightful years I pursued the sea trout in this Arcadia, and then we found that the upkeep was too expensive for a couple of fishermen, and we formed a syndicate of six or seven. Lord Dudley, then Viceroy of Ireland, was one of them. He brought Lady Dudley and some of his friends, and the lodge was improved out of recognition. The lease has now passed into Lord Dudley's hands, but I fear the fishing is not what it was. Special flies, rather large ones, were required for this lake fishing, and I remember that we got them from an excellent maker of tackle in Galway, named Lydon. The only place that could compare with

Inver for sport was Costello, not many miles away, but the fishing there did not, I think, yield more than a couple of thousand sea trout in a good season, so it was not quite equal to ours. My fishing experiences have been gathered from all parts of the world, and when I come to review them I am forced to conclude that for sheer beauty of surrounding, for excellence of sport, and for pleasant associations, I have had little to equal and nothing to better what came to me through so many pleasant seasons in the romantic Connemara country.

I am afraid that I shall not remember all my fishing experiences on the Blackwater until it is too late to record them. Memory, my memory at least, is best stimulated by the stray remark, the casual reminiscence, of a friend. There were so many interesting incidents in Ireland that I came in the latter years to look almost as eagerly for those outside happenings as for the sport itself. I said "almost," please remember, not "quite." I always loved a spice of adventure; a modicum of the element of danger in sport added immensely to my zest for it, and, as I was in Ireland during the years of the worst activities of the Land League, I did not lack forms of excitement that even the salmon themselves could not supply. I was often the guest on the lower Careysville water of Colonel Percy, "Hotspur" so called. We lived in very little luxury in an old keeper's house. The bad floors were covered with a few elderly goat skins, the whole accommodation was of the most primitive kind, but we enjoyed our simple life well enough. They were times of high political tension, feeling ran high, even life was not always respected. Our landlord, Mr. Montgomery, was repeatedly advised

to have police protection, for he was believed to be a marked man. He was certainly a very brave one, and persistently refused. I do not think for a moment that my fishing friends or I ran any risks—the people in the neighbourhood were always friendly to me—but there was constant excitement, for authority could hardly cover all the ground it had to survey, and sometimes there were night poachers at work on the Blackwater. From time to time they would come into collision with our watchers, and then there would be free fights, or so we were told. It was impossible to know where or when these encounters might take place, but Colonel Percy and I did our best to take part in some, and were never successful.

I remember quite well the first night of my earliest visit to the lower Careysville water. After dinner my friend suggested that we should go out together and watch the river. I agreed, and he fetched a couple of revolvers, one for himself, the other he gave to me. We crawled along the bottom of a dry ditch to get unobserved to the river bank. I was close behind my companion, who, as soon as he reached the river-side, fired four or five shots. This rather startled me, but he told me he had only done it to warn any poaching gang in the vicinity that the river was well guarded. It became a part of our regular programme to watch the river, but, as I have said, we were never in the right place when watchers and poachers met—which they did fairly often according to local report. It was difficult to be sure whether they did meet, statistics there were not very accurate.

For the first few years of my sport in Ireland the fishing on the Blackwater was extremely good,

then it began seriously to deteriorate. My landlord had the right to act as one of the river Conservators, or to nominate someone in his place, and he had nominated me. My colleagues and I felt that something was wrong with the conditions under which fish were enabled to come up the river, and we decided to take expert opinion. So we retained Mr. ffennell, sometime Fishing Editor of *The Field*, a very experienced man, with much practical knowledge of his subject, and he came to the Blackwater and examined the river very carefully indeed. He made a report in which he held that the failure of the fish was largely due to the very heavy netting at Lismore, and to the use of the fishing hatches on the Duke of Devonshire's Lismore weir, to which he was entitled by a charter of great antiquity. It is only fair to say that the Duke had established his rights some years previously at a very heavy cost, and had leased them to his net-fishing tenant, Mr. Foley, an amiable and reasonable man enough, but one who, not unnaturally, wished to get the best he could from his holding. The situation as Mr. ffennell found it was a curious one; those who understand our salmon rivers will appreciate it. The weir had been passed as legal by the Fishery Commissioners a good many years before Mr. ffennell saw it, but it had changed considerably. As often happens, the course of the river had shifted slightly, through floods; the constant rush of the water over the weir and through the "Queen's Gap" (the part that is made lower by law to allow salmon a free way up stream) had scooped up so much of the river bed that the salmon were tempted to use the easier water leading up a back stream to the hatches where great quantities

were taken. The depth of the river bed had been increased very considerably by the rush of the waters, and the fish did not like the effort required to emerge from it and run up stream. So the most of them went as far as the back stream I have referred to and never passed the "Queen's Gap" at all.

We Conservators, having received and considered Mr. ffennell's report, felt it was our duty to submit it to the Duke and ask him to receive a deputation of Conservators and upper proprietors, to discuss the situation and consider what could best be done to set the balance right. It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that the position was serious for the landowners on either side of the river and to the neighbouring country generally, for the fishing rents were considerable and the salmon brought a lot of money into the district for the public good. Unfortunately, the Duke was advised that his position was unassailable, and in those circumstances he not unnaturally declined to receive a deputation with which he felt he had nothing to discuss. Thereupon the Conservators decided that there was no course left but an appeal to the law, and we consulted Mr. Carrol, a prominent citizen and lawyer of Fermoy, legal adviser to our Board, whose brother-in-law was no other than the redoubtable "Tim" Healy, who, as is well known, is a most able barrister as well as one of the wittiest and most incisive speakers in the House of Commons.

Before following the course of the action let me relate a little incident in connection with it. I was fishing on the upper pool of the Blackwater and was playing a salmon when I heard the sound of a car on the road behind me and a voice called out: "How are you, Lord Warwick?" I turned round,

not forgetting that I had a salmon to tackle, and saw Mr. Carrol, Mr. Healy, and another gentleman in black coats and silk hats. Realising that they wanted to discuss the case, I called out to Mr. Healy —whom, of course, I knew from the old days in the House—" Catch hold of this salmon, Mr. Healy. Play and land him for me." But the redoubtable politician who would stand up without flinching before hundreds of hardened Unionists, and beard the Prime Minister on the Treasury Bench without a moment of hesitation, would not face a lively salmon. So they waited while I landed my fish, and before they went away I presented it to Mr. Healy that he might have additional—should I say circumstantial?—evidence that he had been engaged to fight in a good cause. Certainly he worked very hard for that cause, and left nothing undone.

Our first appearance as plaintiffs was before the stipendiary magistrates, and could not have been more successful. They decided that the weir, however legal it might have been in the past, was an illegal one now, and the Duke of Devonshire was adjudged liable to fines amounting to nearly a thousand pounds for not putting his weir in order after due notice given. But the Duke was not the sort of man to take this decision without protest. Temperamentally cautious, he took a long time to make up his mind, and when he had arrived at a decision he was prepared to follow it as far as it would go. He promptly gave notice of appeal, and the matter went to the Queen's Bench before five judges, including the Chief Justice of Ireland. The whole case was argued very closely; Mr. Healy was searching, witty, and brilliant, while be handled the legal side with the utmost skill. It was a close

thing. Two of the judges upheld the decision of the stipendiary magistrates, two were opposed to it, and the onus of decision was upon the Chief Justice of Ireland, who, in a closely reasoned judgment, held that since the weir had been passed as a proper one by the Commissioners, it could not now be adjudged faulty. At the same time, curiously enough, he held that this legal weir had not been maintained in a legal condition. For this minor offence the Duke was to be mulcted in a small fine and the bulk of his penalties were to be remitted. The case was then returned, if my memory serves me truly, to the original court, where I believe the fines were removed altogether and each side paid its own costs, these amounting in the case of the Conservators to about six hundred pounds.

The fishing grew steadily worse, and at last, in despair, we approached the Duke again and asked his permission to negotiate with Mr. Foley, the tenant of the net-fishing, in an endeavour to buy off the hatches for certain months of the year and to reduce the net-fishing in the fresh water above Lismore. It might have been thought that after his unpleasant and rather expensive experience the Duke would not have been well disposed to treat, but those who know him will not be surprised to hear that he was as courteous as though nothing untoward had happened. So was Mr. Foley, and the upshot of our negotiations was that the hatches were opened and some of the nets removed, in return for certain subscriptions, some of them very large ones. In this way, I am convinced that Blackwater was saved as a salmon river.

I think the netters in the estuary of salmon rivers are sometimes a little short-sighted. By over-

doing the business they may get very valuable results for a few years, but they check the breeding of fish, and if sufficient salmon are not free to come up the river in spawning time, in a very few years there will be no fish left. So, quite apart from the economic advantages of having salmon in the river, there will, after a while, be fewer salmon beyond the weir, and ultimately none at all. It should be remembered that a salmon always invariably returns to its own river to spawn. In all the years I fished the Blackwater it was quite a remarkable occurrence to find a fish that had come from the neighbouring river, the Suir. I could always recognise them, for they are shorter and thicker than those of the Blackwater. A river depends upon its own stock. This year heavy floods on the Blackwater have washed out the spawning beds, and in a few seasons, when this year's fish should have gone down to the sea to return in the pink of condition, there will probably be a marked scarcity. The balance between the nets and the rods requires delicate adjustment, and this is only possible when the interested parties understand not only the measure of their own requirements, but the needs of the fish themselves. Happily all is well on the Blackwater as far as the general conditions go, and I like to think that for very many years to come there will be enthusiasts along the banks who will experience the joy that came to me so often in times gone by. Large sums have been spent on hatcheries; I think it remains to be proved that they justify the expenditure.

Looking back over these pages I find that I have left out of consideration one of the most delightful of pastimes, one to which I have always been addicted—and that is, dry-fly fishing. Happily, it

is not too late to record the fact that I was for ten years a member of the famous Longstock Club; I told the story of the Longstock trout that cost me ten guineas a few pages back. The Club consists of four members only, and rents some very desirable stretches of the Hampshire Test with headquarters near Stockbridge. It has been established for more than a century, and has numbered some very skilled dry-fly fishermen in its slender ranks, the old Duke of Argyll and Lord Tankerville among them. I was elected on the retirement of Mr. Arthur Coventry, who found that his various duties in connection with the Turf refused him the leisure he required for a sport to which he was truly devoted. My colleagues were Mr. "Billy" Craven, Colonel the Honourable "Obby" Craven, and Lord Harewood. We had four beats on the Test, a charming cottage where living was quite simple but appointments were sufficiently commodious, and through the years of my membership I enjoyed the most delightful of fortnights. We gathered as soon as the May fly was out, and we generally took over one hundred fish to four rods in the fortnight, averaging 2 lbs. or better. We kept in the cottage a large-scale map of the whole of our water, and when a member returned it was his duty at once to mark on the map the exact spot at which each fish had been caught. Thus we learned where the fish were, for it is a curious fact, and one that fly-fishers will have noticed, that where a good trout is caught another equally good promptly seeks the vacant place.

I shall never forget the wonderful spring brightness of the river Test, the varied bird life and music, the call of the peewits, the drumming of the snipe,

the glittering flash of the kingfisher, the white-waistcoated water-ouzels that flitted from stone to stone. There was plenty of leisure to enjoy Nature, for there are certain hours when nothing is doing. The rise has its appointed time, and when the fly are not coming down stream you may turn to your book or to the country around. It was only when I found that my Yeomanry and the May fly would persist in coming out at about the same time that I very reluctantly resigned the Longstock Club, my place being taken, I think, by Lord Craven.

We would go out shortly after ten o'clock in the morning, take our lunch with us, remain out till ten o'clock at night, and then gather for an excellent supper and a rubber of whist to follow. My first day as a member produced a rather amusing experience. It was a Sunday, so I did not have a net man; my beat was the lowest one opposite the cottage; the others did not go out. I went to a "carrier," a narrow stream three or four yards wide, that serves to irrigate the neighbouring fields. I had been told of a large fish that dwelt there, and had hitherto defied my colleagues. Imagine my delight when at the first or second attempt I cast the fly right over him and he took it. He went all over the water, until at last I coaxed him into a little side drain and stood on the plank that crossed it. Quite cautiously I stooped down with the net, got his head into it, moved a little too far in my eagerness, lost my balance, and went head foremost into the water and chickweed. I came up soused but triumphant, retaining my fish, a three-pounder, to receive the congratulations mingled with chaff of my colleagues, who had been watching the struggle from a window of the cottage.

CHAPTER VII

THE ENGLISH LANDOWNER

THE great land problem continues to claim attention even in war time. Every politician, every agitator, together with a few students and honest theorists who leaven the mass, seeks to explain how all difficulties will yield to their panaceas. A landlord myself, and not, I hope, a grasping or a thoughtless one, I read books, pamphlets, magazines, and review papers in search of enlightenment. I inquire about some of the authors; they are almost, without exception, landless men or landlords whose views are shaped by one or other of the parties to political ends. Nowhere does there seem to be representation for the views of the men who own a considerable portion of the land, and are endeavouring in the face of much prejudice and ever-increasing penalties to acquit themselves honourably of their responsibilities without reference to the moods of the hour. The law of the land invested us in the past, the law of the land may divest us in the future of what we hold, but down to the present our title is good, and our experience unrivalled. I submit, then, that we are entitled to be heard, at least as attentively as those who are disposing of our future for us. Only the people standing in urgent need of enlightenment believe that the landowner is a man who sits in receipt of custom, and is not called upon to labour and to contrive as others must. Not only are his estates

his business, but he has certain aims and ambitions with which many business men have no concern. If he has inherited land he has also inherited its tradition. It is his special aim in life to carry on the tradition for the sake of those who must take his place, to leave the land, if possible, in better heart than he found it. I know dozens of men who have lived good and useful lives in pursuit of such a tradition, hardly known outside the circle of their friends and tenantry, never willingly appearing in the limelight. I shall submit that England owes more to them than to the average traducer of landowners, and that she is almost ignorant of the debt. The man who talks and writes with ease and fluency compels the public ear; the man who acts conscientiously and silently remains unknown. He has never been trained to repel the attacks of people who are concerned not with his misdeeds, real or imaginary, but with their own public career.

In the first place I suggest that the old landowner's tradition is, in England at least, of great value to the tenant. Landlords have been considering their special set of problems until they have a traditional knowledge that is closely akin to instinct. Their advantages are few. The price of peaceful possession grows year by year, the costs of management and upkeep tend steadily to rise; if business men were penalised as landlords are, they would have a very ugly name for the system under which they laboured. But even if some of us have wealth, we lack votes; we can neither flatter Demos, nor bribe him; I am not sure that we would do either if we could.

Let me point out that few landlords receive

interest in proportion to the capital value of their land. I remember, as an example, a case in which part of an estate in which I am interested was sold at the price of about £20 per acre. The proceeds being trust moneys were put into Government securities, returning three and a half per cent. The nominal loss of income in gross rental being represented by the figure one, was counterbalanced by an actual gain of four. Upkeep, outgoings, allowances to tenants accounted for the difference.

Why, then, it may be asked, does not the landowner sell? The answer is simple, the reason is a sentimental one. Sentiment is a ruling force. It expresses itself in love of a tradition, in appreciation of status—a very human failing after all and not limited to landlords—possibly, too, in enjoyment of sporting rights. I think I could justify sporting rights, and show that within reasonable bounds they do more good than harm to the community at large, but to do this I should stray beyond the proper limits of my present objective. We know that many people prize a family portrait or a piece of jewellery because it was the property of an ancestor. If this sentiment be voted pardonable and reasonable, how much more will it not extend to a park, to century-old gardens, to thriving farmsteads?

If land ownership be an evil, let the State devise some other means of tenure, but, while the old principle obtains, let even the landlord have fair play. Above all, let the true facts of his case be understood by those who criticise it.

The old traditions are very valuable to the tenant. In bad years he has come to us for relief, and I think that the books of any large estate would

show under the heading "allowances to tenants" some very remarkable figures. In good years the landlord gets no more than his rent, and it is noticeable that when modern taxation forces him, however reluctantly, to sell farms, the purchasers are generally the farmers upon whom his hand is supposed to have fallen so heavily.

In Ireland the Land Courts and the Land Acts have worked great changes. But there the landlord, so often an absentee, seldom did much on his land.* The tenant did most of the reclaiming and the landlord received eighteen to twenty-two and a half years' purchase for what he had to sell. This may have been good politics, but was it sound business? Here the landlords have deserved better treatment and received worse. Truly politics has much to answer for. In England the cost of buildings, gates, draining, wells, general upkeep, comes for the most part out of the landlord's pocket. The State does not give so much as a water supply, the tenant expects his rent to cover all his outlay. To be sure, short tenancies are the rule, but why not? Many holdings pass from generation to generation without change. If the tenant fails, he goes and the landlord must stand the loss; not every tenant is a good farmer, or one whose "acts of husbandry" are above suspicion. The good farmer has ample security; the law gives him compensation for disturbance and enables him to claim for unexhausted improvements that may be in the land. It is very hard to check statements relating to them, but it happens sometimes that these unexhausted values are almost as shy as they are costly.

* In parts of Ireland the tenant's interest before Land Purchase was considerably greater than the landlord's.

Taxes and tithe are rising steadily. The improved price of corn will seriously increase the latter. In the old days the landlord could recover tithe from the tenant, now there is a change. As I have said, when I sat in the Commons for Colchester, the late W. H. Smith, who then led the Conservative party in that House, told me that there would be *pari passu* with the Tithe Act, as part of the session's programme, a Tithe Redemption Bill. It would have been sound and I think reasonable, seeing that the tithe is based upon the price of corn, over a term of years, but the Conservative party was out for popularity, and there is nothing quite so popular apparently as a measure that withholds simple justice from landlords.

To-day, under the latest ruling, land that has a building value and is not offered for building is liable to special taxation as a building site. Some of my meadows close to the Castle at Warwick meet the town, which comes right up to the Castle walls. The town has crept on century after century until it can come no farther. To preserve these fields from the builder there is a liability for taxes under the Finance Act of 1909–10, and these taxes are estimated on a basis very many times the agricultural value of the land. But to-day the town has set up a sewage farm in the neighbourhood and laid the main drain across the park. The results are distinctly unpleasant, and the value of the land for building, or even for farming by people whose sense of smell is even normally developed, has become problematical. I do not care to write of my own affairs, but my excuse is that I have studied them and that they supply me with the examples needed to enforce arguments.

Break up the land, say some reformers, generally theorists with a maximum of eloquence harnessed to a minimum of knowledge. Will this make for productive farming or economical management? I think not. Land agents and farmers of all shades of opinion, if they are handicapped by expert knowledge, are of the same opinion. The best farming requires the best land, and sufficient of it to justify the use of the best and most modern machinery. This last is expensive; in order to buy it you must be able to obtain the full advantage it offers. The failure of the Small Holdings Act is tacitly admitted by the Committee of the Board of Agriculture which sat recently under the chairmanship of Sir Harry Verney, and issued a long report showing how to put a few hundred soldiers and sailors on the land at a cost of two million pounds! Space forbids detailed criticism of this report; it is an eloquent tribute of the desire to satisfy those who simply do not understand the economic principles underlying the productive management of the soil. Here, again, I must leave an important side issue undiscussed in detail, though I have covered my copy of the report with criticisms that are, I believe, quite cogent. But I cannot help remarking that had the Small Holdings Act been drafted for the genuine small-holder, and not for the men who wished to go to the country with a political cry, it could hardly have failed to be a more efficient piece of legislation.

I turn to the question of cottage accommodation, seriously complicated because the farmer quite reasonably demands tied houses, while the labourer, with equal justice, demands a free market for the work of his hands. If a farmer's labourers do not wish

to work for him and wish to remain in their homes, where is he to put the men who will take their place? The dearth of cottages is to be seen from Land's End to John o' Groats. If, on the other hand, the labourer cannot leave when he likes, and be free to go where he pleases, the farmer could, and might until quite recently, have forced him to accept any wage he thought fit to offer. The greater the labourer's family the larger the number of his hostages to fortune. The ideal would be a sufficiency of tied and free cottages and wages that would permit the labourer to pay an economic rent. As I write, or, rather, as I revise these lines, the passage of Mr. Prothero's Corn Production Bill through both Houses of Parliament suggests that a *modus* has been found.

At present prices, or, to be more exact, at prices ruling before the War, a really comfortable cottage, that is in keeping with the countryside and has adequate accommodation for the children, could not be built for less than £200, or rented at less than four shillings a week, though, I believe, the editor of the *Spectator* has advanced some simple method of construction and has put it to a practical test. I am not sure, however, that his system will apply to all parts of England equally well. On the basis I have suggested, namely £200, when rates and taxes and repairs have been paid by the landlord, the interest on money will not be more than 2½ per cent. But the labourer cannot pay four shillings a week, he cannot well pay half-a-crown. How, then, can cottages be built? I have before me the figures of two comfortable cottages, half timbered, thatched, and standing in a beautiful situation, with a good water supply and ample garden. The

WARWICK CASTLE FROM THE AVON.

two bring in a gross rental of £6 a year from the families of agricultural labourers. Of this sum £2 goes in rates and taxes. The cottages were re-thatched a year or two ago at a cost of £12, and kitchen ranges were put in. A new gate has lately been added, and the estate painters and bricklayers did some necessary work. Needless to add that those cottages produce nothing at all in the way of net income, though they could be let as a single week-end cottage on a repairing lease for £10 per year. In view of the modern taxation is it reasonable to expect landlords in a strictly agricultural district to build more cottages for the farm labourer on the same terms ?

I think there is a remedy for existing conditions, though it is one that I have not seen suggested in all the written material through which I have waded carefully in search of a solution of our national difficulty, which is, I take it, to make the land yield a maximum of food and support a maximum of people. My suggestion is a sliding scale of rent based upon the price of corn, and subject to triennial revision by the county authorities under the direction of the Board of Agriculture. It pays in normal times to raise wheat at 40s. a quarter. Quite lately the market price has been twice that, to the exclusive benefit of the farmer, but I can remember the bad years when it was down to £1 a quarter, and then land lay derelict, and while the town ate the cheap loaf, the countryside that produced it went hungry. Let the State guarantee the minimum of 45s. as the basis of a sliding scale of rent payable by the farmer to the landlord, and wages payable by the farmer to the labourer. Above that let landlord, farmer, and

labourer share the proceeds in measure to be determined by the State. Then the land could comfortably support all three, and each one would benefit by the most modern methods. With the assured minimum of 45s. per quarter for wheat the loaf need cost no more than fivepence, as against ninepence at time of writing. Every field capable of growing corn would be in cultivation, and every extra shilling that corn produced would be shared equitably among those concerned in its production. The landowner, for the reasons I have already detailed, would still be making more sacrifices than the State would ever be prepared to make; the farm labourer would be in a position to secure a better home at a price well within his means. At present the landlord is poor, having regard to his income from capital values; the labourer is poor, having regard to the value of his work and his place among the social assets of a properly conducted State. It has been proved beyond all question that the country-bred are the backbone of our navy, army and police, that without the constant stream of fresh blood the urban centres must fail. The farmer thrives under existing conditions—generally at the expense of the community. I have been grieved to see how some farmers have responded to the State's needs during the present crisis. In very many instances they have sacrificed cattle, dairy herds and flocks because of the increased cost of cake and offals, though the price they are getting for corn more than atones for the shortage and consequent inflation in other departments, and recalls the days of the Crimean War when rents were high and taxes comparatively low. Some men are farming not for the country but for themselves;

they are growing not what the country needs most but what will yield them the largest profit.

With a reasonable minimum price for wheat the mills of this country would again be running at full pressure. We should import grain instead of flour, and the milling offals, upon which stock-raising depends, would once more be plentiful and cheap.

For the social life in the countryside—there is little or none at present—we need village institutes, free from the taint of sect and politics. They should not be controlled by any sect or any sect's representative, for between the Established Church and the Nonconformists there is too much rivalry, and there would always be the tendency for one side to capture it at any cost to the village interests. The institute should cater for women and children as well as men, and every man and woman who lives a more or less leisured life in the district should help, on purely national and patriotic grounds, to make it a focus of intelligent life. While the countryside has nothing better than the public-house to offer its inhabitants, the standard of life and thought must remain thoroughly unsatisfactory.

Looking back quite dispassionately over many years of close association with the land, I think that the existing system of tenure can more than justify itself if these necessary changes are brought about to meet demands that have only become urgent since England became a manufacturing country. I believe, in all sincerity, that the possession of much land by a few people has been good, that the Conservative landlord, though by no means faultless, has in the main justified himself. I have never yet met the tenant who would willingly exchange a

landlord of the old school for one of the business men who has bought a big estate and conducts it to bring in a safe five or six per cent. on capital outlay. He lacks tradition, and the lack, as the farmer knows instinctively, is fatal.

Entail is, I think, good because it holds estates together and enables them to be charged for younger children; equally good is the accompanying power of apportionment. But, unless there is a very large amount of ready money, successive deaths will break up any estate under the new régime, and consequently the State lives upon its capital instead of the interest of that capital. The landlord whose capital is taken for Death Duties cannot develop his estates to advantage. It is, I suggest, unfortunate that in this country we make a "dead set" at the landlord, penalising him as we dare not penalise the business man, who controls votes but is without any sense of *noblesse oblige*, and, while he derides the landlord, would not accept any of the obligations that the landlord has laid upon himself. In good years and bad the landlord has kept things going, with a sense of responsibility to which the man who regards landowning as he regards any other form of business is and must remain a stranger. To him land is only one of many assets; to the old-time owner it is the one thing that matters.

I remember the black years in Essex when taxation was maintained to the bitter end, and land was falling out of cultivation and landlords had to take it up and farm it at a loss to keep a part of England from becoming a wilderness. I forget how many thousand acres my wife and I took over and farmed to keep things goings. We all came through, as best we could, but I do not think that anything,

save a love of the land and a respect for tradition, would have enabled us to do so. I fear that if a crisis comes to the land when the old school is extinct, we shall find the new school running away. I hope I may be wrong.

I will give yet another concrete instance of injustice to landlords. Under Lord Cairns's Act farmers were entitled to, and received, compensation from landlords for putting down arable land to pasture at their own expense. The compensation has reached as much as £5 per acre, and some years ago thousands of acres were treated in this fashion because of the low price of corn. Recently, at the instance of Lord Selborne, farmers were asked to plough up the pastures and put them down to wheat, and, as every farmer knows, they will be able to crop that land very heavily for some years without manuring it. Surely, if the compensation to the farmer has been paid by trustees, the original grant per acre belongs to the remainder man and should be repayable to his trustees who provided the money for the farmer in return for his " act of husbandry " ? There is no power to enforce it, and the question arises as to how far the trustees of the estates on which this conversion is taking place will be responsible to the remainder man ? Naturally, the owner in fee simple can do what he likes with his own, but where does the tenant for life come in ? Another question arises. If wheat should fall heavily, as it may do in time to come without the prop of a State-regulated minimum, what will be done to meet the depreciation ? The landlord or his trustees will have paid for one conversion, and will have had no compensation. We must remember that in bad times good grass land is worth twice as much

as arable, and the problem must be considered, so far as England is concerned, in terms of cattle as well as of corn. Our cattle are of immense value to the country. The climate of this island, in spite of its ill-repute, has enabled skilled breeders to produce stock that commands the highest prices in the markets at home and abroad. We can at need import the world's best corn; we export its best cattle. The problem is not likely to become acute, nor would a Government minimum for corn involve any change in minimum prices. For some years to come the world's merchant service will not readily meet the demands upon it that will come with peace.

If this chapter were not already of sufficient length, I should be tempted to deal with the perversities of local assessment and to plead for a valuation at once expert and unbiased, the sort of assessment for which we look in vain to-day, but it is impossible to compass within reasonable limits all the anomalies of present conditions.

I fear that the land has been for long the sport of politicians, and that the *lacunae* have been filled in, according to their knowledge, by the doctrinaires. The problems are many and baffling. I would not suggest that the great landowners have succeeded in solving them, or that they can arrive at any solution without State aid and countenance. But I protest against the modern tendency to saddle the landlord with the responsibility for indifferent farming, the neglect of the labourer by the farmer, the violent fluctuation in prices, and the lack of remedial measures that come within the province of the State rather than of the individual. I claim that the landlord of the old school has shown

himself law-abiding, self-sacrificing, and long-suffering, and that he has been contented with a very small return upon the capital value of his property. Faced with the ever-increasing cost of upkeep, rising taxes, erratic valuations, and the rest, the time may come when his place will know him no more.

In that time will any considerable class of the community be more contented or appreciably better off ?

CHAPTER VIII

A SPORTING VISIT TO FLORIDA

I DON'T quite know why fishing appeals to me more strongly even than shooting, but it does. Long before my father would allow me to handle a gun he had given me a fishing-rod, and when the Avon at Warwick was fifty years or more younger than it is to-day, there was much to tempt the young fisherman. Again, the best of the fishing is in the prime of the year, the late spring brings the trout, and full summer means much to the boy who can fish waters as finely stocked as those of the Avon in the old days. Then there is the charm of the unexpected; you don't often see what you are catching until it is caught, except, of course, in dry-fly fishing; there are the chances of something exceptional in point of size, cunning, strength; there is the prolonged period, when you don't know if the fish or you will be master of the situation. I love shooting, whether the tiger, the rhino, the pheasant, or the woodcock be the quarry; but, when all is said and done, I place fishing first and write *proxime accessit* against the gun. This to explain why, when my friend and neighbour in Warwickshire, Willie Low, told me he proposed to make a small party to go to Florida and fish for tarpon, I agreed at once to join the little expedition. I had heard of these giant fish that weigh up to a couple of hundred pounds, are caught with rod and line, and provide the most exciting sport, and

the chance of trying my luck with them in company with friends seemed too good a thing to miss. A well-known sportsman, Willie Grenfell, had, I heard, killed his hundredth tarpon, landing the fish with a shark clinging to its tail!

Our party was four in number—that fine, all-round sportsman, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, Willie Low, Teddy Oakley, and myself. We collected some of the necessary equipment and went off via New York, but we did not go straight away to Florida. Mrs. Low was the daughter of General Gordon, of the United States Army, who lived in the picturesque old town of Savannah, in Georgia, and we were invited to break our journey there and enjoy for a week the hospitality of General and Mrs. Gordon. I had, of course, heard much about the hospitality of the old Southern families, but had never hoped to experience it, and the experience was like coming into a new world. I have had my full share of kindness from all sorts and conditions of people; sometimes I think I have, perhaps, had more than my share, but I have never lived for a week in surroundings more novel, pleasing, and restful. It was an experience that stands out in my memory like a landmark, and I cannot recall it without feelings of renewed gratitude to my gracious hostess and her husband.

We kept on a route to Florida in paying our visit, for Savannah is a great railway junction and one of the five railway systems that meet there is the Florida Central. The town, of about 50,000 inhabitants, is built near the mouth of the Savannah River, and was once an important centre of the cotton trade, but has yielded its pride of place to New Orleans and Galveston, while retaining all the

outward signs of prosperity. About half the population is black, and, as far as I could see, the best kind of black. Although slavery is, of course, a thing of the past, all the old families seem to have retained their black servants, and the friendliest relations exist between the whites and the negroes. General Gordon's comfortable and rambling old house was in the centre of the town, and yet could boast a delightful garden. Our reception could not have been heartier, and our host and hostess determined to show us things we had not seen before. The first was a "terrapin crawl." This delicious little turtle is a great delicacy and very highly esteemed. We were driven along a road, composed chiefly of oyster-shells, to a large shed with a pool of water in the centre and straw all round. The general took us there on the morning after our arrival. We saw nothing until he whistled, and then hundreds—literally hundreds—of little black heads showed above the water, and scores of terrapins made their way to the straw bed to be fed by their owner. Another highly esteemed delicacy of Savannah is the oyster, so plentiful there that many of the roads leading to the shore, like the one we followed on the way to the terrapins, are made of oyster-shells, and a single road so made demands an almost unimaginable number of what, in Victorian times, the newspapers used to call "succulent bivalves." I learned soon that the oyster of this part of Georgia is not esteemed for its own sake so much as for the sake of a tiny crab that sits in its shell and is housed there. This crab is taken and fried as though it were whitebait, and makes one of the most delicious dishes it has ever been my good fortune to enjoy.

At night, after dinner, we used to go into the garden, where there would be a company of negroes with beautiful voices engaged to sing to us the old songs of the plantations. I am not musical, but I never had enough of these songs. The Southern melodies, for the most part in a minor key, have a haunting beauty of their own that would be impressive anywhere, but by night, in the beautiful garden of the old-time Southern town, they had an indescribable quality. It was not only to the four Europeans that they appealed ; the passers-by would gather at the garden gates and the street would be crowded with listeners. It was a picture of a world familiar only in books that these negro singers conjured up, and they gave me memories which I value to this hour, and take a pleasure in setting down here.

It would be easy to go wrong in describing the fauna of Savannah. One afternoon, just as the day was drawing in, I was sitting in the garden listening to the birds, when I saw a very fine Mexican mocking-bird feeding among the flower beds, and so tame that it allowed me to come within a yard. I wondered that such a bird should have travelled so far, but thought no more about the matter until a few days later Mrs. Gordon told me that her mocking bird had escaped. That was the one, and it would, I am sure, have allowed me to pick it up. Had she not spoken I should have been prepared to affirm that Mexican birds are to be found in Georgia, and I suppose that eminent naturalists would have told me I ought to know better.

The old Confederate families in Savannah pride themselves on their possession of some of the finest madeira wine in the world. It is highly travelled,

for they are accustomed to send it round the globe in sailing ships, and they name their bins after the ship in which the long voyage is taken—two of General Gordon's bins were, I remember, the "Medina" bin and the "Medora" bin—and, when the wine reaches Savannah fully matured, it is stored, not in cellars but in attics, for it requires warmth to keep its full mellow flavour. One day our host told us that he was giving us a "madeira entertainment" on the following evening, and in the morning he and his son-in-law Willie Low were busily engaged upstairs decanting the precious vintage. It was a man's party, the ladies did not appear; presumably they are not able to do proper justice to such an occasion. Twelve of us sat down to dinner, and on the sideboard were fourteen cut-glass decanters of the famous wine. I have never helped to eat a more sumptuous repast. I remember the terrapin soup, the soft-shelled crab, and particularly the little oyster crabs. Claret and champagne flowed like the water over Niagara Falls, but the madeira remained in solitary and undisturbed state till dessert was served. Then the decanters began to move. The etiquette was for each man to attend to his neighbour's glass, and only one man shirked his obligations. His glass once filled, he kept it nearly full all the time so that it was impossible to make him play his part. His feeble sense of duty put the onus of fourteen bottles upon eleven men, all of whom had done justice to the wines that preceded the madeira; but we did our duty, and the decanters were empty when we left the table. It was at once a rare and choice wine; I do not think its like could be bought in England for any money. The company was very interesting,

and included the Attorney-General, a judge, and other men who had "made good." Nearly all had fought in the great North and South campaign, but the bitter memories appeared to have been quite obliterated and every man seemed proud to belong to the United Republic. The old judge, who was my neighbour, had been one of Lee's generals, and he told me that in a certain engagement his men were giving way rather badly. He tried hard to rally them, and pursued one fugitive. Riding fast after him, he pulled out his revolver and threatened to shoot if he didn't return to the ranks. "Shoot then, General," cried the man, still running. "I've a darn sight better chance against one revolver than against thousands of rifles." The general was so tickled, even in the stress and heat of the engagement, that he told me he hadn't the heart to fire.

It was in Savannah that I saw the most remarkable birds I have ever come across. They were two grey parrots, very handsome, and they whistled part-songs perfectly. Their owner was a chemist. He kept a small sponge in a dish of water in his shop, and when he wished his birds to sing he would squeeze a little water from the sponge over their heads and whistle the first notes of one of the songs they sang in part. I remember their rendering of "Annie Laurie"; it was extraordinary. I asked the owner if he would sell, but as he wanted a thousand dollars apiece for his treasures, I thought it well not to deprive Savannah of their gifts.

I never had a more enjoyable week, and when the visit came to an end and we went to the special train that had been chartered to take us to Florida, we were surrounded by friends who had come to wish us good sport, and to bring us fruit and all

manner of other dainties for our journey and our stay in Florida. It was impossible to say good-bye to such genial company without very sincere regret.

Our "special" consisted of a single saloon with sleeping berths, and as the run was a long one we all went to bed. Some time in the middle of the night I woke feeling that the heat was unbearable, and barefooted, wearing only pyjamas, I went out on to the little platform behind the car to get cool. It was just an observation post, about eight feet square. As I passed out on to it the door slammed behind me. We were travelling at a great pace, the track was dusty, and the oscillation severe, so in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour I was anything but hot, and turned back to the door—to find that it was controlled from the inside, and that it had locked itself. I rattled on it hard to attract the negro attendant, but he was not near enough to hear the hammering above the roar of the engine. For the greater part of an hour I laboured in vain, while the swing of the car grew greater, and I began to get giddy, and to fear that I should not be able to keep my footing. At last I tried holding on to the rail and plunging at what seemed to be the door's thinnest panel with my bare foot. A bootmaker could have driven a splendid bargain with me just then; so too could an ironmonger. Happily I made sufficient impression to catch the ear of the negro on duty. He came to the rescue, not before it was time, and for the rest of that night I did not find the heat uncomfortable, even in my dreams.

Nothing more occurred to mar the comfort of the journey, and in due season we reached our

destination, or rather Punta Gorda, as near to it as the train could travel. A tug was waiting for us, and we went out some miles to the great bay, part of the Gulf of Mexico, surrounding Charlotte Harbour. Here we went on board a well-known steam yacht that had been hired for us for our three weeks' stay. It was large, luxurious, carried a crew of twenty or thirty men, and was stored with everything that could gladden the heart—yes, "heart" seems the best term to use. Under the most comfortable conditions imaginable we had reached the home of the giant herring, for the tarpon is of the herring family, and differs from his lowly cousin chiefly in the circumstances that he is not fit to eat, and can consequently advance very little excuse for his own pursuit. His habitat appears to be anywhere from the northern end of the Gulf of Mexico down to the undefined limits of the Pacific and Atlantic sides of the South American coast. The quality of the fishing varies with the water; in free running water the tarpon is strong and full-blooded, in creeks and backwaters it grows sluggish. There are two methods of catching tarpon; the one we were to try is called "still-fishing," and is with rod and line, the bait being dropped to the bottom and then raised six feet. The other method is trolling, or "pass fishing," which we did not try.

We were told that the tarpon were only to be caught from an hour before to an hour after high tide, but we could see them at other times, and hear them too, for they make a curious noise. They appeared to come in with the tide.

As a sport for Europeans, tarpon fishing is of comparatively recent date, and undoubtedly owes a great part of its attraction to the beauty and variety

of the wild life in the Gulf of Mexico. Florida itself is a sparsely inhabited and marshy country, the land stretching for miles behind us when we left for Charlotte Harbour, consisted largely, I was told, of swamps, palm scrub, and marsh, with the famous Everglades, haunts of innumerable birds stretching south to Florida Keys. I think I have forgotten to say that we arrived in Charlotte Harbour some time in April, and that the tarpon season closes before June, because the climatic conditions become unbearable with the full summer.

My interest was claimed from the first by the bird life. At a little distance from the yacht were hundreds of pelicans whose skill as fisher-folk seemed remarkable, even in those teeming waters. They would dive from aloft like gannets into the shoals of small fish and spring up with mouths so full that some of the fish would come slobbering out from between their bills. I noticed a small and clever little gull very much in evidence on these occasions. It would light upon the pelican's head, and without troubling to fish would feast on the crumbs that fell from his rich friend's table.

We were far from being alone in the bay. Other big steam yachts and sailing vessels were all round us; I counted as many as a score of fishing punts out upon some occasions—for I should have said that we fished from punts and never from the yacht. A large vessel like a house-boat, and called the *Mazeppa*, was fixed on two enormous lighters and anchored up a creek, and all round it, under the control of the proprietor, were punts, rowing-boats, and small steam launches for taking the fishing-boats into the Gulf. It was good to have these launches about, for the shallow freeboard

punts found it difficult to contend against a lively tarpon and a strong tide. It happened to me one day to hook a large fish and to be carried out into the rough waters of the Gulf in spite of all the efforts of the boatman. I did not notice much what was happening, and refused to abandon my fish. Eventually, when we had to row back against the tide and found it impossible to make progress, the boatman fired my pistol and waved a handkerchief, and so attracted the attention of our yacht and of the launch, that at once started to overhaul us.

We had brought part of our fishing equipment from England, but were glad to reinforce it from Van Horn's in New York, where the best tarpon tackle is kept. We used lines made of a very tough whipcord, about 250 yards on a powerful multiplying reel, and a rod from six to seven feet long made of a hard African wood (kingwood). The top joint fitted into a socket and had two sets of rings, one on each side, so when you had fought a fish and got the joint bent nearly double, you put the line through the other set of rings for the next fish, and so straightened it out in due course.

My first "catch" was a hammer-head shark, nine feet long. The usual practice when a shark takes the bait is to reel up close and cut the line to free it, as the time for tarpon fishing is so short. But I was new at the game, and a nine-foot fish was good enough to fight in any circumstances, so I stuck to my shark while my boatman made for the shore, and there I played him until the boatman could use the gaff. He was a powerful negro, and soon gaffed my fish.

I caught my first tarpon in about forty feet of water, and the bait was the belly and pectoral fin

of a silver mullet. The first difficulty was to get the bait down to where the tarpon were feeding, for in those populous waters the various fish roved in strata. Kingfish, grouper, bass, you had to get past all three before your bait could touch the sea-bed, and then you had to haul it up six feet as quickly as possible to avoid the few fish on the bottom. Needless to say that many a bait was lost, but there was quite a silver mullet industry in the creeks, men fished for them with very long nets, and so the supply was constant. After several losses to the fish I didn't want, the bait found the right place, I felt the savage bite, and put all my weight behind the hooking stroke. There was a sudden sense of upheaval, the line nearly loosened, a great bulk rose to the surface, and the glittering silver and green of the huge tarpon was flung twelve feet into the air. In that moment I realised the excitement of tarpon fishing. My victim, for such he was destined to be, performed half a dozen somersaults, but the last were not as vigorous as the first, and he was gaffed and brought into the punt within half an hour of taking the bait. The pity of it was that when his fight was over and he was numbered with the fish that have been, he was perfectly useless to man and beast.

In playing an exhausted fish you had to keep a keen eye for sharks. They are apparently attracted by the tarpon's struggles, and when these are nearly over, but before the fish can be landed, they will sneak up and bite the body off at the neck, so that you land a head and nothing more. I remember one morning seeing a little woman fishing in one punt while her husband fished in another not far away. She struck a great fish, a thoroughly game

one, and played it for nearly two hours, begging her husband from time to time to come and help her. But he, the surly fellow, was getting no sport and seemed ill-pleased to find her having any, so she had to do the best she could. Very slowly, but surely, she wore the great fish down; I saw her reeling in her line, tired yet triumphant. Then the great fin of a shark appeared following the fish to the boat. The boatman rose and struck at the intruder as hard as he could with the oar, but the tarpon was bitten off the hook, and the poor fisherwoman, dropping her rod, hid her face between her hands and cried bitterly. I came dangerously near to telling her husband what I thought of him; it was a great effort to refrain.

Sharks were everywhere. The sailors on the yacht hooked a couple between fifteen and sixteen feet long, and I saw many larger. Sometimes you could hear a sound like the firing of a small cannon out at sea, and looking for the cause you would find four or five enormous whip rays, a sort of giant skate, jumping out into the air and falling back into the sea with a resounding thud. Sometimes we pursued them with harpoons. We went out once or twice after them with this weapon, but had no success. I did get within a yard of a ray that was sunning itself, and I calculated that it was about sixteen feet across. Big sword fish abounded, too, in those warm and sunny waters. Our fishermen were amusing fellows. There was the "poor white" and the rather noisy buck nigger, who carried in his button-hole the secret of his very shining teeth—a tooth-brush. My nigger was full of quotations. He would shout across the water: "My name is Norval; on the Grampian

Hills my father fed his flocks." And somebody equally well read would cry from a neighbouring boat: "I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."

We spent three weeks on the yacht; there was no temptation to go ashore, for the land looked desolate, quite uncultivated, with masses of palm tree scrub, and rattlesnakes appeared to be the most plentiful inhabitants. I bought a few skins of very large ones. If we landed it was merely to play a fish or to beach our trophies until the tenant of the lighthouse near by begged us to do so no more, for the tarpon, strong in life, becomes infinitely stronger after death. It was not a good season, and the water was, I think, being overfished; among the four of us we only killed seventeen fish in our three weeks' stay, the heaviest weighing between 150 and 160 pounds. We hooked and lost a considerable number, but all the fishermen do that. They said there that we were rather too early, and that we would have had better sport later, but I consoled myself with the reflection that the mosquitoes would have done the same. As things were they took a very considerable toll of us.

We had one visitor, a jovial American gentleman, who arrived in a yacht that looked rather like a fruit boat. He spent a long evening with us, and we felt it our duty to escort him safely back to his own saloon. The delicate attention pleased him so much that on the following morning he sent us an enormous bottle of his own special cocktail as a souvenir of the occasion. When we left the yacht it was found that we had over-estimated our powers of consumption, and several hundred pounds of choice stores had to be given to the ship's crew, who accepted the burden without complaint.

Then we went back to New York, and it was there I met Mr. Whitney, the famous financier, and he invited me to go over his country place at Rosslyn, in his absence, and to dine with him in the evening at his town house. I thought when we sat down to table he looked a tired, fagged man. Wall Street had left its mark upon him. I told him how I had enjoyed my visit to his country place, and congratulated him upon the possession of wonderful stables, tennis courts, polo ground, and the rest, everything in short that the heart of a sportsman could desire. "What surprises me a little," I went on, "is that having made your fortune and reached a certain age, you don't devote yourself to the recreations lying at your command, and enjoy some of the fruits of your labours." He paused before he answered, and said: "I suppose it is a little difficult to explain, but the fact of the matter is, I am training a young man to follow me in my business, and it will take me another couple of years to complete his education, rather a special one as you'll understand. I don't feel it would be fair to give him responsibility without the full equipment he will need to meet it." I have no doubt that this was a perfectly sincere statement, but I don't suppose that Mr. Whitney himself realised how deeply his life labours controlled him. He could not throw off the coils. The making of money was his sport and hobby, not for money's sake, for he had more than he could possibly spend, but because in the making he demonstrated his business abilities and pitted his powers successfully against friendly or unfriendly rivals. To hundreds of men money means nothing more than the means to give self and friends as good a time as life can

yield; to the great American magnates it may be no more than the stakes in a big game that only a few dare play. For myself, I have come to the conclusion, after long experience, that for a landowner it should suffice to understand the whole business of his estates, and leave all other business to those who have been brought up in it. The adventurous ones that leave the sheltered bays of certainty for the open waters of possibility may chance to find unsuspected and quite ravenous sharks, who have been only waiting for them to leave the realm in which they dwelt secure.

On our return home the expenses of the seven weeks' trip were totted up and divided. The sum total for the four of us was nearly £5,000. We had enjoyed a splendid holiday, but I think the total staggered some, if not all of us. I can speak for myself with some feeling. Those tarpon cost us nearly £300 apiece, and came near to poisoning a lighthouse keeper. "Vanity of vanities," said the author of Ecclesiastes, "all is vanity." At least I thought so for some time afterwards.

CHAPTER IX

A VISIT TO MEXICO

IN the late 'eighties—the year 1887 to be precise—some friends interested me in a "gold crusher," as it was called. This was an ingenious machine employing six balls looking like cannon balls and weighing 100 pounds a-piece, in a circular pan. Ore was put into the pan and water passed through the balls and disk on which they lay revolving, and was so crushed. The water rose and carried off what are called the "tailings," and the precious metal, gold or silver, as the case might be, was attracted and held by the mercury at the bottom of the pan. The "gold crusher" was, in short, a portable substitute for ore-crushing stamps.

It should be remembered that in the 'eighties the modern cyanide process that enables ore to yield its ultimate residue of precious metal was quite unknown, and every mining engineer knew that the "dumps" round the mines held hundreds or thousands of pounds' worth of metal, at that time irrecoverable. It was claimed for the new machine that its compactness and portability would revolutionise the mining industry, and experts spoke very favourably about the prospects. A company was formed, and I was invited to go out to Old Mexico at my own expense, to take out a large and a small machine to work there.

I obtained also the concession to work the machines exclusively in Mexico on a royalty basis.

Perhaps a man who has passed his thirtieth year without having bothered himself about business matters, save when they concerned estate administration, and has never studied mining engineering in any of its branches, is not the ideal person to undertake such a venture; but, on the other hand, no sportsman is afraid of hard work, and I have always been very keen on travelling. To see a new country in its wildest aspects, to gain some fresh experiences, and, incidentally, in all probability, to get some sport, there would have been sufficient temptation in that proposition even if there had not been large financial possibilities behind. So I accepted the offer and looked about until I found a young American engineer who knew something about mines and a lot about Mexico, and then we went off to Mexico City via New York.

There was a through train, but the journey takes, or perhaps I should say took, about five days, and I found it very dull until a picturesque little incident showed me suddenly what manner of country it was we were about to sojourn in. Just outside a station called Santa Rosalia our engine cut off steam, jammed on brakes, and shook the train to a standstill in time to save trouble. A few yards ahead a goods train was piled up into a gulch. It was a narrow gulch enough, and had been spanned by a small wooden bridge, but Indians had burned the bridges down and forgotten, or neglected, to notify the authorities. The train had had two engines, and these, odd though it may seem, had actually jumped the gap, but the trucks could not live up to such an example, and they had piled one on top of the other.

We helped at the job of clearing the débris, and

dug out the guard of the goods train, who, poor fellow, was crushed and buried head foremost in the ruins, his feet alone being visible. I was anxious to know why even Indians could do such a dirty piece of work, and was told that their cattle, crossing the line at will, were caught from time to time by passing trains and killed. When the owners found a dead and mangled carcass on the line they could find no better form of vengeance than the burning of the nearest unguarded bridge, and as these small ones were made of wood, there was no difficulty for the avengers of (bullock's) blood.

The incident, small as it was, availed to throw a strong light on the conditions under which the country of Mexico had to be brought into line with the civilisation of the United States, and helped me to understand why the Mexican authorities, or rather the *rurales* who are their interpreters, went about their work with revolvers instead of kid gloves, and made it a general rule when in doubt to fire first and then make inquiries, if any remained necessary.

I enjoyed to the full the climate and the noble hospitality of Mexico City, to which place I brought, of course, an abundance of introductions, and I was particularly fortunate in meeting Señor Don Gulielmo Landa y Escandon, who possessed considerable mineral rights in Southern Mexico, knew all there was to know about mining conditions throughout the country, and placed his knowledge at my service.

I believe that Mexico City has improved past recognition of late, and I am writing of nearly thirty years ago. In those days the best hotel the capital possessed would have been voted a very bad one

outside Mexico, and it was only my good fortune in being elected an honorary member of the Mexican Jockey Club that gave me a tolerable *pied-à-terre*. I passed most of my time in the handsome and well-appointed club house, meeting a host of kindly folk whose hospitality knew no bounds. Life resolved itself for a brief space into one long fight against cocktails; had I taken half or nearly half the number offered me I should not have left the city alive. I'm afraid a great many people took more than was good for them, but the new civilisation was responsible for indulgence that wisdom had found no time to temper. People in those days were still talking of the Emperor who is best known as the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian of Austria, and had then been dead nearly twenty years. I spoke with several who had been eye-witnesses of the dramatic events of 1867. It speaks volumes for the European ignorance of Mexican conditions that a Habsburg, with all his inherited predispositions, should have been elected to rule and govern the people. It must be remembered that less than 20 per cent. of Mexico's millions are pure bred, about 40 per cent. are mixed, and about 40 per cent. Indians.

I was fortunate in starting my experiences in the most agreeable part of the capital among some of the most pleasant folk one could wish to meet. Perhaps the high spirits and good cheer are due in part to the position of Mexico City. Not only is it as beautiful a place as I have ever visited, but it stands about 8,000 feet above sea level, in air that is as stimulating as wine. Full of noble and striking views, I think the one that impressed me most was the Paseo, with the old Castle of Chual-

tepec, approached by way of a vast avenue of eucalyptus trees. Even if the city had not learned in the 'eighties to cater very satisfactorily for the creature comforts of the stranger within its gates, it could at least impress him with a sense of natural beauty and superb situation that atoned for whatever might be lacking in other directions.

It was at a ball at the British Legation that I first met the extraordinary man who for upwards of thirty years ruled Mexico as the country had never been ruled before. I was keen to meet Porfirio Diaz, about whom in those days the most diverse stories were current. To some men he was the Devil incarnate; to others he was the greatest statesman under Heaven; perhaps, if the truth were known, he would be found in his right place somewhere between the two extremes. I found him a slightly built but broad-shouldered man, with grizzled hair and moustache, eyes that looked through you and could blaze or twinkle in response to his mood, and one of the firmest mouths and hardest jaws I have ever seen. To me, as to anybody who was well recommended and was likely to be of service, directly or indirectly, to the country, he was kindness itself. One curious trait I had occasion to note more than once. I had no Spanish, and he professed to have no English, and would converse through an interpreter; but if there was no interpreter handy he would dispense with one and talk in broken English. I came to the conclusion that he understood our language quite well, and that he could deal with any question without finding that his vocabulary failed him, while for reasons best known to himself he would plead at times that an interpreter was indispensable.

A ball was not a fitting occasion to talk about business, and after a pleasant chat Señor Diaz presented me to his wife, a striking and charming woman, noticeable in a very well-dressed company for the magnificence of the jewels she wore. She was an extremely handsome, agreeable, and vivacious lady, and we were holding an animated conversation prior, I hoped, to a dance when, on a sudden, a certain hustling countryman of mine came up like a sudden gale of wind, claimed the President's wife for the dance I had proposed to enjoy, and carried her off. The intruder was Mr. Pearson, afterwards Sir Weetman Pearson and now Lord Cowdray. In those years his fame as a contractor was not known so well in England as it was in Mexico, where he had accomplished some remarkable work. Quite apart from his achievements in railway-making, —and these were considerable—he had drained the lakes round the city and drained the city itself, to the considerable advantage of the inhabitants and to the great chagrin of the death-rate, which suffered a bad fall.

It is a curious fact that he who ousted me so suddenly in the ballroom of the British Legation, and was at that moment unknown to me, followed me in years to come as member for Colchester. Although on the occasion of the ball I felt very angry at being deprived of a charming lady's society, I have always remained deeply impressed by Lord Cowdray's work. It was a real aid to progress, this railway- and road-making, this draining of big cities, and no one who realises what railways mean to a young country that has vast natural resources scattered over a wide area, will grudge the railway-maker his fortune if he succeeds, as Lord Cowdray

has done, in amassing one. Where the railway goes anarchy retires, and there is the incentive towards cultivation on an extended scale that cannot exist where there is no ready means of bartering produce. Even to-day Mexico is not rich in railways, but those she possesses are the salvation of the country.

At the time of my visit Porfirio Diaz had held the reins of government about a dozen years, and his armed police, the notorious *rurales*, had imposed a certain measure of order upon even the most remote districts. At the same time, there was not too much security even in the immediate vicinity of Mexico City itself, and visitors were generally advised to carry a revolver of conspicuous size, with plenty of cartridges handy. I did as the others did, but am bound to say, in common fairness to the police, that during the months of my stay in the capital I never once had occasion to use or even to handle my weapon.

I had long discussions with Señor Landa about the "gold crusher," and the outcome was that we arranged to take my machinery down into the southern province of Oajaca, where my friend had some valuable mining properties and mineral rights. I started to make the necessary arrangements with the aid of my American engineer, and one day, in conversation with the President, I told him what I proposed to do. "You will be made very welcome there," he remarked. "It is my native state, and I am very deeply interested in it. I'm sorry to say it grows a large number of thieves and desperadoes, but I shall send you with an escort, and give you letters to the Governor of the province, General X." I thanked him for such a great kindness, but

deprecated the suggestion of an escort. "I don't like to put you to so much trouble, Mr. President," I said, "and really, if I met robbers and they demanded my purse and watch, I should give them up." "So should I," replied Señor Diaz quietly, "provided, of course, I knew that nobody would spread the story. It would not do for such an incident to become public property."

This was said with complete sincerity and simplicity by a man who had throughout the whole of the country the reputation for the possession of a desperate courage. I think myself he would have put up a fight in any event; you do not plunder with impunity men who have mouths shaped like his, eyes that see as far and help the hands to shoot as straight as he could. Then, too, there were stories of his ferocity that, though exaggerated, must have had at least an element of truth in them. His was a very complex character; he could be all things to all men, but I do not think he ever overlooked the real interests of Mexico. If in the long run a "job" would help the country, he would turn a blind eye to the jobbery, but there was no charge of personal corruption brought against him by any of the candid critics of his administration with whom I discussed Mexico. I found him simple in his habits, abstemious, and a keen sportsman. Sometimes I went out duck-shooting with him on the lakes near the city. When he had a day to spare—which was not often—a sporting party would be arranged, and he would come along without any ceremony and unattended save by a single aide-de-camp. He told me that a day among the birds sent him back to his work refreshed, and he was quite a good shot. Mexico's experiences since he resigned

office in the spring of 1911 have confirmed the general belief that in Porfirio Diaz the people had the President they needed.

With his best wishes and all he had promised to aid the journey the engineer and I left Mexico City for Puebla, one of the oldest and most interesting towns in Mexico, with a population that gives it rank as the second or third city of the Republic. We had rather a bad dinner at the best hotel, and then the spirit moved us to visit a gambling hell. We chose the first and found the saloon crowded with *vaqueros*, or cowboys. The banker, armed against all risks, sat behind a vast pile of silver dollars. I was too interested in the audience to take much notice of the game until two *vaqueros*, sitting face to face on either side of the table, had a brief and sudden dispute. One of them pulled out his handy revolver and fired at the man he didn't like. The bullet missed its mark but spoilt a mirror on the opposite wall, and then several peaceful folk, ourselves included, went home quite quietly, but without dawdling, until the more reputable district of Puebla had been reached. There under a colonnade surrounding a public square full of palms and other tropical trees, and lighted by electric arc lamps suspended from the roof, I saw a number of Great Atlas moths. Some had committed suicide by getting singed and falling down to the floor of the colonnade. I am, and always have been, keenly interested in entomology, and promptly proceeded to collect specimens. I have them now; the best are from six to seven inches across.

Leaving Puebla, we travelled to the point where the construction line of the Mexican Southern Rail-

way began. The place, if memory serves me, was called Tecumah Vaca, and we travelled with some of the railway chiefs to where the line ended, and we had to take to the road and mule carriage and our escort of about six troopers with an officer.

We reached Oajaca on the third day, after a delightful trip. My first business was to call upon General X., the Governor of the city, with my letters from the President. Ceremony did not count for much, and when I was shown into the General's room I found a very pretty young woman seated on his knee. He was a gallant soldier, with a reputation that seemed well deserved for combining business with pleasure. The lady shook hands and stole away. One realised quickly that Oajaca is a very long way from conventional civilisation, and the General, having read the President's letter, declared that he was delighted to see me. He recommended what he said was a good Spanish hotel, kept by a Frenchman, and told me that while I stayed in the city the band should play in the *patio* of the hotel every night at dinner-time. So we went to the "good Spanish hotel," and if that is a proper description of it, heaven help those who go to a Spanish hotel in Mexico that is not good! Everything was about as bad as it could be with the exception of the band, and that would have been heard with pleasure in Paris or London. If only the dinners it accompanied had been nearly as satisfactory! The Mexicans have the spirit of music in them; I believe that some of their military bands have taken prizes at competitions in the United States.

There was a small British colony in Oajaca, and the news that a man who was a Member of

THE EARL OF WARWICK'S HOUSE, OAJACA.

THE EL ORO MINE, MEXICO.

Parliament had just arrived in the town from England must have spread very quickly, for on the evening of my arrival at that "good Spanish hotel kept by a Frenchman," the manager came to me and said that the English colony wished to send a deputation to welcome me on the following morning. Of course, I said I should be delighted to see my fellow-countrymen. I found that my bedroom had no door; there was just a curtain screening the sitting-room from the passage.

When I woke in the morning I equipped myself for a bath and looked down the corridor for any indication of one. My search having failed, I sought the manager, who told me that if I would go down a passage he indicated I would find the bath by the side of the kitchen. This was true enough; it *was* by the side of the kitchen, and in full view of it. Half a dozen kitchen-maids were busily engaged just below the little platform on which the bath was placed; they welcomed my arrival and my very obvious discomfort with shouts of laughter and called for their friends, so that the little company increased.

Under such conditions a bath was impossible. I was feeling, as I ran down the passage, much as Joseph must have felt when he escaped from Mrs. Potiphar, though I was better off, because I at least retained my garment. I hurried back to the manager's office and explained quite courteously that this sort of mixed bathing was foreign to me. He shrugged his shoulders, as one who should lament such absurd sensitiveness, and told me there was not another bath-room, but if a small tub would serve he had one and it should be sent to my room. I thanked him, the tub was brought in and filled

with water; I stood up in it, rejoicing in the opportunity of having at last a bath of sorts. I heard the tramp of feet down the passage, but it suggested nothing to me until, without warning, the curtain was flung back and the hall porter appeared in front of a group of men, saying, at the top of his voice: "Señor, the deputation!"

Surely, since deputations were first invented none has been received in stranger circumstances! I snatched a towel and made it look as much like a toga as possible, while the deputation hid its smiles, and we proceeded to talk of the great Empire over whose far-flung lands the sun has not yet succeeded in setting. Being busy men they had to come early. I was prepared for this, but had lost count of the time. I consoled myself with the thought of my sudden intrusion upon General X., and I tried to be as cool and collected as he contrived to be. Very many years have passed since I spoke with the Englishmen in Oajaca; it may be that since then they have discovered doors and learned to knock at them.

I did not stay long in the town; "the good Spanish hotel kept by a Frenchman" did not invite an extended sojourn, nor were the general conditions in that centre of progress all that could be desired. For example, we had to pass one night in complete darkness. The electric installation of Oajaca was in the hands of two engineers, one English and one American. They had a quarrel; I sometimes think that there is some quality in the Mexican air that induces quarrels. Be that as it may, the engineers passed quickly from word to deed, and he who got his revolver out first shot the other dead and at once left the town. Twenty-four hours later another

engineer had been found, the light had been restored, and all was well as far as the general public was concerned.

We took our escort—now seventy men and three officers—out of Oajaca, and proceeded to places in the mountains where there were gold indications, and I enjoyed nearly a month of prospecting and butterfly-hunting. Some of the moths and butterflies I collected were marvels of their kind, not only in shape and colour but in size. The only drawback to the pleasure of the free, open life was thunderstorms. They raged almost every other day, to an accompaniment of the most vivid lightning I have ever seen and the most terrific thunder, that gathered added violence from the surrounding mountains. It speaks volumes for the natural attractions of the country that in spite of these storms we could enjoy the trip. I looked carefully at the timber on the foothills of the mountains. In parts it was very plentiful, but I could find nothing of any size or value. As it was with the wood, so it was with the gold. There were traces in plenty, but my companion the engineer, after close investigation and occasional assay, was unable to find any gold-bearing ground that appeared to be worth the cost of development. We proceeded from place to place until all we had heard about had been investigated and we had examined other places of our own discovery. Then, a little disappointed but in good spirits and the very best of health, we left the mountains and made our way back to Mexico City, to tell our friends that we had enjoyed a splendid holiday but had found no suitable proposition. There are worse disasters at sea.

CHAPTER X

A VISIT TO MEXICO (*continued*)

BACK in the capital I spent a few weeks considering other plans to take the place of the one that had failed. It would have been pleasant to find gold in paying quantities, but it was not absolutely necessary, for my chief object was to test the "gold crusher," and whether the ore belonged to me or to somebody else would not matter so far as the machine was concerned. I expressed the view to several friends while I was hesitating about the next move, and an American, General Frisby, told me one day that he had the controlling interest in an important gold mine, an old-established Spanish one, only twenty hours or so by rail from where we sat discussing it. The crushing and extracting process was notoriously incomplete, and he told me that there were great dumps of "tailings" all round the plant, and that if I cared to go and examine them I might buy what I wanted, take my portable crusher down to the mine and work these tailings there.

This seemed to be the sort of opportunity for which I had been waiting, so I went off with the least possible delay. I found that the mine was an extensive one, and worked by Indians under the general direction of a friendly and capable American engineer. The ore brought up from the mine was put into trucks and carried along a narrow-gauge tram-line to the works with their enormous stamp

batteries. By the side of the works and in full hearing of the batteries, that never rested from their labours by night or by day, was the manager's house, built in true Spanish fashion round a *patio* or courtyard and surrounded by a high rampart of the dried earth known in Spain as *tapia*. There were in the vicinity of the works four large dumps of tailings, each one covering an area of from eight to ten acres and surrounded, like the house, with a mud rampart. The tailings were piled high in the dumps and covered some of the adjacent ground to a depth of several feet. My engineer assayed some samples gathered at random, and found that the value of the unextracted gold and silver came out at fifteen dollars to the ton.

Here, then, was an excellent proposition. I returned to Mexico City and discussed the matter afresh with General Frisby, who arranged to sell me 200 tons of the tailings at the price of two dollars a ton, to allow me to live on the mine with my engineer, in the manager's house, and to belt my machinery on to the main shaft of the mine engine.

I got my " gold crusher " and everything I needed for the work in hand, and returned to the mine with the best wishes of General Frisby and every other mine-owner who had heard about the matter, for if my machinery was a success it would add perceptibly to the value of the country and bring prosperity to many a venture then hovering over the sharp edge of failure. It was interesting work to arrange for the establishment of the crusher, and the mine-manager gave us every help in his power. From the first I realised that his job was no sinecure. He had to eat and sleep in a din that was, for me, quite indescribable. In the sitting-room and in the dining-

room there were racks of rifles, the only reliable cure for a sudden rising on the part of the Indians, who lived in a large village pretty near to the mine works, and were not far removed from a state of savagery. Our bedrooms were on the second floor, the roof was not of the best, robbers were plentiful, and a large savage mastiff did patrol work on the roof through the night. Sometimes he was quite quiet, but if the smallest accident roused him he would scamper up and down the roof for what seemed hours on end. The house was large and his beat was a considerable one; you could hear him rattling the rafters in the distance and then coming gradually nearer until, half asleep and half awake, the suggestion was of thunder in the mountains. Oddly enough, there came to all of us in the manager's house a time when it was possible to hear other sounds above the clangour of a battery of one hundred stamps, of which every stamp weighed 600 pounds. The truth is that you can accustom yourself to all conditions, particularly if you are in good health, and I had returned from the mountains round Oajaca "in the pink," and prepared not only to put up with discomfort but to enjoy it. I have often thought that if we would savour the comfort and luxuries of civilisation to the full, it is necessary to have the sense of contrast that a journey into the wilds among primitive people will provide.

I am bound to say that we lived well enough at the mine, though some of the arrangements had a primitive touch. My bath was made of boards, and in shape was not altogether unlike a coffin; in order that the water might stay in long enough it had been lined with old biscuit tins flattened out.

The idea was a good one, even though the bath did not encourage sudden action, for you had to feel your way carefully because of the edges of the tins. But the bath served its purpose, and there was water—too much water, alas! I had had a hole dug near the machinery shed, and set up—or rather set down—my "gold crusher," and by means of thirty feet of belting had attached the shaft of my machine to the main shaft of the crushing machine, thus getting all the power required for the working. My first idea was to roof the machine in so that it might be kept waterproof and protect the belting, but the mine-manager pointed out that this was unnecessary labour, as we were not in the rainy season. I have no doubt but that he was right; the unfortunate part of the business was that the rain would not wait for the season—anticipated it, in fact.

Then the troubles began. The reader might ask, before I describe them, why I did not put up a roof of sorts after the first downpour. The reply is that I did not know the country, and when I was assured that a rain-storm was quite unprecedented and wouldn't come again, I was bound to listen, particularly as the labour of erection would not have been slight and skilled workers in that line were scarce. When one storm came I was assured it would have no successor; and when the next came I was told it would be the last.

Several things came out after the rain. First were the big balls in the "crusher's" pan; they stuck in the sludge, and we had to teach the uninterested Indian how to use a yoke, a chain, and strong nippers to pull these 100-pound balls out of the mud. Then the leather belting slipped and

stretched to the extent of several inches, and would of course work no longer. So we had to cut bits out of it, lace it up again, and ask leave to have the mine machinery eased down in order to fix it in its position once again. Trifles they seem, but if you have not the necessary implements for repairs and have to depend on the consideration of others, if you have constantly to beg for the slowing down of machinery which you are only using by the good-will of a chance acquaintance, your progress will be uncertain, and unforeseen difficulties arise.

I could not realise this so clearly by day as by night. Daytime was busy enough, but at night I and the engineer who was with me used to take turns to lie on a bench under the wall of the machinery shed, and there, revolver in hand, to sleep while we watched and slept alternately. The ground never ceased to shake as the batteries pursued their work, but the tremendous noise no longer deafened, and I don't think that anything could have approached either of us under its cover. Many a night I would lie out under the stars and feel a strange sense of content and repose in the midst of that inferno. My thoughts would travel over the Atlantic to wife and children and the repose of home, and I would be conscious of the existence of a little nostalgia that only activity could remove. Memories of home would obliterate consciousness of immediate surroundings, until, on a sudden perhaps, a coal would slip in the brazier at my feet and I would pull myself together and realise where I was. I would watch the Indians shovelling tailings into the mill and remember that I had dozed off, that close by my side the "gold crusher" was doing all it knew to recover the gold that lay beyond the

reach of the great machinery to which it was harnessed. And in the fullness of time I would see the East redden and the sudden upspringing of the dawn, the first workers would come in from the village, and I would make haste to seek the coffin-bath with the biscuit tins and forget all about an uncomfortable night. I do remember the nights were uncomfortable, but all actual sense of discomfort has passed, all recollections of Mexico are pleasant to me now, and that is the magic of travelling. It only reminds you of what you would wish to remember.

Two incidents come to my mind and claim their place in this little story. The first occurred on one of the nights I have just described when I was on duty on the bench under the lee of the engine-shed. I knew that the chief engineer was on the other side of the wall, and when a really terrible shriek rose above the machinery's thunder I realised at once that it came from him. Quickly as possible I was in the engine-room and saw a horrid sight. In oiling some part of the machinery the poor man's coat had been caught between two cog-wheels, and to save himself from an unspeakable end he had put up his arm, all of which up to the elbow had been gripped. As I came in the machinery lifted him off his feet and cast him over the other side of the shaft, where I came to his aid.

It was midnight; we were alone; he lived in the village and was now on the verge of collapse. I took him round to my room and gave him a good dose of brandy. This revived him, and he showed a splendid grit. Then I took him down to his house and fetched the camp doctor, who said he hoped to save his arm. So I went back, only to

be sent for again a few minutes later. Hæmorrhage had set in, and the doctor wanted me to assist at the immediate and very necessary amputation. I had never done anything of the kind before, and had no wish to try, but the need was urgent. So I went back to the house in the village, and helped prepare the poor chap for his trouble. Fortunately the doctor had some chloroform, and he dipped a handkerchief in it and applied it to the engineer's face just before he got to work. I held sponges and performed all the minor duties, and am glad to say that not only was the operation a great success, but the patient survived it. I'm told the two things don't necessarily go together. Somewhere in a collection of mementoes and curios that I do not leave lying about, I have a curious and rather repellent photograph. It shows the crushed hand of a man with the forearm, tied up to a peg against a wall for the purpose of the photographer. It was taken by the doctor as a souvenir of the occasion, and it occurred to him, long afterwards, that I might like to possess a copy by way of a reminder that I was once a surgeon's assistant, and was held to have done what was required of me in an efficient manner.

The other incident was more serious—I don't know to this day how grave trouble was averted. I was with the manager one morning examining a little Mexican pony that he thought of buying, when we heard a series of sharp explosions from the direction of the courtyard behind the home. We paid no particular attention—it was customary from time to time to blow up old castings with dynamite in order that they might be remelted, and we assumed that this was being done. So

we went on discussing the pony, whose interest in the explosions had been greater than ours, and were startled when a boy ran up and said there had been a bad accident. We hurried away to a very tragic scene. Three men had been blown to pieces, two had been seriously injured, and a lad, a bright and intelligent boy, who sometimes assisted me at the lathe in the machine-room, had both his eyes blown out. The courtyard was crowded with men and women, others were still pressing in from the village. I found that the wounded were left lying where they had fallen in the full blaze of the sun, and I gave instructions immediately that they were to be carried into the shade. Some of the people objected, because they said it was against regulations to move anybody in the event of a bad accident, until the coroner had been called and had made his report. However, I insisted, and the sufferers did not have the added torture of the glare. Still the crowd gathered, and at last the manager gave orders for the courtyard gates to be closed. The outcry against this order swelled until it became an uproar; cries were raised that the white men had killed the Indians. There were calls for vengeance, and we were glad to get into the house, bar the door, and get our rifles and some ammunition. It was a dangerous moment. Mexican Indians are very much like children except in the matter of cruelty, and there I think they are much more like the Devil. We knew, though we could neither prove nor explain to the crowd, that the accident could only have been caused by some deliberate violation of orders, but with people who believe that the white man controls all destructive forces it is vain to argue. If we had not been well armed

we should in all probability have been murdered, but having weapons, we were able to control the people until they would listen to reason. It was a great relief to see that at last they were beginning to understand the truth, and it was a relief still greater to see them filing out on their way home. We were forced after that to double our normal precautions; the Indian is not easy to handle, and, where treachery is concerned, has forgotten more than the normal man ever knew. In the event of trouble we could have looked for no assistance. Railhead was seven miles off, and there was no nearer spot for the dispatch of a telegram. I realised the distance very thoroughly as I stood watching some hundreds of excited men and frenzied women; I had often ridden down with the escort of six or seven well-armed horsemen that took the fat bars of gold to the railway. However, all's well that ends well, and it is pleasant to think that there was no addition to the lives lost by the accident.

We were looking forward to the time when we should open up the "crusher," and recover the gold that the mercury had absorbed, and our hopes were high, for, by arrangement with General Frisby, we were now treating ore as well as tailings. The constant assays made by my companion had been of the greatest interest, we found one day that there was a vein of quartz then being worked that yielded gold to the value of £6 per ton, and this discovery added much to the already considerable value of the mine. Then came trouble. It happened one night when the American engineer and I were dining together preparatory to one of us going on duty. The Indian in charge of

the crusher—his work was to shovel the tailings in—allowed a big iron bolt to go in with them. Whether it was just a careless accident or was deliberate cannot be said; the only certain issue was the result. The internal machinery was smashed and the work stopped. We should have had duplicate parts, but when we came to look for them they were not to be seen, and before telegraphing to Europe for more it seemed best to find out what had been accomplished.

So we recovered the gold and found it made a lump about the size of my fist, considerably less than the cost of recovery. In short, the machine that had stood such careful preliminary testing had so far failed in practice. There may have been some future in it; clearly the inventor had the root of the matter in him, and it may be that a few years of further experiment would have completed what our machine began, but the failure was complete enough for commercial purposes, and to-day the cyanide treatment has left no room for anything else. It was a big disappointment, for I had brought a great deal of enthusiasm to the aid of very hard work, but it is one of my rules in life not to worry about the inevitable.

Just about that time I learned from General Frisby that he was prepared to sell an option for the purchase of the entire mine, and as I had satisfied myself that it was a great gold producer I took the option, carrying out the necessary business through the Bank of Mexico. To do this I returned to Mexico City and decided, when the business had been put through, that it would be a thousand pities to leave the country without a little more sport. After all that hard work some little relaxa-

tion seemed to have been earned. There was not much difficulty; as soon as my friends knew that I was back in the city and that I was ready to play instead of work, they rallied to my side with enthusiasm. A delightful trip was planned by Mr. Clegg, the manager of the Inter-Oceanic Railway, whom I had formerly known as the borough surveyor in Colchester, and now met in Mexico.

I was by myself, the American engineer who had accompanied me hitherto having returned to the States. Mr. Clegg and I travelled in a private saloon car from Mexico City in the direction of Vera Cruz, and stopped in rather wild country, to be met by a German gentleman, who had been an officer in the Prussian Life Guards, and a very handsome Austrian officer, who had fought with Maximilian. These two officers took us to a hacienda (farmhouse) a mile or two from the station, and put us up for the night. They had much to say, and we were a jolly party.

Early next morning a large body of beaters arrived at the house, and we all went off to a great lake, not deep, with a lot of tussocks and patches of reedy grass rising here and there. Had there been a little more growth the place would have been a swamp, and had the water been deeper it would have been a lake beyond the reach of doubt. Right in front of us, or, so it seemed, across the water, were two great mountains, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl.

The day was a blazing one, even for Mexico. We were out after snipe, and it was necessary to wade through the water in line with the beaters. This was pleasant enough under the prevailing conditions, but we found that though the water came

waist high, the uncovered part of us was scorched. One or two of us took our coats off and tucked up our shirt-sleeves, and we soon forgot about the heat in the excitement of the sport. By lunch time we had bagged between thirty and forty couple. We found a well affording us a little shade, and while enjoying the rest, the smoke and the refreshment, we talked of the bag we would make in the afternoon, but when we went back to our hunting-ground the snipe had sheered off, leaving no address.

I have never known this sudden migration to happen before or since, and cannot account for it in any way. We went on past countless tussocks, and the beaters searched all manner of likely places, but the snipe had vanished. Towards sunset we rode back to the train where we dined and slept, or, I should say, tried to sleep. Our arms, exposed to the relentless sun, had blistered very badly, and for me it was one of the nights of sheer agony that are not forgettable. The snipe were hung all round the carriage under the eaved roof for coolness; without special care they would not have remained eatable for twelve hours.

You may say that this was not a proper season for snipe shooting, and my reply is that though I can't remember if it was or not, when in Rome we do as Rome does, and that when Mexico finds the need for game laws they will be instituted even if they are not observed. Down to the present, or at least down to the year 1914, the game resources of Mexico had not been tithed, and I think that the tendency of bird life in that country will be to increase in spite of the absence of a properly regulated close season. In the first place, those who can get weapons of precision are few; secondly,

the best game areas, or many of them, are in parts where it is not easy or even safe to travel without a considerable escort. Finally, the country is well adapted to the needs of bird life, particularly to the needs of aquatic birds.

Mexico cannot be regarded as a country that is friendly to Europeans. In official circles it may be, but the Indian and the half-breed dislike the American, and a white man who speaks English is, in their eyes, an American and nothing else. Authority does not stretch as far as the best sporting country even to-day, and Indians and half-breeds have a long memory for ill-deeds done or even imagined. Even if they don't know it, they are believers in vicarious atonement, and if they have a grudge against one white man and they can kill another they are satisfied. If they trust an individual all is well, but they must know him well before they will commit themselves, and that is why the strange visitor is always well advised to join somebody who knows the country if he wishes to have some sport. I think that if a man, or a couple of men, who didn't know Mexico went out shooting in the wilds the sport would come to the Indians and would probably be of an indescribable kind.

To get back to my story, I should say that we soon returned to Mexico City, where I stayed a little while longer, enjoying the hospitality of my good friends of the Jockey Club, and learning what I could of the country's further resources. It was quite clear to me that the difficulties in the way of Mexico's advance were chiefly administrative. The best laws in the world are of comparatively little value if they are not observed, and the finest set

of minor regulations is worth very little if it cannot be enforced. Indians, half-breeds, adventurers, it was a very strange team that Diaz had to drive, and until his difficulties are understood criticism is more likely to be voluble than valuable.

I said good-bye to many good friends, presented the Jockey Club with a set of the Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes that I had had sent out from England, and returned home with the option on General Frisby's mine. I said I had bought the option, but this is hardly precise; I had not bought it outright, but had lent General Frisby a considerable sum of money, at a commercial rate of interest, in order that he might buy out other holders and be in a position to sell while I was endeavouring to find a purchaser. My option was to run a year, when the loan was repayable. The failure of the "gold crusher" had put me to considerable expense, because I had had faith in it, and I thought that if I could float the mine I'd do all that was necessary to make the venture profitable.

Now if I had been a man with some knowledge of the City of London, and the financiers who are by no means landsharks, I might have made some progress, but the City was *terra incognita;* I would have felt far more at home in the Indian jungle or the mountains of Mexico, and my option remained unsold until the year was nearly up, when General Frisby asked me to renew it for another year. This I did, and heard immediately afterwards that a New York financier, Mr. J. B. Haggin, had entered actions in Mexico to secure certain interests in the mine and was proposing to take it over. This seemed an energetic and praiseworthy proceeding, but my papers were quite in order, so I took another

journey across the Atlantic, and as soon as I reached New York asked for an appointment with Mr. Haggin. I went to his office full of sympathy for him, having learned that his wife was dead and was still lying unburied in his house. But I found that Mr. Haggin did not allow private griefs to interfere with business. He told me with some brusqueness that my option would expire in a few days, and that so far as he was concerned I had no real existence, and that even if I could be said to exist, my interest in the mine did not. I waited until he thought he had proved to me the absurdity of coming to New York to tackle such a lion in his den, and then told him gently but firmly that the option had been renewed for another year. His face fell, I might almost say it tumbled down. His brusqueness disappeared, he no longer thought I was wasting his time and beneath his notice. At the same time he remained very difficult, and the best I could get for my option was an option from him to take £7,000 in shares at par in the new company he was about to form. However, my capital was released and I returned to England.

The mine—I may say now that it was none other than the famous El Oro—was floated in America for, I believe, a million pounds. As soon as the shares began to move I sold out, and made a couple of thousand pounds, enough to pay the expenses of my Mexican journey. Unhappily I put the money and a good bit more into South African mines then booming, and lost—well, never mind what I lost, it is one of the things one prefers to forget. Yet if I could have found the right man the El Oro would have become an English mine instead of an American one, and part of the

great fortune it has produced would have come to me. I don't complain; it was a real pleasure to see Mexico and receive all the kindness I enjoyed in the capital, and this was not the first time, nor was it to be the last, that Dame Fortune should appear to be travelling in my direction, and then make a sudden turn and go off elsewhere.

I have only one more reminiscence of my journey. I had a number of lantern slides made from the photographs I took in Mexico, and I was asked in Warwick to lecture on my journey for some charity. I agreed to do so, and I am afraid that I rather stretched the ordinary lecture time. I had had no experience as a lecturer, there was a lot to say, and it took longer than I thought. The audience was very kind, and greeted my concluding sentence with applause that may, I think, have had a double significance. When I sat down there were loud calls for Lady Warwick, and my wife could not refuse to comply. But judge of my feelings when in all seriousness she began: "Ladies and gentlemen, let me thank you in the first place for the great patience with which you have listened to my husband!" Then, at any rate, there *was* considerable laughter.

CHAPTER XI

MY JOURNEY TO EAST AFRICA

IN the year 1904 my old friend Moreton Frewen came to see me one day, and told me that he had recently been brought into business relations with a Mr. Lingham, a big Canadian lumber man, who had lately acquired certain large timber concessions in East Africa. Mr. Frewen said he was about to visit East Africa with Mr. Lingham to inspect his concessions, and he suggested that we should make a party, in order that I might see the new country of which every sportsman spoke so eagerly, enjoy some sport in the game shooter's paradise, and see at the same time if I could find some fresh timber ranges and get a concession for myself. The prospect was a very inviting one, and I did not need much persuasion. I asked my brother Alwyne, best of company and best of sportsmen, to come along with me, and persuaded a friend who was then in the Essex Yeomanry to undertake the management of the camp and the sporting arrangements. This friend was Colonel J. H. Patterson, D.S.O., author of "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo," and "In the Grip of the Nyika," books that do not stand in any need of my praises, though they are heartily welcome to them. The Colonel knows British East Africa well and has mastered all the details of conducting a sporting expedition and going on "safari" in a land where all that has been forgotten must be dispensed with. At that time he was one of the

few men with practical experience of the conditions; there was hardly the foundation or the organisation that exists to-day for the benefit both of genuine sportsmen and the mere game-killers of whom before the War East Africa had more than enough. Under Colonel Patterson's skilled direction we bought our equipment complete from the Army and Navy Stores, and there was nothing startling about it except some brass pistols made by Pain & Co., the pyrotechnists. They were breech-loading and fired coloured rocket cartridges. Their value on a dark night to any of the party who had lost his way and could not locate the camp will be understood by all who can imagine even partly the conditions prevailing in the wilds. My brother bought a very powerful electric motor lamp and spare charges, and this was to prove of great value in keeping dangerous animals away from the camp at night.

Our equipment complete we booked our passage on an Austrian-Lloyd steamer, and found among our fellow-passengers Lord and Lady Waterford, the Honourable Cyril Ward and his wife, Sir Robert Hervey, the well-known big-game hunter, and Lady Hervey. All went well until we reached Aden.

We were talking in the smoking-room at Easton the other day about narrow escapes, and I contributed the little story of the narrowest that ever came my way; it falls into its place here. Lord Lamington, the Governor of Bombay, had promised to purchase, and to send as far as Aden for me on my journey, four little Gulf Arabian stallions. We were in Aden harbour; the rail had been taken from the ship's side, covers taken off the hatchway,

and boxes of sugar were about to be brought up from the hold by means of a derrick and unloaded into a steel lighter. Of this I knew nothing. I was standing close to the edge of the deck, looking out eagerly to where I could see my little Gulf Arabians coming up alongside. Suddenly I heard a loud shout of alarm; a voice cried "Look out!" and something struck me hard from behind, but at a curious angle, so that instead of sweeping me right off my feet into the steel lighter or the water, it merely knocked me down and gave me a movement in the direction of the ship's edge. I tried to dig my feet into the deck, but I couldn't stay myself, and my toes were actually over the deck side, when a friendly hand caught my coat-tails. It was the mate's. "Thank God!" he said; "I was only just in time. I thought nothing would have saved you from going down there."

The unexpected load of sugar had taken an erratic course, and had actually hit my shoulder on the way to the steel lighter. However, as it might have knocked me overboard or broken my head in and was content merely to scare and bruise me, I felt I couldn't grumble. But I've never stood nearer to death than I did just then.

We disembarked at Mombasa, where, by the way, the climate is a little trying to the new-comer, collected our camp followers—over a hundred of them—and set off to Nairobi, where we made a discovery at once startling and disconcerting. By an unfortunate oversight that need not be dwelt upon, the whole of our arms and sporting equipment had been left on the ship, and was being taken on to Natal. We telegraphed at once for the things

to be sent back, but more than a month's delay was inevitable. We were able fortunately to pick up a little material at Nairobi to enable us to carry on, but nothing that quite corresponded to our needs. There was nothing for it but to console ourselves with the thought that sport was, nominally at least, a secondary part of our expedition. The prime motive was the discovery of good timber in large quantities, and our first step, on the way to Lingham's concession, was to seek out my friend Lord Delamere and get the benefit of his advice. We found him working hard in his vegetable garden in the roughest clothes he possessed, and he gave us a warm welcome. A pioneer in a land of pioneers, he owned 100,000 acres or more, and was raising stock, conducting agricultural experiments, and varying the course of life from time to time by going on "safari" with his wife, who was as good a shot and as fearless a hunter as he. She was Miss Cole, daughter of Lord Enniskillen, and her early death must have been sincerely lamented by all who knew her. Lord Delamere was a member of the Governor's (Sir Hayes Sadler) Advisory Committee, and there was hardly an aspect of life in British East Africa that he had not studied. We discussed the timber question, about which I had obtained the expert views of lumber men in Mombasa and Nairobi, and I found the general opinion was that the forests I was out to seek would be found, if at all, at an altitude of 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea level. There was no question of the timber being there; our discovery of it was the only uncertainty. It seemed best, in the first instance, to inspect Mr. Lingham's concession, so we set out to do that. After leaving Lord Dela-

mere's our little party divided. Frewen and Lingham went ahead to locate the camp; my brother, Colonel Patterson and I followed in more leisurely fashion. On the following morning a messenger came back from Frewen to say that he had seen what he thought was a white rhinoceros. He had fired, but did not know if he had hit it, and was coming back on the following day that we might have a full party to make a thorough search. On his arrival we all set out for the place where the rhino had been seen, Frewen and Patterson going round one side of the ground and Alwyne and I taking the other. We hunted fruitlessly for a considerable time, and just as I was thinking that nothing would be found we saw the back of the rhino just visible over some broken ground. Alwyne and I fired together, and the rhino dropped stone dead. It certainly might have passed in some lights for a white specimen, but on reaching the body we saw that the animal had been wallowing in some light clay. We shot a few hartebeests that day and then resumed our journey. Our carriers quickly skinned the rhino, and were not very long in eating it. The skin was sent to Nairobi and thence to the game ranger's office. All hides must pass through there, and in this way the authorities are able to see that men do not exceed the limits of their shooting permit. The limited permit serves a treble purpose. It produces revenue, helps to keep game-killing within proper bounds, and avails to preserve young and immature animals, for naturally, if a man may only shoot two examples of a species, he is going to hunt for the best and not be content with the first that comes. Without strict laws and ample reserva-

tions ten years of peace would avail to clear East Africa of game.

The sights to be seen on the Uganda Railway on the Athi Plain between Mombasa and Nairobi are still remarkable. Zebras, giraffes, hartebeests, gazelles, and other beautiful creatures yet come within range of the traveller's eye or glass, but already they are, I suppose, but a tithe of the numbers that greeted the pioneers. As I write I find myself wondering what effect the campaign in German East Africa will have upon the game there, and whether it will lead them to seek the security of the British Reserves near the boundary.

For a day or two we travelled towards the higher ground, seeing ranges of pencilled cedar and podocarpus, a species of white fir of high commercial value. The natives were most friendly, and we had reason to be pleased with their attitude, for the Governor had warned us to be very careful about venturing into the Nandi country, where there was trouble brewing. From Ravine Fort we made our way to the upland forest, and its extent may be best judged by the fact that we were in it for three or four days without coming into more than brief patches of open ground. The white men of the party rode, and the natives walked, some of them going ahead with "slashers" and hatchets to make way for us and cut trails. There was one very unpleasant incident as we went along. We heard a shout from the trail-makers that a great tree had fallen across the path, and must be cleared away. So our movement was checked, and this was, unfortunately, the moment chosen by a vast company of large ants to cross our path at right angles. As all know who have seen these ants

of tropical countries on the march, they never allow any obstacle to deflect them. Fire may turn them, when sufficient have perished to warn the others; nothing else will. They have a certain destination and they go to it, come what may. We chanced to be the obstacle on that occasion, and so they climbed over us, our men and our horses, using their powerful jaws. All that we could do we did while shouting to the men ahead to clear the track, which they cleared at last, not a moment too soon. It was a hideous experience to be at the mercy of insects that were literally "as the sands of the seashore for multitude," and the actual pain was very severe. Years have passed by, but the horrible recollection is still something of a nightmare to me. If I close my eyes I can see all of us battling with these masses of ants, the terrified horses, the excited men tearing off their scanty garments, and can hear the shouts to those in front to help us to get out of the inferno. I realise now the form of torture sometimes practised in Africa, of pegging a man down in the way of white ants and rubbing a little honey over him to encourage appetites that can hardly be deemed capricious. The mind of man has some very ugly sides to it.

We were now on Mr. Lingham's concession, and a very beautiful and romantic place it seemed. Perhaps beauty is not the true word, there was a grandeur, a solemnity about the place that impressed me strongly. Save for the chattering of a few colobus monkeys the silence was supreme. The trees towered to vast heights, shutting out a great part of the sun and casting fantastic patterns of light and shade upon the forest floor. By the side

of streams, where men or animals had passed, disturbing the ground, there were hosts of butterflies, some of them very large ones, and all as radiant as finished jewels. They came to feed on the churned-up mud teeming with life invisible. After examining all or most of the concession we started off for a station on the railway, twenty or thirty miles from Ravine Fort. Alwyne and I took the lead on our little horses, and we were on the look out, for we were in a country where four native traders had met with a tragic end just recently. One would not say they deserved their fate, but they certainly invited it, for while two went ahead with loaded rifles two marched behind with the ammunition! When we arrived at Londiana Station on the Uganda Railway, we were well pleased to have been prepared, for we found the railway station occupied by some twelve hundred troops of Sikh and East African regiments on the way to the Nandi country where trouble had come to a head and war had been declared. It seemed that we had run considerable risks by travelling where we had been without an escort, but good fortune had favoured us.

At Londiana, Frewen and Lingham left us, and my brother, Colonel Patterson and I decided to leave our boys for a while and make a trip into Uganda. So we travelled by rail to Victoria Nyanza and across the lake to Entebbe in the Uganda country. The sights of that wonderful country have met with the full measure of description, and it is hardly necessary for me to write about them. The hospital at Entebbe was full of sleeping-sickness cases, and on our return across the lake to visit the famous Ripon Falls, where the Nile flows from the northern part of the lake, we passed a country where in a

few years some eighty thousand natives had succumbed to the disease. I could not help feeling that in fighting that disease in the service of those who cannot fight it for themselves, the white man has done something to justify his intrusion upon a world that would have preferred to work out its own destinies.

At Entebbe Alwyne and I went out with the Governor's secretary to shoot hippopotami on the lake. Most of the islands we passed were as empty as the desert. The sleeping sickness had swept them clean, and those who had not been seized had fled the plague, perhaps carrying it with them to areas hitherto uninfected. We landed on one island to look for crocodiles' eggs, and I remember the Governor's secretary, who was looking after us, brushing from my neck a fly, presumably a tsetse, which, he said, carried the infection; a tiny assailant enough, but far more dangerous than any animal the traveller meets in the wildest part of the globe. In the launch that towed our rowing boat over the lake I noticed a smart, well-built native lad, perhaps seventeen years of age, sitting cross-legged in naval uniform, under the Union Jack, in the stern. He took no notice of what was passing, and seemed to be more asleep than awake. I asked the engineer about him. "He's Tom!" replied the engineer, "and he works on the boat, but he has caught the sleeping sickness." And he told me that, in his view, it was certain death but a painless one.

Later we went up a lagoon, and suddenly saw the enormous head of a hippopotamus rise from the water within range. Before we could fire it had disappeared, only to reappear a few minutes

later and be shot dead. It sank at once, but the body gets distended after death, and after some hours rises to the surface, so we were not surprised to find it floating on the lagoon within a day. We secured the skin and the head, and this last was in due course mounted for us in London.

Returning to the line of the railway we prospected in the direction of Mount Kenia, 18,000 feet high, with the view of finding out what forests existed at the range of five or six thousand feet that is most suitable for timber. To get there we had to cross the Aberdare range. As we were leaving for this country, which is but sparsely watered, we had a wire from Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Ward to say they had left the Waterfords after some very successful lion-hunting round Nairobi, and would like to join us for the journey over the Aberdare range, to the northern province, and a place called Rumuruti, in the direction of Lake Rudolf. We were very gratified to have their company, and gave them time to come up. By now, of course, we were in possession of our full equipment, and enjoyed excellent sport in the Aberdare country. We had a great camp then, 200 carriers, to say nothing of donkeys, so that it was necessary to keep near the river. Several rhinos were bagged, but lions were shy. They could be heard at night, but were invisible by day. Unforgettable amid all the excitement of sport was Mount Kenia; the sight of its vast peaks, which at sunrise cast a curious shadow across the sky, is something I have never seen surpassed for sheer grandeur, and a picture that will remain with me as long as life itself.

As far north as the junction of two rivers, the

Guaso Nyiro and Guaso Narok, I saw but one lion. The occasion was an evening when our men were pitching camp, and I took a ride and went out for a stroll in the half light. On a sudden I felt that something was staring at me, and became conscious of the head of a lion looking over a rock, just visible across broken ground some hundred yards away. I don't think I checked my pace or gave any sign of recognition, at least I tried not to do so. My object was to walk on as though I had seen nothing, make a detour, and work round for a better shot. Unfortunately, if you are not afraid of a lion the lion is speedily afraid of you, and this one bolted before I could gain a favourable position. I've known tigers bolt in the same way, and many another animal do likewise. On the other hand, if a lion or tiger has killed and is found by its kill, the probabilities are that it will stay there and even put up a fight. The lion will attack men, but the chances are that he is already a man-eater, and the odds are long that the attack will be a surprise one. Camp fires and watchful sentries will keep even a hungry man-eater at bay, but the prowling beast is quick to know when vigilance has been relaxed, and will act on the spur of the moment. My own experience has taught me that there is only one animal that does not fear man, and that is the rhinoceros. He has taken some toll of African sportsmen, and would have taken a much heavier one but for the fact that his eyes are not as reliable as his nose. He can often scent the man he cannot see, and his charge in the direction of an enemy is almost as blind as the rush of a horse that has run away in a fright. In fact, if we could analyse the emotions of the charging rhinoceros, we should

find in all probability that there is fear as well as anger in them. It was a great disappointment to me to be in the lion country and get no lions, but I think the fault was our own. We had kept to the river bank because, as I have already explained, our company was far too large to take with impunity into the waterless country, and the lions were not by the river. Perhaps they had already found that terrain unhealthy.

Below Mount Kenia, at Fort Hall, on the edge of one of the great Reserves, I stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Hind. The doctor, who held an official position, had come to it from the Belgian Congo, where I believe at one time he was under Colonel Lothaire, whose name will not be unfamiliar to students of Congo history. It is straying from my subject to recall any of his anecdotes, but I remember being particularly impressed by the simple statement that when the colonel and his brother officials met for meals, they always kept their revolvers on the table in front of them! Dr. Hind and his wife were most hospitable and interesting people. A few days after we left them they went out on a sporting expedition, taking only a small company of servants and carriers, carrying their water supplies as well as food, and moving right away from the river. In three days they saw no fewer than thirty lions. Quite clearly, after all our thousands of miles of travel, we had been within a few days' march of the finest sport of its kind in the world—so near and yet so far. I suppose it was decreed that I was not to add a lion to my trophies.

Mrs. Hind was a very versatile lady—by the way, the woman who is not versatile should not

settle in the outlying parts of East Africa—and she had made some interesting experiments with silkworms. Her object was to find, amid the varied flora of East Africa, an effective substitute for mulberry leaves, and at the time of my visit she thought she had succeeded. She showed us tray after tray of fat and thriving silkworms that were eating the leaves of her choice and would presently yield silk of the proper quality. I never heard whether it was proved that this silk could be produced on a commercial basis.

Dr. Hind was a very keen sportsman, and his duties as a government official frequently took him away from Fort Hall. On one of the first tours subsequent to our departure he met with a strange adventure. The work he had set out to do was wellnigh over, and he was on the homeward road when one afternoon he encountered and killed a huge python, fourteen or fifteen feet long. Anxious to keep so large a specimen, he had it dragged a considerable way to his tent, where he soon went to bed and to sleep. On the following morning he struck camp, sent the "safari" on ahead to Fort Hall, and rode alone to complete a piece of inspection. Then he returned home and was met by his wife.

"Have you seen my snake?" he asked her.

"You mean snakes," Mrs. Hind replied.

"No," he said, "there was only one."

"There are two monsters," Mrs. Hind assured him, and the doctor called at once for the head man, who told him that when they came to take the tent down in the morning they had found the other huge python coiled up under the bed, and had killed and brought it home. Clearly there had

been two of them, probably male and female, in the neighbourhood, and the second had followed the dead body of the first, and gone to sleep by it in the tent. I don't suppose Dr. Hind would ask for a more disagreeable adventure than this, unless he belongs to the class that loves danger for its own sake. There are members of that class, too, who would rather face lion, tiger, or rhinoceros than a python or any other dangerous snake. The horror that the snake inspires has yet to be analysed.

On our way back to Fort Hall we stayed at the next fort en route. Camped outside it we found a well-known Austrian sportsman, Count Hoyos, and his nephew. The nephew was not good to look at just then, and his pride had suffered a bad fall. It seems that the political officer at the fort, an Irishman named Nelligan, was full to the brim of the high spirits of his race. Dining with Count Hoyos, and anxious to relieve the proceedings from any charge of formality, he had, with great skill, stood upon his head in the middle of the dinner-table without breaking a glass or even disturbing the dishes. This was too much for the nephew, who would not, if he could help it, be outdone by an Irishman. So, on the night before our arrival, he had essayed to repeat the trick. It cost the table some of its equipment, and the performer had lost most of the skin of his nose. Who can beat old Ireland ?

I heard a very gruesome story at this place. Part of the fort was reserved for prisoners who were serving sentence. Presumably to save trouble, they were kept chained together in gangs of a dozen or fourteen, and sent to various kinds of work daily. One morning a chain-gang of a dozen was sent

to the river to fetch water. The unfortunate men disturbed a rhinoceros, and it charged down upon them. There was no escape, and, to make matters as bad as they could be, one of the heavy metal links of the chain caught in the horn of the monstrous beast, which tore away into the prairie, dragging with it the burden of broken, helpless men. Nothing was seen of them, though, of course, search parties were organised as soon as the tragic story was known. It is impossible for any man who knows East Africa and the natural savagery of an incensed and frightened rhino to recall this terrible episode without a shudder. I suppose and believe that the story was true.

It was from Fort Hall that I made perhaps the most interesting trip of my East African journey. This was to the Embu country, two or three days' march from the foothills of Mount Kenia. I went with a young political officer named Horne, who had a good knowledge of the country, the people and their language. There is a Government Station at Embu. I was particularly struck by the quality of the soil en route. It was very deep, of the colour of dark chocolate, was almost intensively cultivated, and highly productive. I never saw in East Africa anything that could compare with it. The countryside apparently was very friendly. We found at one place that the chiefs had had the ground prepared for our camp by burning the long grass, and when early in the afternoon the tents were pitched, more than a thousand people must have come round to inspect them and us. As a further mark of friendliness and approval some brought us gifts, sugarcane and bananas, which were piled up in an ever-increasing mound in front of my tent. Finally an

LORD WARWICK ADDRESSING NATIVES ON MT KENIA.

ox was brought for the camp men, and I was told that I was to kill it for them. Fortunately it was considered sufficient for me to drop the animal with a rifle bullet. Then I had to make a speech of thanks to the people, and to assure them of my intention, on returning to England, to tell His Majesty of the love and loyalty of his Embu subjects, and of all the kindness they had shown us. Nothing could have been more pleasant than the surroundings and the prospects.

Next day five of us, accompanied by a dozen Askaris, rode on towards the upper slopes of Mount Kenia and discovered, at a height of between five and six thousand feet, great masses of timber, cedar and podocarpus chiefly, such as we had hoped to find and dreamed of finding. The forest seemed to encircle the whole mountain, it was impossible to gauge its area. We pitched our camp and found ourselves to our astonishment surrounded by groups of hostile natives. The people had seemed unfriendly in the afternoon, but we could not believe they were, for they belonged to the tribe that had treated us so well the day before. Now they were beating tom-toms to collect their braves, and were telling us that if we did not leave the mountain we would be killed. We did not leave as directed; on the contrary, we stayed all night in our camp, but on the following morning it was no longer prudent to remain, for whatever the cause of the ill-feeling it was running high. So we retraced our steps, and wisely, for we learned afterwards that had we not done so our camp was to have been attacked. Five Europeans and twelve Askaris (who might or might not have played the game) could not have survived for long, I suppose, the determined attack of the hillmen.

I cannot think our visit was the true cause of the disturbance, for, as time went on, the hillmen went from bad to worse, until the patience of the Government became exhausted, and a punitive column restored the whole mountain side to decency, sobriety and repentance.

When we returned to Fort Hall from the Embu country we learned that Dr. and Mrs. Hind had gone with Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Ward on a sporting expedition along the Tana River. We followed on, but could not get within a day's march of them. When we had gained the river we pitched camp there, and crossed the Tana on the following morning in search of buffalo. I should say that the rinderpest had played havoc with the herds some few years before, and it was due to the game laws and to the careful work of rangers that the remnant had been sheltered and preserved. At the time of our visit the Tana River herds were beginning to bulk a bit, and the buffalo had recovered their strength and numbers.

On approaching the likely country our little party split up. Frewen and my brother went right away from the river, Patterson and I kept within about a mile of the banks. We moved quietly and cautiously forward, and were presently rewarded by a glimpse of a herd of buffalo apparently about 200 in number. A few were standing, but the great majority were lying down on the grass. We started our stalk, applying some of the old and well-learned lessons of the Highland days, but before we could get within shot the herd was up, not alarmed, but disturbed without any cause known even to its leaders. The ungainly company moved slowly towards a belt of thick bush not far from the river.

We followed as rapidly as was consistent with due care, and more than once we saw close to us in the bushes the broad back of some of the beasts only a few yards off, or heard the tranquil grunting that spoke of contentment and the full sense of security. Then, on a sudden, a waterbuck lying in the grass on the track the herd was following took fright, jumped up and bolted, and this simple cause availed to stampede the entire herd. We abandoned stalkers' methods then, and raced after our quarry, tearing through every obstacle as it came, and I may say that the African bush was not set there for such treatment. However, we arrived, a little out of breath, at one end of a large clearing in the scrub, just as the herd was passing out at the other end. I managed to spot a very fine bull, and both Patterson and I contrived to hit him. The rest of the buffalo vanished out of sight and hearing, while the wounded bull took up his position under a tree some 300 yards away. I wanted to go to him across the open, but Patterson objected, as he said the bull would see me and charge. So I fired again from where I stood, with no more effect than that the bull moved off, and then we were free to follow, and did so, sometimes hearing him only a few yards ahead of us; but the thick bush he knew so well befriended him now, and he got clean away at last. In the meantime Frewen and my brother were stalking a herd of about 400 head, and these were suddenly joined by another herd which, judging by the time, the place, and the direction, must have been the one that our labours had been wasted over. The whole mixed company, with the exception of the one I fired at, got away untouched.

Looking back over the foregoing passage I can

see that it doesn't exhibit our sporting qualities in a very favourable light, but the truth must be told, and I have often thought that the sportsmen whose yarns never hint at a miss or a mistake have deliberately forgotten a large part of their experiences. Those of us who have shot big game and small in three continents know that there are days when it is hard to make mistakes, and days when it is hard to make anything else. A fair picture of sporting days must not ignore the disappointments.

I have never forgotten my pursuit of the buffalo, nor have I forgotten the rather startling experiences that followed. It was a very hot day, and during the afternoon I climbed the highest knoll in the neighbourhood and took out my field-glasses to help me to recognise certain landmarks that would guide us back to the Tana River. Under the first tree I examined carefully I could distinguish a rhinoceros taking shelter from the heat. I turned to another tree and saw a second rhino, to a third and saw another, all be it remembered along the path by which we should have to return. Remember, too, I was overlooking a large expanse of comparatively unsheltered prairie with these big trees growing haphazard here and there. I began to count steadily, and, incredible though it may seem, I counted no fewer than eight-and-twenty rhinos sheltering under as many trees. This will give a good idea of the quality of that district as a game country. An hour or so later as we were making our way home we saw the very fine head of a waterbuck showing through a bush some distance away. Being anxious to bag it, I left Patterson and went forward slowly and carefully until the original three or four hundred yards that separated me from the buck had been dimin-

ished by at least two-thirds. Then, on a sudden, there stalked from the bushes, not sixty yards away, three enormous uncouth shapes of strangest red ochre colour. They were three rhinos that had sought relief from the heat by wallowing in the red clay of some pool instead of standing under trees. There was very little cover, but I was moving up wind so that they could not scent anything, and they had not seen me. It was an exciting moment. I might have been able to kill one, and so turn the others, but my killing limit was two, and that was already reached. To have brought down another would have meant a heavy fine. On the other hand, if I was seen by those dull eyes, or scented by those keen noses, it might be a tough fight. I squatted motionless, and quiet as a mouse. A slight sound by my side and whisper in my ear told me that Patterson had seen my danger, and wriggled his way across to share it, and we both waited breathlessly upon events. The rhinos began to sniff the air and show signs of uneasiness, then they seemed to be satisfied that all was well, and one led the others grunting back into the bush.

We met Alwyne and Frewen on the river bank, and the journey home had no other incident than was provided by Frewen's horse. It tumbled into a big hole in the river, and chose a course for itself. Frewen chose another, and his hat a third, and the collecting time was an anxious one, for the Tana River hides crocodiles as well as water-holes. But fortune favoured us.

Coming back from the Mount Kenia country we lost several horses through a sickness that is due to the presence of certain poisonous water grasses near the river. It is pleasant to think that hard work

all over the Dark Continent is enabling us at last to understand the nature and causes of many diseases which till a few years ago were mere mysteries, deadly and nothing more. The mosquito, the tsetse fly, and the evils they bring with them, water as a source of pollution, sleeping sickness, rinderpest, black-water fever—all these troubles and many another are now at least recognised and grappled with, and men can venture into the wilds to-day with the feeling that they are just as safe as they would be in Pall Mall, and that they are leading a far more interesting life.

On our way to Fort Hall my villainous-looking half-bred Arab gun-bearer quarrelled with my brother's man. Both were the worse for drink, but as far as I could see my man made the trouble, and ended by chasing his colleague round the camp with a large and eminently practical-looking knife. I had him put under arrest, he was tried, sentenced to a short term of imprisonment—a month, I think—and I chanced to see him on his way to Fort Hall in chains, as I was going down to Nairobi. I don't think that anybody has ever looked at me with an approach to so evil an expression. It was a sort of volume of Hymns of Hate. I was glad to think I had seen the last of him. Some little time later, when I was staying at Mombasa waiting for the homeward-bound ship, I spent a night at the Treasurer's house. The next morning was very hot, so I found a comfortable chair on the veranda, which was shady and raised well above the ground, with a flight of steps leading from it down to the garden. I had a book and was scanning the pages rather drowsily when I heard an unfamiliar sound. I'm not of a nervous temperament, but when I heard

that strange "pud, pud," some instinct told me to be on my guard, and at once. I turned round quickly, and there, behind one of the veranda's columns, was the hideous head of my ex-gun-bearer glaring at me with all imaginable malice and ferocity. I had no weapon, but I hurled at his head the book I held in my hand, and rushed at him with the most startling yell I could improvise. Whatever his intention, he did not wait to declare it.

He literally tumbled down the stairs and into the bushes, and that was the last I ever saw of him. What was his object and how did he manage to travel from Fort Hall on the far side of Nairobi over hundreds of miles of difficult territory to reach Mombasa and me? I have often wondered, and perhaps it is as well that I shall never know. I think I was rather unfortunate in getting such a man. Alwyne's gun-bearer was very reliable, and Patterson had an excellent hunter, a great tall fellow with the flattest nose and largest nostrils I've ever seen. I remember we once gave him an ostrich egg to blow, which we had picked up in the sand. The sight of his face as he struggled with the egg (it was addled) was ludicrous and unforgettable.

I have rambled over the highway and byway of my East African journey, and have left to the last the facts relating to the business side of the venture. The first purpose of the journey was to discover in British East Africa some forests similar to those which my Canadian acquaintance, Mr. Lingham, had acquired by way of concession from the British Government. After careful inquiry we had travelled into the Embu country and found one of the largest forests in British East Africa,

a forest of valuable cedar and podocarpus, hitherto unknown. What remained then but to turn it to profitable account? I will set out the history of the negotiations.

On returning to England I reported to the Colonial Secretary (Lord Elgin) this valuable discovery of timber and asked for a concession. I was told, and I think rightly, that nothing could be done until the Chief Forester to the Government had gone up and examined it. That functionary is resident in Cape Colony; the Embu country, as I have explained, was not a white man's paradise just then. Perhaps in the circumstances it was not surprising that we had to wait a year to learn that the forest had been surveyed and was estimated to cover half a million acres, and to be worth twenty million pounds! Forests must not be cut down recklessly, they are the main sources of water attraction, they compel the clouds and hold the moisture left with them. So when the Government offered us, on terms, a concession of 20 per cent. of the timber, it was careful to explain that this meant we might cut certain trees to be selected by a Government official in every acre. No single acre was to be cut down entirely. In return for this concession we were to build a railway from Embu to the main line, the cost of this being estimated at a quarter of a million pounds. Main-line timber freights were impossibly high, and the Government duty per standard, i.e. per foot of timber, was considerable. My friends and I sat repeatedly in London to discuss the whole proposition in its financial bearings, and though the nominal value of the concession was four million pounds, and doubtless the Government would have extended it if we had developed and

replanted and borne in sight the essential necessities of the country we were working in, the initial outlay, freights, and subsequent taxation were so great that it was found impossible to form a company to finance the undertaking. I don't think the Colonial Office took into sufficient consideration the fact that we were to be the pioneers of industry, running the risks and making the market. The curious, if there are any, and those who have the idea that a Government concession to-day has something of the nature of the old monopolies given by kings to their favourites, may be referred to the White Book that was issued dealing with the cedar and podocarpus forests round the slopes of Mount Kenia.* To the best of my belief the concession is still waiting for its capitalist; perhaps after the war the Colonial Office will lower its proud looks, and for the rest some of the trees are a little nearer maturity, and others a little farther past it than they were. I suppose we were all more or less disappointed, but I do not present any serious complaint. If the Government's attitude was unbusinesslike, the loss will fall upon British East Africa; if our attitude was in any aspect unreasonable, we realised nothing by it and so no harm was done. There remain to us all the recollections of a trip that was of amazing interest, of much sport that was as good as it could possibly be, of sights one is glad to have seen, and incidents that are pleasant to remember. Whatever there may have been of danger, anxiety, or fatigue is as dust in the balance against these things. There is an Arab aphorism to the effect that travel experience is what we collect while we are young, to enjoy

* Colonial Reports—Miscellaneous, No. 41. Report on the Forests of Kenia, by Mr. D. E. Hutchins (Cd. 3561, 2½d., 1907).

when we are old enough to become the servants of wind and weather. So, as I write on a dark winter's afternoon at Easton before a cheerful log fire in the library, I recall the unending sunshine, the gorgeous panoramas, the vision of Mount Kenia at sunrise, the rivers and waterfalls, the great Victoria Nyanza, to mortal eyes an ocean in itself, and many another sight not to be forgotten while memory lives. I hear the roaring of lions and the grunting of buffalo, and the thunderous charge of rhino, and all the sounds and scents and sights of the jungle seem to be gathered within the compass of one very quiet room. And I know that the disappointments on the material side do not matter in the least, the adventure was worth what it cost, and I would follow the fellow of it to-morrow, if the Old Man with the Scythe had not told me kindly yet firmly that my allotted time for travel into uncharted lands has been spent. So I am content to say "*Cedo junioribus.*"

THE EARL OF WARWICK.

LORD-LIEUTENANT OF ESSEX.

CHAPTER XII

LORD-LIEUTENANT OF ESSEX AND MAYOR OF WARWICK: SOME ASPECTS OF RURAL LIFE

IN 1901 Lord Rayleigh, the hard-working, greatly gifted, and popular Lord-Lieutenant of Essex, resigned his office in order that he might be able to give more time to scientific work. The appointment is in the gift of the Crown, and is generally made on party grounds. Needless, perhaps, to say, I did not ask for the vacant office, but when I received a very friendly letter from Lord Salisbury offering it to me I decided, after a little reflection, to accept. There was some slight opposition to my appointment; one Essex gentleman wrote a letter to *The Times* to protest against the lieutenancy being given to one who was not a native of the county. This was a valid objection enough if birthplace is to be taken into consideration, but I could claim that I had lived in Essex for the greater part of twenty years, and was actively concerned in helping to administer one of the largest estates in the county. Moreover, I had married into one of the oldest of the county families. Perhaps the fear, if any, was that, as the lieutenancy is a party appointment, I should seek to make it a party office. I think that all uneasiness on this score was ill-founded. My activity in the world of party politics ceased shortly before my father died and I had left the House of Commons. As I write, some sixteen years have passed since I became Lord-Lieutenant, and in that

time I have never appeared upon a public party platform, have never subscribed to party funds, and in recommending names to the Lord Chancellor, before Advisory Committees were established to aid the Lord-Lieutenant, I always endeavoured without reference to party to recommend the best men.

The question of appointments to the Bench is always an interesting one to the man who lives in the country, and a seat on the Bench is eagerly sought for. Down to a few years ago there was a qualification, the possession of a certain income from land, and it was perhaps wise that there should be a change on broader lines, for the old rule filled the Bench with men who belonged to one class. My experiences on the Bench and at Quarter Sessions have not been large; my residence in various parts of the country and varied occupations have, to my regret, kept me away; nor have I cared to take part in the enforcement of penalties even though they be light ones. But I do not think I have encountered the mixture of brutality, stupidity, and pigheadedness that is supposed to be found on the Bench. In the long run the abolition of the property qualification is, I think, working well; all classes are concerned to uphold the law, and consequently all classes should be represented. There is always a competent Clerk to the Magistrates to advise them as to the maximum and minimum penalty of a proved offence. I'm afraid my own tendency in the very great majority of cases would be to give the offender another chance.

For very many years the Petty Sessional Bench seemed likely to be swamped by politicians, and I resisted the tendency, so far as Essex is concerned, to the best of my ability. The party in power, or

rather the successful candidates for the county divisions, sometimes sought to reward their local supporters by bringing pressure to bear upon the Lord-Lieutenant. They would submit, for nomination to the Bench, men whose principal qualification was service to the member or the party, without considering whether a partisan is necessarily a man of sound intelligence, balanced judgment, and kindly instincts.

At last, these proceedings reached such dimensions throughout the country that Lord Chancellor Loreburn appointed a committee to inquire into the whole principle of appointments to the Bench. Its report was a strong condemnation of the then existing procedure, and laid down in most outspoken fashion the axiom that politics have no proper place in these appointments, and that no Member of Parliament should write to Lords-Lieutenant inviting support of their nominees. Advisory Committees are now appointed in every county to assist the Lord-Lieutenant. At first I was not disposed to regard these committees as a necessity, but experience has shown me that they work quite smoothly, and that being recruited from the best elements of the county they are bound to be of great assistance to the Lord-Lieutenant, who cannot hope to know the most eligible men in every district. I am not going to say that I have not met cases in which a determined effort has been made by politicians to influence the committees, either directly by application, or obliquely by trying to get some supporter or supporters elected to them, but it is good to be able to say that the tendency of Advisory Committees is to resist influences of this kind. Before appointments are made it is customary to ask the

Chairman of the Bench if he desires the services of more justices; in some districts the court would not be able comfortably to accommodate all who have a right to sit if they put in an appearance at one and the same time.

In 1901, when I first took over the arrangements connected with the administration of justice for the County, the Bench throughout England was largely filled with Unionists, but when the Liberals came into power I held it my duty, though a Conservative, to set the balance right as far as possible when considering the claims of men equally eligible. The difficulty to be faced lay in the fact that most men of leisure were Unionists, and the appointment of men who lack the leisure to fulfil their judicial duties serves no purpose at all. It is, of course, in the best interests of the country that political opinions should be disregarded, and that the political views of any candidates should be ignored as a matter of no importance. The modern tendency is in the right direction, but it would be idle to overlook the influences that were sometimes at work even after the war started to make the party caucus as powerful in the country as in the towns.

Surveying my experience of country affairs over a long term of years, I find it is not easy to be an optimist. The burdens of the country must, of course, be carried upon the shoulders of the tax-payer, but the adjustment of the burden leaves much to be desired. Abuses thrive, and the lack of a united public opinion makes it impossible to check them. The interests of the towns play havoc with the country, and certain national interests suffer. Take, for example, the pollution of rivers. In the old days England was a country of clear, shining streams,

full of fish, many of them fit to eat and worth eating. To-day some of the famous rivers are polluted beyond the point which even the coarsest fish can endure. The Avon in my boyhood flowed clean and clear past the Castle at Warwick; one saw the great fish in shoals. To-day the Avon is often a noisome offence, the manufacturing towns above me poison the river by night and day, and though there is authority to check them, it is not exercised. The stream runs turbid, most of the fish have disappeared. But while the powers that be admit this nuisance they are very vigilant in dealing with quite small matters.

Some years ago the pollution of the Trent compelled my brother-in-law, the late Duke of Sutherland, to abandon Trentham, his beautiful place on the river, to ruin. It was no longer possible to live there without grave danger to health; it was hopeless to try to stave off the danger. Near Easton the Chelmer overflows its neglected banks year by year, flooding the roads, waterlogging the land. Nothing is done; the matter seems to rest with District and County Councils, and neither does its duty. These instances might be multiplied throughout the length and breadth of England. I admit the claims of commerce, but why in the name of common sense cannot the manufacturer be compelled to consume his own smoke, refuse, and poison? Why should all England be defiled to save trouble to the manufacturer? There is not in England a river that ought not to supply food, sport, and pleasure; how many of them do?

It is to the landlord that the tax-collector turns, and the position of the man deriving an income from land is not enviable. Turning over a book of

accounts the other day I was a little startled to find that in the past thirty years my own and my wife's estates have swallowed nearly £300,000 under the single heading of "improvements." Add to that perennial burden land-tax, rate, tithe, poor-rate, water-rate, income tax, super-tax, and the rest, and see how land carrying such burdens compares with the corn-bearing countries of Canada and Australia. If the outlook is bad for the landlords it is hardly promising for the people of these islands to whom cheap food is a necessary. I do not write in any spirit of complaint; my personal grievances with life are very few; but I cannot help seeing the danger of following the line of least resistance in the raising of revenue, and I believe that the burden on the land is greater than it can bear if good food and cheap is the first consideration. On the top of this economic trouble comes the demand for increase of wages; this, in my opinion, is quite right, but it all tends to increase the cost of production.

I have often been asked by friends whose knowledge of municipal affairs is of the slightest what I had to do as Mayor of Warwick. The idea of a small country town as a centre of much hard work and constant activity is one which they could not grasp. The average member of the community has no definite idea of the business carried on in the Town Hall, and may be excused if he believes the place has just what ornament the architect gave it and no use worth mentioning. Warwick is naturally a type of all the English boroughs, and the work of the town is carried on by a number of committees. Of the General Purposes Committee the mayor is chairman, of all others he is an ex-officio

member. The Council has one monthly meeting and the General Purposes Committee another. The other committees deal with Horses and Highways, Library, Old Age Pensions, Buildings and Gardens, Finance, Sewage Farm, Streets and Housing. Before all these committees come questions that must be decided in the general interests of the community, and men work upon them year in year out, without recognition or reward, for the benefit of their fellow-townsmen. We owe far more to Borough Councils and County Councils than we ever know.

I remember very well the institution of the County Councils and the curious feeling of alarm among country gentlemen. At first they were reluctant to come forward as candidates, being quite certain that they would be in a hopeless and impotent minority. But after a little thought many offered themselves for election, feeling that they had their part to play. The result was entirely successful. Men with the requisite qualifications were warmly welcomed, and the whole trend of the councils was healthily democratic. The time had certainly come for those who had the best interests of the county at heart to find a place among its acknowledged representatives, and though in London the political bias may have been strongly marked, in the country generally the elections seldom followed political lines. I write of England; in Ireland, it is to be feared, the case was always different.

Proceedings in the Town Hall of Warwick have always been harmonious. I am afraid they manage things differently in the Distressful Country. One day in Ireland I took up that respectable paper, the *Cork Examiner*. The Mayor of Cork, a poulterer by trade, had called one of his council to order,

and in the white heat of passion that gentleman had arisen and declared, so said the report, that "he would be hanged before he would be bullied by an infernal chicken choker." I rejoice to think that nobody in Warwick, by way of protest against my ruling, ever called me a "salmon slaughterer," a "covert clearer," or a "game preserve depopulator," or anything personal like that. On the contrary, though I may flatter myself, I believe they were as sorry to part with me in November, 1916, as I was to part with them. They knew that I was leaving them because Father Time had been telling me, or, rather, telling my doctors to tell me, that the period had arrived when I must no longer endeavour to play an active part in one county while living in another about a hundred miles away. It was my health, rather than my will, that consented to leave the scene of so much pleasant and, I hope, useful activity.

Much has been done, still more remains to do, and some of the problems before the councils in the years following the war, particularly in the domain of small holdings, land settlement, and questions of education, are of a difficulty that only those whose lifelong interest has been with agriculture can understand. The solution of all these questions will not come in my time; I can but hope it may be a wise and successful one. There is another point that may perhaps be raised here. How little the State acknowledges years of valuable service and devotion to the transaction of county and urban business! While the soldier, sailor, diplomat, and politician reap their substantial rewards, none is ever offered to those who carry the heavy burden of municipal responsibility and work.

When I started to write this chapter my idea was in the first instance to deal with some of the aspects of country life that find no historian, and then to inquire how far purely country affairs are conducted on sound and intelligent lines. I consider that the countryside and the country and county towns attract a very large number of capable, industrious and conscientious men, who give their time, their thought, and their labour to the service of the interests in their care. The weak point lies in the tendency to view all these matters in a local or parochial aspect, to be unable to see that the trees are part of the wood. Sometimes there is a tendency to waste money where it might be saved; often there is a decided unity of movement to avoid a definite expenditure that would benefit the district. There is much overlapping of authority; County Council, Borough Council, and District Council may quarrel over the responsibility for a necessary improvement; the time, labour and even the expense of the matter would more than serve to accomplish the work in dispute. Mr. H. G. Wells has called attention to a case in Essex, where one half of the road belongs to an authority that carries its work out efficiently and the other half to an authority that cannot or will not do as well. The result, so far as the road and those who use it are concerned, is, of course, deplorable. The spirit that makes such things possible is too common in England. Rival authorities—of course they should not be rivals but friends and fellow-workers—are jealous one of another, they have a local rather than a national consciousness, and there is not any direct appeal from the public affected to an authority that will bid them "carry on" in the general interest of the

country. It is the spirit of party politics expressing itself in another medium, of all manifestations that are not actually corrupt the one most to be deplored. Perhaps the lessons of this war will reach as far as the small governing bodies that deal with every parish in England, and they will grasp more fully the true significance of their function. I do not think this is as trivial a matter as it may seem. There is an ever-growing tendency on the part of the rising generation to leave the healthy countryside and betake itself to the towns, and I am convinced that if all the forces that have rural districts in their keeping would unite to make them more attractive, they would do something to retain on the land those whose proper vocation lies there. All my life I have been a country lover, the lure of the city has hardly existed for me, and I have been puzzled to understand the choice of those who voluntarily seek the town, while at the same time candour compels me to admit that if rural administration were associated with a wider vision, the hard, honest work that is done day by day throughout the year would show better results and meet with a wider response.

I do not claim any other value for these opinions than may attach to half a century's close association with all the questions they concern, an association that has enabled me to see the inner working of much administrative machinery, and, all things considered, an extraordinary high level of honest endeavour right along the line. Given one ideal to direct and co-ordinate all the efforts now being made in the best interests of the State, and the greater part of the rural problems confronting the country and demanding prompt solution would settle themselves. Of this I am well assured.

It was in pursuance of the idea of doing what I could to fulfil, and even to extend, the duties imposed by residence in the country that I accepted the Mayoralty of Warwick, an office I relinquished with regret in November, 1916, on the advice (as I have said) of my doctor. A number of years before, when I was for the first time Mayor of Warwick, Lord Bute had already been Mayor of Cardiff, but, apart from him, I think no peer had held the office. When the invitation came I accepted it after a consultation with my friend, Lord Coventry, whose judgment is always sane and shrewd. If I rightly remember, Lord Lonsdale became a mayor in the same year that I did. For three years I held the office, again in the Coronation year of King Edward VII., and again in 1915. I don't think that any of my brother peers have done as much.

A curious question arose once during my Mayoralty. There was a parliamentary contest for Warwick Borough and Leamington, and the Honourable Alfred Lyttelton was a candidate. We had a large party at the Castle during election week, including both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour. Now the House of Commons had passed a resolution that no member of the House of Lords should intervene in a parliamentary election, and, as Mayor of Warwick, I was *ex-officio* the returning officer. The responsibilities of the position are not inconsiderable, extending as they do to decision in the matter of spoilt papers, and I suppose I was a little uneasy, for both of my distinguished guests assured me with every appearance of gravity, and I think after deliberate collusion, that they would hold me responsible if the election went against their party, and they spoke of the terrible size of penalties that the law could

enforce. But in the end Mr. Lyttelton was returned, and my decision in his favour was never questioned. I should like to know how far a decision of the House of Commons can bind a peer who wishes to take part in an election. I believe myself that it has no force of any kind in a legal sense.

My office involved much entertaining, and more visitors than ever, especially Colonials, to the wonderful old Castle. I remember one luncheon party in a marquee with small tables. I forget the particular occasion, but near me was one of my guests, a very distinguished and picturesque old Indian chief from the North-West frontier. My younger son Maynard, then quite a small boy, came playing round us, and the old chief looked from him to his mother, and then said something to me in his own tongue. I asked his secretary to translate. "His Excellency says," answered the secretary, "that when the tree is beautiful the leaf which falls from it is also lovely."

I admired the poetic thought of the old chief. When the lunch was over he pushed back his chair, bowed to me with superb dignity, and said something else. I hastened to ask for the meaning of the latest utterance, determined to remember it, and let my friends know that these fine old warriors are as skilled with the tongue as with the sword. "His Excellency," said the secretary, "hopes that you will enjoy a long life, and never be troubled by skin or stomach diseases."

CHAPTER XIII

RANDOM MEMORIES OF PEOPLE AND PLACES

ONE of the great sporting domains of Scotland is Invercauld, in Aberdeenshire; it marches with Balmoral. I remember once, when I was staying with Admiral Beatty at Invercauld, I was trying for salmon rather late in the season in the River Dee. I fished down to a bridge that marks the boundary between the Invercauld and Balmoral waters, and I was practising some Spey casting of which I was far removed from the mastery. I waded out at last, having fished to the bottom of the pool, and was greeted by one of the Balmoral keepers who did not know me, and had probably been keeping a careful watch over my movements to see I did not trespass. He smiled most kindly as he remarked for my encouragement: "It could na' ha' been better fushed by any keeper."

King Edward, to whom I related the incident, was greatly amused to hear the testimonial.

Looking back over my Highland days I think that Dunrobin provided the most beautiful of all the settings to them. My brother-in-law, the late Duke of Sutherland, had not only done much to improve the natural beauties of the place, but being himself a true sportsman, he saw to it that his guests had the best and most varied sport. He had hunted the North Staffordshire Hounds for years, was an expert with shot-gun or rifle, and

a gifted stalker. He administered a vast domain, stretching from one side of Scotland to the other, and must be admitted to have handled it well. The sea fishing at Dunrobin was particularly good. We used to go out in a big boat rowed by two ancient fishermen, who wore large waterproof aprons. Their first task was to set a sea line many hundred yards in length, with hooked dropper lines baited at intervals with slips of herring. These lines would be out twenty-four hours, and then, in our oldest clothes, we would go out again and haul in great quantities of fish, including enormous conger eels. It is not well to be in a boat with too many angry congers, and as the old men cut the dropper lines and tumbled the catch on to the floor of the boat I found myself hoping sometimes that we should not be too successful. I recall one day when the late Duke of Wellington, my son Guy, and I had to sit with our feet well under us on the seat, while some fifteen giant congers gnashed their teeth and writhed below us. Fortunately the sea was like a mill-pond.

A curious incident comes back to me as I write. There was a house-party at Dunrobin, and among the guests was Sir Joseph Fayrer, of Indian Mutiny fame and a great authority on snakes. He and I, accompanied by his servant, went about a mile out to sea, and followed the coast line, fishing as we went. Sir Joseph had hold of a big fish, but it broke off and went away with twenty or thirty yards of his line. This was a pity, but did not check sport, as we were well provided, and we fished with varying success for several hours. As we were coming home Sir Joseph's servant had a pull, and on hauling up discovered he had the fish we had lost some hours

before. There could be no mistake, for it had entangled the lost line in the new one, while coming round the bait. What were the odds against such a recapture in the open sea?

I was often a guest on the Duke's splendid steam yacht *Catania*, and as I write the memory of one particularly pleasant trip comes back to me. We started from Cowes, and went up the East Coast as far as Queensferry, where my host and the Misses Chaplin, his nieces, went on to Dunrobin by train, and I went along in the yacht up the coast of Scotland, passing Aberdeen and the herring fleet, going round the North and as far as Strome Ferry on the West Coast, where the Duke joined me again, his train being signalled as we dropped anchor—a wonderful piece of time-keeping by the skipper. We went on to Loch Inver, a most beautiful corner of the earth, and I remember a deputation was waiting to ask my brother-in-law for assistance in building yet another kirk! Loch Inver is a small place enough, but there were five religious houses, each looking after the interests of a different denomination. Was it not Voltaire who said that England had eighty religions and only one sauce?

The beauty of the wild remote Highland country could draw me as nothing else would. It was not only the sporting side that appealed, the artist in me was stirred by a series of attractive pictures. I remember a charming farm-house that I rented from my brother-in-law near Golspie. No more romantic place could be imagined, and yet, when I think of that farm, a ridiculous little incident stands out in my mind as though it were of supreme importance. I had been compelled to leave my

wife and children for a few days and proceed to London on business, and when I got into the train for the North I carried with me among some quite good cigars one of special excellence, the last of a box my wife had given me. I decided to leave it until the next day when the long journey would be nearly over, so that I might be properly consoled for a tedious, solitary ride. As the train approached Dingwall I reckoned there was just time to smoke that cigar in comfort, so I took it from my case and found that like all its fellows it was well worth waiting for. I had been in a coupé by myself throughout the journey, but at Dingwall a precise and elderly gentleman entered and, as soon as the train was away, remarked: "Do you know, sir, that this is not a smoking carriage?" I apologised, looked regretfully at my beautiful cigar not half smoked, and cast through the window as fine a piece of Havana tobacco as ever fell on Scottish soil. Perhaps the fragrance or my evident unhappiness moved the old gentleman, for he said: "I'm sorry to have ended your pleasant smoke, but the fact is I'm going to visit a lady, and I cannot go to her reeking of tobacco." I agreed, a little sulkily perhaps, that this was quite in order. When he reached Golspie he said "Good day" and hurried out, while I collected my luggage, got into a cab and drove to our farm. On arriving there the butler told me that my wife was not very well, the doctor had been sent for, and was with her. I went into the drawing-room, where presently the doctor joined me. Needless to say it was my travelling companion, and the trouble is that, though my wife has never cared to smoke, she rather likes the aroma of a good cigar, and had claimed the assistance of

an expert in selecting this particular box for me. How odd that while Golspie is no more than a vague though pleasant memory, and the host of incidents associated with our stay there are forgotten, I can still see the prim doctor entering the carriage at Dingwall and see the cigar flung on to the permanent way, because the gift of true appreciation or recognition of superfine tobacco had been denied him.

When at Glenfeshie, the home of my old friend Sir Charles Mordaunt, the stags began to roar and seek the hinds, while the days shortened and grew boisterous, presaging winter, it was time to put the rifles away, but that did not mean the end of sport. The shot-gun, never heard between August and October, was brought out, and we would make some attacks upon the grouse, still in fine condition. All who have stalked in the Highlands will know how easy it is to lose a stag because some cock grouse, disturbed by the stalker, utters his shrill cry and warns the quarry. Some Highlanders tell you that the cry of the cock grouse is uttered in Gaelic, and may be translated, "Who goes there? My sword—my sword!" To the untrained Southern ear it is no more than "Beck-a-beck, beck! Go back—go back!" However correct or incorrect the translation may be, there is no doubt about the efficacy of the cry for disturbing the red deer, and I'm afraid that many a clutch of grouse eggs is destroyed by stalkers in the spring of the year by way of revenge for wasted hours in the season of the previous summer. We were content to use more orthodox means to get at the grouse as best we could, but there were many difficulties. The birds were too wild by then to lie in the heather

and enable dogs to work them, and they could not be driven in a land of hills and gorges, glens, and corries that seemed to have no definite shape or wind direction. So we employed a silk kite, a device fairly familiar in England, where it is used for partridge shooting at certain seasons. The kite is shaped and coloured like a large hawk, and is flown on a string in advance of the guns and high over the heather where the birds are lying. Grouse taking the hawk kite to be a real specimen of one of their natural enemies, lie low, crouching until the guns are nearly up to them, and then they rise out of the heather with a great whirr of wing and twist and turn as though they were snipe, to the great confusion of all but the coolest heads. One autumn day, after the stalking season, my brother Alwyne was with the party that was shooting grouse under a kite in high wind at Glenfeshie, and when luncheon hour arrived the man in charge of the kite tied his end of the string round a rock in whose shelter the party sat down to eat. They saw, ranging far above them, one of a pair of ospreys (white sea-eagles), a rare and stately bird that nested in the valley. Suddenly the osprey caught sight of the kite and swooped down upon it. Bamboo and sticks are not very nourishing, and doubtless the osprey soon realised its mistake and prepared to make off, but it had caught one of its legs in the stout string, and was hopelessly entangled. My brother and his friends left their shelter and their lunch, and proceeded to haul in the kite with its strange attachment, and at last the great sea-eagle lay on its back in the heather and struggled so violently, attacking all who approached with its powerful talons, that it was impossible to do more

than leave it alone. This sufficed, for after a while the bird managed to free itself and fly away. Fishing for eagles with a silk kite for bait is surely the very rarest form of sport in these islands. I should be interested to learn whether any sportsman in the Highlands has known a similar instance of the osprey's or even the golden eagle's carelessness.

One of my good friends who has gone before was old Lady Dorothy Neville, whose luncheon table was for many years the gathering-place of the wittiest company in London. She was a great entertainer and was very widely entertained, for brighter, kindlier, or cleverer woman never took up so strong a position in the social world. As I say, we were good friends, but I remember coming very near to offending her once. I had been down to Canford Manor, in Dorsetshire, where Lord Wimborne had invited a large party to see the world's leading tennis players give a display on the wonderful new court he had built there. In addition to the tennis there was duck and pheasant shooting. It was a most pleasant gathering; I remember that the late Lord Clarendon got engaged there to the daughter of Lord Normanton. After a crowded and enjoyable week the party broke up, and we returned to town. I found myself in a rather congested railway carriage, and Lady Dorothy was there too. She was in the best of spirits, and had been presented with some game—pheasants and a hare. They were in a rack above our heads, but high as the rack was, the game was considerably higher. I am sure it was not part of the proceeds of the shooting party just ended, but of a considerably earlier one. Mistakes will occur. The journey, as I have said, was long, the

carriage hot, and the game gradually became unendurable. Lady Dorothy didn't seem to notice it, and it required quite a lot of persuasion before she would allow me to collect the birds and the hare and to tie them to the door-handle outside. Unfortunately the game was in an even more tender condition than we thought, and by the time Paddington was reached there was nothing on the door-handle save the heads and the string. Poor Lady Dorothy was quite cross about it, but she soon forgave me, and her photographs in many groups of visitors at Easton and Warwick remind me that atonement was made in kind for the game which came to such an unexpected end. All who knew her must miss her; she was one of the brightest companions, and no house party could be dull where she was a guest.

You find credulous folk all the world over, but I am inclined to think that the West of Ireland can provide some who would take a lot of beating. I remember an old fisherman on the Blackwater, who not only told the following amazing story but had told it so often that he believed it. There was a monstrous pike in the river, and he was out after it. While fishing he saw a fox come down the opposite bank, and very far away in the distance he heard the cry of hounds in pursuit. So he left the river bank and hid behind a bush from which he saw the fox swimming across the river towards him. Suddenly there was a violent swirl, and the fox disappeared from sight. Rather puzzled, the fisherman left the shelter of the bushes, resumed his fishing, and in a few minutes he was into the pike and after a terrific struggle hauled him in—such a monster as had never been seen in the Blackwater

before. He hit it on the head and killed it, and then to his astonishment saw that something was moving inside the dead fish. So he whipped out his knife, ripped the fish open, and out dashed the fox and fled to the hills. At that moment the pack appeared in sight at the top of the opposite bank, there was the " devil's " own sport, and the fox gave the hunt the run of the season ! *Magna est veritas !*

Like many other very old houses Warwick Castle is said to be haunted, but for reasons that are doubtless perfectly satisfactory no ghost has ever honoured me with a visit. My mother used to hear strange and uncanny noises ; I never succeeded in doing as much as that. Archdeacon Colley, who was so well known in Africa, came to the Castle several times, and held séances in the oak bedroom, a dark and rather gloomy chamber in the same corridor as my own room. He brought a medium from Birmingham, and I believe they raised, or saw, a little girl carrying flowers. I can only hope they were satisfied. The Archdeacon was by way of being on intimate terms with spirits, and would show me photographs of people with vague and shadowy forms in the background. I, like the sacristan in the " Ingoldsby Legends," " spoke no word to indicate a doubt." Indeed, I have often thought how interesting it would be to invite Sir Oliver Lodge over, or other sympathiser of equal eminence, if such there be, and ask him if he could establish communion with some of the great figures that have stayed in the Castle in the intervals of making English history.

The Castle, though the town of Warwick lies by its side, is very quiet at night. No sounds were audible until, in the past few years, express trains

passed in the distance over the Great Western and North Western lines. Every sound seems to have something akin to the quality of surprise, and undoubtedly some that are due to perfectly natural causes have been misinterpreted. I remember the mysterious rapping in Guy's Tower that was attributed to ghosts, until somebody had a brain-wave and discovered that it was due to the rapping of the halyard cord against the flagstaff! They say that at midnight a lady rides through the State Rooms on a white horse, while in the courtyard may be seen the ghost of the Dun Cow that Guy, Earl of Warwick, killed on Dunsmore Heath. There is an old book dealing with his many adventures, but I have been unable to learn from it why the ghost of the cow should still parade the courtyard. There is said to be another apparition in the form of an old woman who walks along the corridors by day. My wife has seen her twice. She moves slowly and with averted face, silent and intangible—she is gone almost as soon as seen.

A couple of monkeys which my parents kept by the side gates increased the rumours of ghosts. One used to drag his chain at all hours of the day and night. Finally he broke it, and made his way into the town, to slip down the chimney of an old schoolmaster's house, and appear in the sitting-room before the greatly startled pedagogue and his still more frightened wife.

My father, though a very delicate man and much confined to the Castle when his health permitted him to stay there, never saw any apparitions of any kind and was decidedly sceptical. But once when he was away from Warwick, staying for his health in furnished rooms at St. Leonards-on-Sea,

he had a very curious experience, and one that affected him considerably. He had gone to sleep one night rather early, and awakened at midnight to find a soft mysterious light in the room, a pervasive glow that seemed to come from nowhere, and to embrace everything. It lit the end of his bed, where there was a skeleton figure partly draped with a red scarf and holding what looked like a javelin. As my father gazed, the figure poised and threw the javelin. It passed through the wall above my father's head. Then the glow faded, and he fell at once into a deep sleep until his valet arrived to draw his blind and bring his hot water. He noticed at once that the man was looking very perturbed, and asked him what was the matter. "Something very sad, my Lord," was the reply. "The landlady's daughter, a young girl who sleeps in the room next to this, died suddenly in the night." To me the special interest of this strange story, which I had from my father's lips, lies in his eminently practical nature and mind. He had no fancies, he would not have permitted himself to indulge in any; sane, sober and serious, the supernatural had no hold on him, and yet, while the haunted Castle could tell him nothing, he had this strange and inexplicable experience in rooms at the seaside. I have learned to believe that if you are susceptible to influences and manifestations Warwick Castle can supply all you need, while if you are not responsive, you can pass the quietest of days and nights even in the oak bedroom that spirits are said to favour. My own inability to see things has occasioned me no regret.

I was reading the other morning a plea for the development of coarse fishing in this country in

order that the fish may be used for food, and it set me thinking how fortunate are the countrymen in some parts of Northern Europe, where the quality of the inland water fish rivals that of fish that never leave the sea. I remember how my brother Alwyne and I visited the River Laggan in Sweden and found that the fishing rights belonged to the tenant farmers all the way along. Some of them very kindly allowed us to have a few hours' sport. While we were enjoying it, a farmer fishing on his own water a little below us got into a very large salmon, between thirty and forty pounds' weight, I should say. My brother and I watched his increasing difficulties; the fish was pulling him all over the stream. So at last Alwyne picked up the gaff and went to his assistance, only to find that the farmer did not want any of it because he feared the gaff would spoil the appearance of the salmon which he intended to sell as soon as caught. He did not mind being pulled about in every direction, and stuck to his fish until he had worn it out. Then he walked after it, lifted it out of the water, and carried it to the bank. I have never seen such a thing done anywhere else.

The arrangements for fishing parties vary considerably. I think the best I have ever known prevailed at Gordon Castle on the Spey, in the days of the late Duke of Richmond, a fine old Scottish gentleman, *grand seigneur* to the finger tips and a perfect host. I used to go there frequently because I was the friend and brother-in-law of one of his sons, Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox. I was a keen fisherman too, and the fishing parties were famous. When the Castle was full of guests it would be found

that they all preferred the salmon fishing to any other of the varied sports and pastimes the estate provided. The Duke owned the net fishing on the Spey, and it was when the nets were taken off, towards the close of the summer, and the great fish had an unimpeded run, that the sport was so remarkably good. The netting men were attached to the guests as gaffers, and I have known as many as a dozen rods out on the same day, each with one or more pools allotted to him, for the private waters of the Castle run ten miles up from the sea. The organisation was masterly. A well-known fisherman and tackle maker, Geordie Shanks, if I remember rightly, was in charge of the arrangements under the Duke's supervision, and every morning while the house-parties were on, Shanks would arrange the beats for each guest. Before leaving the breakfast-room each fisher provided himself with the lunch of his own choice, and if he lacked the food and drink he cared for best the fault was his own. Then we all went down to the stable-yard and the room where the rods were kept, and saw to it that the keeper or gaffer attached to us had everything needful. In those days I used to tie my own flies, and so I had an additional interest in the sport.

When we had prepared our tackle and were enjoying a smoke, the Duke's order of the day would arrive by the hands of the head fisherman and be read out to us by one of the sons of the house. The gaffer then took the rod of the man to whom he was detailed, and a couple of brakes were driven up. In the first of them the fishermen were carried to the upper pools, in the second to the lower ones. Those of us to whom the middle pools had been allotted walked from the house. When, towards

evening, the fishermen came back and the catch was displayed on the flagged floor of the stable-yard the sight was sometimes a very striking one. I have known the catch to be heavy enough to demand a general inspection, and have seen as many as seventy fish laid out, all, be it remembered, caught on the fly. None went to market, all were sent to friends, tenants, or hospitals.

There was an old man in the Duke's employ whom we called the "Spey Courier." His job was to watch the river, make the range of the beats, and tell the fishermen how sport was progressing with their neighbours. I remember his arrival one afternoon, about tea-time, on the bank by which I was fishing. He leaned heavily against a boat, and beamed at me quite affectionately. "You've always been a kind friend to me, m'Lord," he began rather huskily, "an' now I'm goin' to be a kind friend to you." So saying, he dived in the long tail pocket of his coat and fetched out a large bottle of whisky wrapped in pink tissue paper. All my diplomacy was needed to assure him, without giving any offence, that I didn't want any, and that he would do better to carry the bottle home intact. He did so at last, to my relief, but I am afraid that he was not in a fit state to carry home more than himself and the whisky from some other bottle with which he was very well primed before he came to me. It is only fair to remember that in the Highland air, and with the stimulus of constant exercise, spirits do not affect men as they do in towns. A man I know was shooting in Scotland a few years ago, and the gillie who was with him emptied a bottle of whisky between 10 A.M. and 2.30 P.M., on a blazing day in September, remaining so surefooted that while

descending a steep hillside during the afternoon with a well-loaded game bag on his shoulders, he killed several rabbits that were crouching in the heather by putting the point of his toe on their necks and severing the cervical vertebræ. Had he been a townsman, or had the whisky been raw and fiery, he would, of course, have gone to sleep on the heather as soon as he sat down.

At Gordon Castle the Duke's piper used to march round the dinner table towards the close of dinner and before the ladies had risen, and I think we all enjoyed the music he made. He also played in the early morning on the terrace. At another famous Scottish house, Blair Atholl, the Duke of Atholl would have as many as six pipers in attendance during the annual gathering. That was too much for the mere Sassenach.

A few miles beyond Gordon Castle is Delfur, the delightful place of Colonel Vivian, best of hosts and one of the kindest friends I have ever had. I sometimes went on to Delfur from Gordon Castle to enjoy the fine autumn fishing. I remember a few years after our marriage I was unable to accept an invitation to Gordon Castle, but my wife went up alone, being particularly anxious to spend a few days with her sister, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, who was staying there. Now my wife, outside the hunting-field, is not a sportswoman; she objects to the killing of fur and feather, and I don't think she had ever fished until one morning when the Duke remarked at breakfast, "If any of the ladies would care to fish, the Ladies' Pool is at their disposal." Nobody responded, perhaps because the fishing-party consisted of some of the

most expert men in the country, so my wife who, like Siegfried, has never known fear, broke the silence and said she would like to go. Colonel Vivian accompanied her. She says that her first attempts at casting brought tears to the eyes of the attendant gillie, but she persisted, and suddenly, miracle of miracles, a great salmon took the fly! There were exciting moments, the reel came away from the rod, but my wife held on tightly. The gillie gave hurried instructions, to which she was sufficiently controlled to pay heed, and finally he managed to get in with the gaff, and a fish weighing over thirty pounds was on the bank.

Greatly encouraged, my wife proceeded and caught another fish, a much smaller one, and returned to the Castle, expecting the congratulations of the company. Alas! they were not forthcoming. The unexpected and the unusual had happened—not one of the party had caught a fish, and were annoyed to think that in all probability every salmon in the Spey had gone to the Ladies' Pool. At dinner, my wife declares, nobody spoke to her, and she was sent to Coventry for beating the great experts at their own game!

CHAPTER XIV

RANDOM MEMORIES OF PEOPLE AND PLACES (*continued*)

SOMETIMES I find myself looking at the life that used to be lived in my young days and comparing it with what life threatens to be in the near future, when all Europe works in sackcloth and ashes to pay the War bill, and pleasant times will all belong to the past. In my day it sufficed to be an agreeable young man, well-mannered, equipped with a modest independence and real skill at some sport, to have the very best of times. If you were a good shot or an expert with the fly, or the cricket bat, or the tennis racquet, there was a constant call upon your time, spare or otherwise. The good sportsman carried an open sesame, admitting him to the company of all lovers of his special recreation. Quite apart from the sports I have mentioned, there was cricket, and there were cricket weeks at some of the most agreeable places in the country. For many years I have been a member of the I Zingari, and not as a player, but as an entertainer, I have been fairly active. We have held parties at Warwick and Easton. I remember that at the last-named place, where we have one of the best cricket grounds in the county, the I Zingari once played Essex.

Even before the War the cost of county cricket was high, and I fear that in the future it will be prohibitive. In Essex, Mr. C. E. Green, most popular and generous of cricketers, has passed away, and the county will miss his ready help and good counsel.

As for cricket weeks at private places, I suppose that only Government contractors will be rich enough to provide them. We landowners will be fortunate if we have enough left to us when the tax collector has called to pay our way and live the simple life. Entertainment will languish everywhere; I see a great fall in the rent of salmon rivers, grouse moors, deer forests, and sporting estates. I don't grumble, it may be the very best change that has happened to the country, but I am quite content to remember that my day is round about sun-setting. The England to be may be everything the social reformer can imagine, but I have an open and unabashed preference for the England of my earlier time. It is the feeling that it was such a pleasant place that has helped to turn my pen to these records. When every man, be he peer or ploughman, belongs to a trade union and works eight hours a day at some job that he may like or may dislike, there will be some who will look a little enviously into the records of a pleasant past and hope for the long period of peace and prosperity that alone can bring leisure.

When I recall the number of old friends who have gone before, I think of them with very little regret. *Moriendum est omnibus*—and they did have a splendid time. One of the best and dearest I ever had was Willie Low, who lived and died at Wellsbourne, near Warwick. He inherited a lot of money, and was very generous. He was fond of pigeon shoots, and used to hold them in a meadow behind the house, a marquee, with a big brazier of coal, being erected on the ground and well stocked with all manner of good things. As many as a dozen neighbours would come along to take their part in the rather dubious

sport. It is only because one was young, and on a windy day shots were difficult, that we were able to shoot trapped pigeons. I should not care to do so nowadays, and though I was often at Monte Carlo I never went to the "*tir aux pigeons*."

Far better was the sport that Willie Low used to give us at Mealmore, near Inverness, where the bag of grouse would run into several hundred brace in a day. It was wonderful sporting country, very rough and rugged. Some of the lines of butts went two miles up the hills, and for those of us who had drawn an end butt the tramp was very trying. We used to share the weight of guns and cartridges with the loaders. In theory when once the top was reached all should have been well, in practice our troubles began, for there were midges by the million, all vigorous, all hungry, and all waiting to welcome well-fed strangers. I have been bitten in many parts of the world, and there are few insects with a penchant for human flesh that have not sent representatives to fall, I mean call, upon me, but by the side of the achievements of the Mealmore variety all others must hide diminished heads. The only thing to be said for them is that their worst efforts failed to spoil our sport. Persecuted we might be, until we regarded the hill-tops with something like positive aversion, but as soon as the grouse began to glide up to the butts we could forget the midges until the last covey had passed over.

In the days when I was a member for East Somerset I stayed frequently with the late Marquis of Bath, for political meetings at Frome and elsewhere, and while at Longleat, his beautiful home, enjoyed excellent shooting. It was there that I achieved that

dear wish of every sportsman's heart, a successful right and left at woodcock. It was at Longleat, too, on a wet morning, when we were down for pheasant shooting, that I met with an odd example of the conflict between the sporting instinct and common sense.

We could not discover our host's real wishes from the conversation round the breakfast table, nor could he be satisfied about ours. Everybody agreed that it would be a pity to go out in the wet, but there was something half-hearted about the division, and at last Lord Bath suggested that we should each write "yes" or "no" on a slip of paper in answer to his question as to whether we should or should not shoot. When the papers were opened the word "yes" was written on every one without exception, and we shot in the rain.

I think men object very strongly to anything that interrupts their sport, and the unexpected will happen now and again. The most amusing form in which it ever came in my company was once at Cahir, in Ireland, where I was shooting with Colonel Charteris. We had walked out to the best rise in the park for the first stand of the day, and just as the guns were getting into their places one of them ran up to our host. "I'm so sorry," he said, "but I must go back. I've left my false teeth in the wash-hand basin, and if I don't go back the housemaid will pour them away." Off he ran, and we waited, as gentlemen should, and cursed, as gentlemen should not. He did make haste, and came back, teeth and all, quite blown but triumphant.

At Longleat I often met an old clergyman, an antiquary of repute, who used to spend long hours going through the collection of documents in the

Muniment Room. He showed me one day a paper with a list of bills for dresses for the unfortunate Amy Robsart, wife of Dudley, Earl of Leicester. I was the more interested because not only is Kenilworth quite close to Warwick, but in Amy Robsart's day the Earls of Warwick and Leicester were brothers, Ambrose and Dudley. As far as I can remember Amy Robsart's death took place in Oxfordshire, and I do not think that she lived at Kenilworth at all, but if those bills were correct she did not lack the most costly of setting to her rare beauty.

The most brilliant function ever held at Warwick Castle within my recollection was, I think, the great *bal poudré* a few years after I succeeded to the inheritance. My wife selected the Louis XVth and XVIth periods in order that all might wear powder; about four hundred invitations were given, and the country places in the vicinity had house-parties for it. The weather was terrible, and big snow-drifts lay everywhere. The State Rooms were thrown open for the dancing, and supper was served at round tables in the Great Hall, the call for supper being sounded by three little trumpeters, who used silver trumpets and wore three-cornered caps and blue cloaks. I gave up my own sitting-room for a photographic studio equipped with a flash-light cable from the river level, and there Mr. Walery and his assistants prepared to photograph the guests. There was a fairly general feeling that he would have a very thin time, and that dancing would keep his " side show " well in the background, but the experts were wrong. The studio was crowded all through the night.

My brother Alwyne was staying at Wellsbourne with Willie Low's party, and after the latter had

tried in vain to get a skilled hair-dresser from London, and had been told that every available one had already been retained for that day, he sent to Paris for a French expert. The poor man was a bad sailor, the weather was awful. He travelled overnight, and caught the first morning train into Warwickshire. He had tried to conquer the *mal de mer* on board the boat and the cold in the train by a prolonged course of spirits, and he arrived at Wellsbourne totally unfit to undertake any work at all. A council of war was held, and it was decided that the only possible expedient was a drastic cure. So the unfortunate Frenchman was picked up by some of the men of the party and rolled in the snow until the strange exercise and a certain natural nervousness acting in concert restored him to sobriety. He then assumed his professional attire, and started work so skilfully and quickly that when the Wellsbourne party arrived at the Castle there was not one head awry. *Vive l'Entente!*

The Yorkshire border country holds many pleasant memories for me, chiefly in connection with grouse-shooting, and the hospitality associated with it. Wemmergill and Holwick moors belonging to Lord Strathmore; Highforce, once the Duke of Cleveland's and now Lord Barnard's, a moor that takes its name from a picturesque waterfall there—I know all that country well, and it yielded me splendid sport through many years. I went there when I was quite young, in the middle 'seventies, when a syndicate ran Highforce. The members were the Duke of Beaufort, and my uncle, Mr. William Wells, the well-known agriculturist, sometime President of the Royal Agricultural Society, and member for Peterborough.

They rented the Holwick side of the moors, and we used to shoot from Highforce inn through one week, and the Duke of Cleveland's party would come in the following week and shoot it from the same headquarters. It was too far in those pre-motor days to drive out from Raby Castle.

I think I must have shot on both places for six or seven years in succession, for the arrangement of the sport was always left on the Duke of Cleveland's side to his friend, my uncle, the late Lord Wemyss. He, too, was an elderly man, but he was a rare shot and an all-round sportsman, and I was his aide-de-camp. Gradually the practical side of the arrangements came to me, with the gift of useful experience. We never made bags that ran into the region of records, but I can recall one day when nine hundred brace were picked up, and I am pleased to remember that out of these one hundred and thirty brace fell to my gun. We used to have very good shots there, notably Lord de Grey (Marquis of Ripon), Lord Newport, Lord Carnegie, and others, and I remember one exciting incident arising out of the keen rivalry between Lord de Grey and my Uncle Wemyss. At one beat we were driving backwards and forwards over the same line of butts, and there was one butt in the line over which the birds always came in large numbers, so that the possession of it was regarded as a great advantage. When the return drive was to take place and positions were changed, Lord de Grey and my uncle had killed about the same number of birds, and my uncle had the favoured butt, to his great delight. The birds began to come over, and suddenly the butt round which my uncle was scattering dead grouse caught fire. I should say that the weather was intensely hot, and that in those days

we shot with black powder, the modern smokeless powders being unknown. The flame from the barrels must have sufficed to do the mischief. Unfortunately my uncle was far too excited to notice a trifle like that; flaming butts did not matter, but to beat the man who was then, perhaps, the finest game shot in England, mattered a great deal. So he made no attempt to stamp out the fire which smouldered in the dry turf, until a breeze fanned it into a flame that fairly drove him from his place. For the rest of that day the lower butts on that drive were wreathed in smoke, and we had to shoot on the higher ground. Nor did the mischief end there, the fire burnt far into the ground, and for several days water had to be carried up to the moor, and many men employed to save the destruction from spreading dangerously. It was undoubtedly the fault of Lord Wemyss, who should have stamped on the turf that caught alight, but he bothered about nothing but the grouse, and was perfectly satisfied at the end of the day that his record topped his rival's.

At the week-ends we used to leave the inn and go to Raby Castle, where there was always a large party. In spite of his great age the Duke of Cleveland was the best of company, and his wife—mother, by the way, of Lord Rosebery—was a superb hostess. I was always interested in their magnificent castle, partly because, if I am not mistaken, it belonged to my family in the time of the King-Maker. There were one or two very strict rules. We were only allowed to smoke after dinner, and in one room. I remember it was large enough for the purpose, and held a large collection of stuffed birds. In a room adjoining there was a great store of cheeses, and the smell of ripe cheese and stale tobacco made

smoking seem a vain and unprofitable pursuit if one was not in the best of condition. The visitors' book at Raby Castle was the dread of all save the quick-witted. The rule was that each visitor had to express some sentiment in writing, and to state the object of the visit. My friend and kinswoman, Miss Vernon, wrote in desperation :—

> Who'll burn this book ?
> I, said Di Vernon,
> If the Duchess won't look ;
> I'll burn the book.

Lord Rosebery wrote under the heading, "Object of the Visit," the following brief explanation :—

> To see their Graces
> And shoot their grouses.

Long years passed, the Clevelands had gone from Raby, and I found myself again at Wemmergill, this time with my dear friend Charlie Hunter, who passed away, greatly regretted, only a few months ago. I had shot over Wemmergill in the old days from Highforce, and it was there that Sir Frederick Milbanke had made record bags. On Wemmergill there was a place called Shipka Pass, a deep cutting in a hill by the side of a stream. The birds came over very high, and would frequently fall against the cliff behind the guns, and then drop into the stream which carried them down. It became necessary to keep men at work with landing nets to retrieve these birds.

I have often been asked how I used to stand and take these high-flying birds, and a friend of mine, who has often shot with me and knows that I am jotting my memories down, has suggested that my views as to position may have some interest for a

rising generation. It is, of course, a little difficult, for after a time a man adopts almost unconsciously the position that helps to increase the range of his effectiveness. With grouse I have always found it best to stand well on the right foot, with the left foot in front. In this attitude it is not difficult to swing round on either side, while your limbs remain supple and responsive to the swift instruction of the brain. As a young man, when shooting high pheasants I never moved my feet, but got all the necessary swing from the hips. To-day, alas! this is no longer possible. I may say that I still prefer grouse and partridge driving to pheasant shooting.

The largest bag I have helped to gather was made only a couple of years ago at Drynacher, near Nairn, one of the best moors I ever shot on. Between August 17th and 27th we had eight days' shooting. On three days there were nine guns out, on five days there were eight. I had been ill, and was not allowed to go out till after lunch, so that I could not take part in more than two or three drives in the day. The bag for the eight days was 8,527 head of grouse. The guns were Messrs. Percy Chubb, Willie Jameson, C. Leslie, H. Callender, Heatley Noble, Vivian Smith, F. Stobart, Lord Knutsford, and myself. Many of the days have been beaten, our highest was 1,270 birds, but it would be hard to find a more productive moor. Each of the eight days was on a fresh beat, and the next party that shot over them killed 8,000, so that in sixteen days' shooting the average was over 1,000 birds a day, and the moor was by no means exhausted then.

It is, of course, the driving that has increased the numbers, by thinning out the old, infertile

and quarrelsome birds. Driving was little known and less practised when I was young. I can remember when my brother Alwyne and I were in our early twenties we broke the Warwickshire record with a bag of 140 brace of partridges. The birds were driven to six guns, Barclay and Spenser Lucy, Colonel Charles Paulet, Captain Blois, Alwyne and myself. We shot over our own property, towards Leamington, and came home in great triumph. But my father was vexed. He said he feared we had killed every bird in the place. I am glad to say he lived long enough to discover that the more we drove the better the sport became. It was no more than a theory then that driving improves the stock; to-day it is a commonplace.

I remember how, at a shoot on the Cawdor moors with Mr. Percy Chubb, I nearly became part of the bag. It was almost a record day, and as far as I am concerned might easily have been quite so. We were grouse driving, and I was joining the party after the third drive. I came up behind the guns, the man on the extreme left being my old friend Lord Knutsford, best known to tens of thousands as Sydney Holland, the indefatigable, devoted chairman of the London Hospital. I sent my servant on to warn Knutsford that I was behind him. But not only do the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley but their messages are misquoted. All the honest blockhead said was, "Lord Warwick intends to join the shoot after this drive." Doubtless Lord Knutsford was immensely cheered, even exhilarated by the message, but, as he told me afterwards, he could not quite understand why I should have taken the trouble to send it, seeing that

he had full use of his sight, and would have discovered my presence unaided. A covey came over the left of his butt, and as I crouched in a burn he fired two barrels at them, most of the pellets going well over my head, but not all ranging so high, as my dog discovered to his slight but unpleasant cost. I should not recall this little incident if my old friend had been in any way to blame. In fact, Lord Knutsford can claim that after nearly half a century's shooting he has only had two mishaps, once when he hit Lady Knutsford and the time when he hit my dog.

I think the *beau ideal* of my boyhood days was my mother's uncle, Lord Lucan, grandfather of the present peer. He was a handsome man of very military appearance, and he captured my young imagination with his stirring stories of the Crimean War. My grandmother, who was devoted to her brother, used to tell me the things he forgot to mention, those, namely, which related to his own achievements.

He was blamed for the misadventure of the famous Balaclava Charge. The story, as my grandmother used to tell it (and it seems worth placing on record even now), was that Lord Raglan saw the Russians attacking certain Turkish redoubts from which the Turks retired, and at once sent an aide-de-camp, Captain Nolan, to Lord Lucan with a message to say that the cavalry were to save the guns. My great-uncle sent Captain Nolan to the gallant Lord Cardigan with an order to charge on the guns. Lord Cardigan, who was commanding the Light Cavalry, asked what guns were meant, and understood him to say " those down in the valley,"

instead of on the heights, which the Turks were evacuating.

As soon as the charge began, according to general belief, Captain Nolan realised that a mistake had been made, and galloped towards Lord Cardigan to explain, but as he moved over the shell-stricken ground he was struck and killed. I believe Lord Lucan was court-martialled, but was easily able to clear himself. Anyway my dear grandmother would never admit that he could in any circumstances have done any wrong.

I am reminded of her devotion to him, and his to her, by a very similar affection between Sir Douglas Haig and his sister, Mrs. Willie Jameson. As an instance of it I might quote what occurred once at Stowlangtoft, in the Eastern Counties, where the Jamesons were giving a shooting-party at which I was one of the guests. Sir Douglas, who is a very ardent sportsman, had secured a brief leave of two days in order to join us, but on his arrival found that Mrs. Jameson had engaged an artist to paint his portrait for her. Without a murmur he gave up the shooting and spent the two days sitting to the artist, who, I regret to say, did not do full justice to the sitter. The shooting was first-rate and leave had been hard to obtain, so the measure of brotherly devotion will certainly appeal to sportsmen.

I can recall Lord Lucan when he was a very old man and I was a very young one. I used to see him from time to time in the country, but more often at the Carlton Club. When he saw me enter the dining-room he would call me to his table, and in stentorian tones ask after the health of all my family in turn, much to my confusion and to the

visible entertainment both of members and waiters. I always remember him with affection, and am pleased to think that he transmitted to his descendants his good looks and military bearing.

My sporting recollections do not stray far into Warwickshire, for it is not to be compared as a shooting or a fishing county with the real homes of such sports, but there is excellent hunting, and though I never regarded myself as a good horseman, I have a fair seat in the saddle, and my enthusiasm for the sport was stimulated by my wife, who was always very much at home on horseback. For many years we were constant in our attendance upon the Warwickshire Hounds, and had many a pleasant time with my good old friend the late Lord Willoughby de Broke, whose home, Compton Verney, was not far from ours. He was Master of Hounds, an absolutely fearless rider, as good a judge of hounds and country as any man, and at the same time of a most engaging character. Warm-hearted, impulsive, quick-tempered and free-tongued, he made such an impression upon his generation that stories of what he did and said in the hunting-field are told to this day in Warwickshire. We had long been friends, and I enjoyed the smooth side of his tongue, but I can remember one occasion when he fell foul of me. He was my Colonel in the Yeomanry, and one day during morning drill there was a sort of interval in the proceedings for the purpose of calling over the horses down for competition for the regimental prizes at the end of training. It was one of the occasions when a cigarette may be smoked and a little light refreshment taken. It was Lord Willoughby's first year of command, and I was one

of the senior captains. I had received that morning a command to a ball at Buckingham Palace, and while horses were being called over I rode up to him to ask, as etiquette required, that I might be granted leave to obey Her Majesty's command. It is not always easy for a young man to remember that his commanding officer, though one of his oldest personal friends, is in a different position during Yeomanry training from that which he occupies at other times, and I made the bad slip of calling him "Willoughby," instead of addressing him formally. He looked me up and down with the utmost severity. "Lord Brooke," he said, "I'll trouble you when you address me to call me Colonel, or Sir," and then, without replying to my request, turned his back and walked the other way. But it was characteristic of the man that his sense of annoyance should subside almost as quickly as it had arisen. In a very little while he realised that the lapse had been unintentional, the permission was given, and for some time after that he was more charming than ever. The sporting world understood him perfectly, and never failed to admire his magnificent horsemanship and chuckle over his sudden outbursts.

We were out once with the hounds and he was left behind—I don't know what had happened. Before long the hounds checked, and the field waited in front of a very stiff fence to allow the hounds to pick up scent on the other side. Up rode Lord Willoughby very angry at being left behind, and quite convinced that the field was hesitating at the fence. So, without seeking any further explanation than occurred to him on the spur of the moment, he took the fence in first-class style, and then turning round to his highly amused friends and followers

shouted, "Now come along, you dastardly cowards!" Of course he soon found out his mistake, but apologising was not one of his hobbies.

Sometimes he failed to recognise his friends. "Who's that moon-faced fellow on the bald-faced horse?" he inquired audibly to a friend at the meet one morning. The "moon-faced fellow," "Timmy" Paulet (Lord Winchester), was a man he knew and liked.

On another occasion I remember the late Mrs. Mackay, an American lady, a well-known follower of the hunt and a keen rider, galloping rather too close to hounds. Nearly crying in his anger and disgust, Lord Willoughby shouted out: "Where are you going, ma'am, where are you going to? I don't blame you, ma'am, but I blame the infernal fool who sent you out." From anybody else such comment would have been disconcerting, even intolerable, but Lord Willoughby was really loved and enjoyed a very large measure of licence.

I recall another occasion when our Yeomanry were being inspected on the common at Warwick. The Inspecting Officer was riding a rather unsteady cob, and when the regiment marched past the saluting point the cob reared and fell with him. He was picked up and scraped down, and as the regiment returned to Warwick after the inspection, he rode by Lord Willoughby's side. "I'm afraid I'm very dirty," he said, as one who is looking for a little sympathy. "Dirty! I should think you are," came the unlooked-for reply. "I'd grow a crop of mustard and cress on your back."

He did not like innovations and, a real lover of horses, took a great dislike to the motor-car when it first came in. I remember once when King

Edward VII. (then Prince of Wales) was visiting us at Warwick Castle, we made an excursion to Compton Verney in a motor-car. The visit was a complete success, but my friend's view of the motor-car was expressed in his looks. Imagine his delight when, as we left and the motor was being driven up the hill from his place, it came to a sudden, obstinate, and undignified standstill, and all of us, ladies as well, got down and put our shoulders to the wheel to push it to the summit. In those days of the infancy of the motor-car such things would happen. It is well for the motor industry that in its young career King Edward realised its possibilities, discussed them freely, and helped to give the machines their vogue. A Warwickshire town, Coventry, was the cradle of the industry. For a long time it had led the cycle industry, and I remember, as chairman of a company there, riding the first "free wheel" and one of the first motor-bicycles in front of the factory. Whether with ribbons or watches, bicycles or motor-cars, Coventry has always led the way. To-day I suppose it is doing a full share in the output of munitions.

In those early times I used to think of Warwickshire as a county full of bustle and industry, and wonder how soon commerce would infringe upon the hunts' domains, while I thought of Essex as a sort of delightful Sleepy Hollow over which all the great events of the world beyond would pass unheeded, while men raised corn, pursued sport, and lived the pastoral life. Now, as I write, I can hear the guns thundering on the Belgian coast, Zeppelins were our frequent visitors until last year, and raiding aeroplanes pass within sight of us on their way to London. Warwickshire, on the other hand, has seen none of

the sights and heard none of the sounds of war. How Lord Willoughby would have chuckled—he was a real Warwickshire man at heart.

Unhappily his closing years were full of pain. He sought relief from illness in a long journey to foreign parts, and died as his ship was homeward bound. His son, the present Lord Willoughby de Broke, carries on both the Hunt and the best traditions of his house. My friend and brother officer, I like to think of the pluck and spirit with which he stood up for the rights of our order in the years when they were first threatened.

I referred in an earlier chapter to one of my brief racing experiences, when I gathered up several thousands of pounds while better judges of horse-flesh were left lamenting, but I forgot to say that apart from steeplechasers my wife and I have only owned one race-horse. This was Lucknow, by St. Angelo out of a thoroughbred mare named Luck, belonging to King Edward VII. Its career began by chance. Sir Arthur Paget and Lord Willoughby de Broke were staying at Easton, saw the foal, and made a match for two-year-olds. Each was to provide a competitor, and the race was to be run at Warwick. We were each to put up £50 for a stake. We sent Lucknow to Newmarket to be trained by Richard Marsh, and when the time for the race came round Sir Arthur and Lord Willoughby paid forfeit, but as Marsh had told us that our horse was uncommonly speedy it was entered for a good race at Warwick while I was in Ireland. I telegraphed to Willie Low, asking him to back it for me, but he was sometimes a little careless and entirely forgot the commission. Lucknow won easily, and I alone

of my household derived no benefit from the victory. Everybody else "had a bit on," my groom netted £200, and many others did well, for the starting price was 7 to 1. The horse then ran elsewhere and scored several times, taking among other events the Plantation Stakes at Newmarket, where it beat Wildfowler, a horse that, if my memory serves me, won the St. Leger later. Lucknow was then bought by King Edward VII., who hoped to win the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood with it. Unfortunately on the morning of the race it ran away with its rider at exercise and, though first favourite, just failed to catch the judge's eye. After that it won several races for the King. We never had similar fortune with another horse, though my wife had several steeplechasers that did fairly well, including Deltric, which won seven or eight times.

When my father-in-law, the late Lord Rosslyn, was alive, I often met Lord Beaconsfield at his table, and well remember how nervous I felt when Montagu Corry (Lord Rowton) first presented me to England's grim Premier. He had a kind heart, but his tongue had a terribly sharp cutting edge. It is a matter for great regret that Montagu Corry never wrote his recollections of him; they would have been grand reading. He alone could have done the full justice to the task that comes of intimate personal knowledge. One night we were all dining at Lord Rosslyn's table, and the ladies had gone to the drawing-room; conversation turned to Mr. Gladstone, who, at that moment, was conducting a whirlwind campaign in Midlothian. Lord Rosslyn's description of the G.O.M. was terse, vigorous, and a trifle coarse, but "Dizzy" capped it with an agri-

cultural simile that set the table in a roar. Unfortunately, though it was perhaps very graphic, even apt from my Conservative point of view, it is quite unprintable. But if all stories were printable, I could tell some that would create immense amusement, perhaps sensation.

Lord Beaconsfield and my father-in-law were firm friends; I think each admired the other's gifts and enjoyed the exchange of witty sallies. At a time when the office of Master of the Buck Hounds (a sinecure, now abolished) was vacant, Lord Rosslyn went up to town and called upon his friend in Downing Street to ask for the comfortable job which, while adding nothing to a man's labours, increased his income appreciably. The old Premier looked him up and down for a full minute, and at last broke out: "It can't be done, my dear Rosslyn; it can't be done. I could not be responsible to the Crown for the effect of your language upon the pack. But don't be disappointed. You shall be Commissioner to the Church of Scotland instead." Not only was this appointment made, but Lord Rosslyn took me with him as his aide-de-camp, and I think the Divines enjoyed the highly-seasoned eloquence against which Her Majesty's Buck Hounds might not have been proof.

Another memory of my political days comes back to me from the realms where so many lie buried. Mr. W. H. Smith, then First Lord of the Admiralty, was entertaining a large party to dinner in Whitehall. It was a time of monstrous décolletage, and one of the waiters behind my chair upset a large dish of hot soufflé down the back of the late Lady Howe, Lord Randolph Churchill's sister, who was sitting on my left. She screamed, and, realising that

her partner was not equal to the emergency, I jumped from the table, secured a large gravy spoon, and scooped from the unfortunate victim as much of the soufflé as was retrievable.

Shortly after I had succeeded in winning the hard-fought Colchester election for my party, Jimmy Lowther asked me to speak at a public dinner in the Isle of Thanet. I don't remember much about it except that "Lord" George Sanger was in the chair. The enterprising menagerie man attracted me; I found him a very amusing fellow, and when, some time afterwards, he came to Warwick and established his circus in a great open space near the town, I went to see him with a friend who happened to be staying with me at the Castle. He made us very welcome, and said, "I've something here, m'Lord, that is bound to interest you." He led the way past several elephants and giraffes, under which I seem to remember we had to crawl, until at length we came to a great bulk covered with a tarpaulin. This last he ordered a man to remove, displaying what seemed to be in point of gilding the most gorgeous coach ever seen. "D'ye recognise it, m'Lord?" he asked, and I confessed that I did not. "It is your old family coach," he told me triumphantly. "When your father died I bought it for a fiver, and had it gilded. I hope you think I've done it well." I admitted it was more gorgeous than when I had known it more intimately. "But what do you do with it?" I asked him. "Do with it?" he repeated. "Why, Lady George an' me rides in it, of course, at the end of the percession."

I can recall, at the back of our stables at Warwick, a long shed with half a dozen old family coaches and travelling carriages, of pre-railway days, all

fallen from grace, to say nothing of varnish, their leather rotting and uncared for, their trappings long strangers to smartness. My memory travels back to the days when I was a little lad, and travelled with my parents in some of them. There is a personality about these old family carriages. Once they were intimate friends, and very costly in construction, a reflection of the slow but easy times for which they were built, but progress waved them aside, and fashion consigned them to oblivion. When I was a boy my parents used to take their own travelling carriage to the Continent, with a courier, who rode on a horse and wore on one sleeve a large silver crest with our arms, the Bear and Ragged Staff, embossed upon it. He would ride ahead to order relays of horses, choose rooms, and see to our comfort. A fierce little man named Neighbour, who spoke many languages, cultivated a big moustache and whiskers to match; I think he must have helped to create the caricatures of the typical Englishman in which the Continent used to take delight. I am sure he had a secret contempt for all foreigners. In those days, before the mountains leading into Italy knew a tunnel, Alwyne and I, travelling home from Italy with our nurses in that courier's charge, were upset in the deep snow, and he dug us out, so we owe him our thanks and our memory.

Before the P.L.M. railway was built I remember travelling from Marseilles to Nice with my parents in a *vetturino* drawn by four horses. My father and mother were inside, and servants were on the box with the coachman, while Alwyne and I sat at our parents' feet on little stools, and were very hot and uncomfortable. The journey was long—several days—and we were both glad to reach the end. After the

railway had been completed I went to Cannes with my parents, travelling in the same train with the great Lord Brougham, then a very old man. There was one of his family, a boy about my own age, who travelled with him; I forget his real name, I knew him only as "Plum Pudding." He spent his time fluttering things, mostly eatable, on a long string outside the window. I remember being taken to see Lord Brougham and having tea with him in the beautiful villa that still belongs to his descendants. He may claim to have given Cannes its earliest popularity among English people.

I think that the last time one of our family coaches was used was at the Coronation of King Edward VII., when my wife and elder daughter rode in it. I applied to the police to know whether it would be *de rigueur* if I went in a motor-brougham, and was agreeably surprised to learn that they would welcome it, as old coaches were so difficult to move out of the way. *Sic transit gloria.*

I was reminded of the changes I have lived through when a few years ago my brother Alwyne and I went from Paris to Rome. Our earliest journey to Italy together had been one of those I have described; now we travelled in a luxurious car, visiting some of the most famous of the châteaux of the Loire, and travelling by Lyons and Tours. One would not see coaches in use anywhere to-day, I suppose, except in Spain, a country I do not know well. I once had a chance of making its acquaintance under specially favourable auspices, for my father-in-law, Lord Rosslyn, was commissioned to take the Order of the Garter to the late King Alfonso XII. of Spain. He asked me to go as his aide-de-camp, and as several of my friends, including Colonel

Seymour Wynne Finch and Colonel Bridgeman, were of the party, I should have enjoyed myself, so I accepted the invitation with enthusiasm. Unfortunately influenza decided to call upon me for a rather prolonged visit at the critical moment, and I had to be left behind. Lord Rosslyn had the keenest eye for effect, and on his way through Paris bought from the French Government some of the late Emperor's State coaches. With these he made an immense impression on the Madrileños, and several of the Ambassadors made a point of riding with him.

I visited Madrid in later years, almost by chance, from Biarritz, where I was staying with my elder son in years before it had become the fashionable resort it is to-day. The city was ablaze with flamboyant posters announcing a great fight in the Plaza de Toros between a bull and a couple of lions. Nothing would satisfy my son but that we should go, so I took him. The fight was fixed for the Sunday, but on that day the rain fell with tropical violence, and the event was postponed till the Monday, when we found the lions caged in a considerable enclosure, to the entrance of which a bull was conveyed in a covered cart. The spectacle, a debasing one at best, was a complete failure. The bull tossed both lions without doing more than frighten them; they crouched in their corners, refusing to move, and that part of the performance was at an end. I had previously seen bull-fights in Mexico, and hated them on account of the revolting treatment of the horses. The one thing that appealed to me in the Madrid ring was the extraordinary skill of a man who walked in the arena between the courses selling lovely oranges. His clients called from all

parts and he threw the oranges with great skill and amazing accuracy to each and all. I believe the bulls of the Dukes of Veragua and other famous breeders are wonderful animals to-day, but years ago they were poor things. My wife's father, Colonel Maynard of the Blues, one of the strongest and most athletic men in the Army, and one of the best fencers at Angelo's famous establishment, was at a bull-fight in Spain when one of the bulls proved master of the situation. Colonel Maynard leaped into the arena, avoided the bull's rush, jumped on his back, and rode round the arena with him amid the howls and curses of the crowd, who felt that the Englishman was belittling their bloody pastime. Not unnaturally when we wax critical about bull-fighting, Spaniards talk of our pigeon-shooting and the pursuit of the fox. You can't eliminate cruelty from sport.

When I was in Madrid with my son we were much indebted to the Ambassador, Sir Drummond Wolff, who entertained us most kindly and took us to see a game well worth playing—pelota. It is a splendid pastime for very young men; none who have left their first youth behind them may venture to take a hand.

The Ambassador prided himself on his champagne, and I think in this his judgment stood alone. One day he demanded our candid opinion of it. We became politely evasive, our conscience and our manners having fought a drawn battle, but one of his secretaries suggested that it was a splendid champagne for a ladies' croquet party, and the chief was not a bit pleased.

Nothing in Madrid impressed me so greatly as the magnificent Royal Armoury, round which I was taken by its enthusiastic and learned custodian,

the Count of Casa Valencia. There is in the Armería a marvellous hand-painted catalogue of the pieces, many of which were taken from Madrid in the time of Napoleon I. Only the catalogue availed to trace them at sales in London and Paris, and I was told that the Queen Mother, Maria Christina, widow of Alfonso XII., had been enabled to collect and return to the Armería several beautiful pieces. The armour in Madrid and the old Royal carriages in Lisbon are the things I remember best and admire most in Europe south of the Pyrenees.

Once when we were entertaining a large house-party at Warwick, that remarkable bandmaster and composer, John Philip Sousa, brought his orchestra to Leamington. We all went there and were so pleased with the performance that when it was over I asked Mr. Sousa if he would come back to the Castle with his company and give us a concert there. It was a cold wintry night, hardly one on which an extra journey could have been a pleasure, but Mr. Sousa and his company were all good sportsmen; they greeted the suggestion with pleasure, and we all set off. We got brakes to bring the players and instruments, but the frost was very keen, and the horses could not convey their load over the rather high-pitched bridge that spans the Avon by the Castle side. So they had to get out and walk—a further trial. However, men and instruments, conductor and audience were gathered together at last in the big hall, and that late concert was as delightful as it was unexpected. Although the band was so powerful, Mr. Sousa at once grasped the acoustic properties of the hall, and controlled his means to the desired end. After the concert came a very

merry supper party. Some time after his return to America the gifted conductor was so good as to send me a box of "Sousa Cigars." In all courtesy and gratitude I am compelled to say he is a better judge of music.

There used to be great fun at Warwick in the old days when it seemed as though there were no changes coming to the world, and that the thing that had been was as the thing that would be. Life may have been careless as well as gay, but it was a very friendly and gracious affair—or so it seemed to me. The Warwickshire Hunt Ball was probably the best in the kingdom, and we all looked forward to it with keenest interest. It was held in the Shire Hall, and there used to be house-parties for it in all the country houses round, and many a pleasant little dance before and after. I always thought that the red coats of the Hunt looked at their best amid the armour and other warlike equipment of the Castle. At one of these preliminary dances I remember Mrs. Menzies, now Lady Holford, was staying with us. An exceedingly pretty woman, she had exquisite golden hair that was said to fall to her knees. A conspiracy was set on foot to find out if this was true. So, as the dances went on, one light-fingered dancer after another abstracted a hair-pin until at last the whole beautiful structure gave way. There was a glorious golden shower sufficient to prove that rumour had spoken the truth, and the poor lady fled to her room pursued as far as the entrance to the hall by a score or more of cheering sportsmen. An artist friend of ours, the late Lord Cairns, drew an excellent sketch of the incident in our Visitors' Book.

CHAPTER XV

MEMORIES—CHIEFLY OF THE REIGNING HOUSE

AT the time of writing there has been some little talk about the advantage of republican institutions; I think it was started by my versatile neighbour, Mr. H. G. Wells, who has lately discovered a new God, and after such an achievement can find little trouble in discovering a new constitution. I have heard republican utterances all my life, never very loud or even very serious, and I am inclined to think that they help to justify the privilege of free speech that we all enjoy in normal times. It only needs republican talk to enforce the truth that our vast conglomerate Empire must have a head, and that a monarch as a focus of loyalty is far more effective than any body of gentlemen, however respectable, elected on the strictest democratic franchise. I do not think our constitutional and limited monarchy needs any defence, nor, if it did, should I presume to offer myself hastily as a defender; but I would like to say something of the fashion in which our Royal family performs its duties, and, perhaps, in this regard I can write with a certain authority, for since I was a boy I have been privileged to see at close range some of the work that Royalty performs.

To be sure, Queen Victoria was seldom seen in public, but, as her Ministers would have testified, she had an intimate knowledge of all the work of the State, and never spared herself. No hours were

too long to give to the papers and problems that came before her, and her judgment was as sound as her will was strong. Her memory was good, she was very thorough, and she expected much from her Ministers. In fact, it may be said that as the years passed, her great age, her vast experience, and the influence she wielded throughout Europe, all tended to make her a little autocratic, the truth being that in very many cases she was better informed than her cleverest advisers, who had not equal access to Continental information. Not only was she very greatly concerned for the Empire's welfare, but she insisted that all her family should take its share of the burdens of public life, and it became the rule for her children to sacrifice their ease and leisure without comment or complaint, even to vie with one another in doing it.

Queen Victoria set a high standard of duty, and if she shrank from the procession and the platform she was never absent from the Council Chamber, whether at Buckingham Palace, Osborne House, or Balmoral. I saw something of her strenuous life for myself, and Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, told me more, for though he could not take a large part in affairs he was always at his mother's call, and the service was exacting to one so delicate. He never complained, and indeed his own regret was that his strength lagged behind his will.

We read much about the fullness of the life enjoyed by King Edward VII. as Prince of Wales, but as soon as he had authority he attended to his manifold duties no less scrupulously than his mother had attended to hers, and his capacity for work was hardly less than his wonderful power of grasping the essential points of a document, a debate, or a

situation, and seeing a solution to problems that had hitherto appeared insoluble.

I think I may say, without fear of contradiction from any qualified to express an opinion, that Queen Victoria and her descendants have been devoted to the public service, and have given themselves in most unstinted fashion to all worthy causes. They have all been worse off in point of leisure and ease than the average country gentleman who lives upon the proceeds of a few thousand acres, and has only to appear now and again at Quarter Sessions or upon the public platform. He can do what he likes and go where he pleases. Royalty is not so well off, and I have often noticed how completely members of our Royal family have regarded themselves as pledged to the public service. After a very little while public functions must lose a great part of their early glamour, one is terribly like another, and the strain upon those who must attend scores in the course of a year, and take an active and intelligent interest in them all, cannot be light. It seems to me that the great majority of the good causes I saw advanced in the Victorian era owed not a little of their success to the Queen and her children. Of King Edward's devotion to public duty it is hard to say too much; it is said that on the day of his death he gave an audience, the faithful servant of the State even unto the end. To all of us who have been privileged to see how the Royal house works to fulfil its mission, and how the knowledge of its fidelity to a great tradition has spread to the ends of the earth, republican talk, even in these excited and uncertain days, seems anything but serious.

It is not for me to anticipate or predict the public verdict, even though in my own mind I am well

assured of its terms, but I take pleasure in pointing out, after nearly half a century's close association with existing conditions, that our monarchy has "played the game." Within the strict limits of the constitution I have seen one queen and two kings labouring steadfastly, unostentatiously and unsparingly for the good of the State, suppressing personal predilections, sacrificing ease, scorning delights, and living laborious days. In no class of life and in no circumstance could anybody do more. It is said that when King Charles II. was told, in a rhymed epitaph put before him for a jest, that he never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one, he replied that he took the criticism for a compliment, for his words were his own, but his actions were his Ministers'.

I think that those who have been honoured with the Royal confidence might be able to indicate many measures, passed since the twentieth century was born, that have done nothing to strengthen the kingdom, and must have been opposed by the whole weight of experience of the constitutional ruler who signed them. Perhaps if it were proper for me to do so I could suggest one or two cases to illustrate my meaning, but I am inclined to think it is better not to do so. My purpose in writing this chapter is not to proclaim my own sincere conviction that we owe much to Royalty, and that it has justified the public confidence and affection, but to record some memories of Queen Victoria, her children and her grandchildren. Only because there has been some republican talk of late have I prefaced these light recollections with a sincere tribute to those who have ruled in my time for the excellence of the service they have rendered.

I first met the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.) when I was quite a young man, and was elected a member of the Marlborough Club wherein most of his friends were to be found. My father was a strict disciplinarian—the modern child does not understand the full meaning of the term—and his control over his children was very real. When he heard I had been elected he sent for me and said that the Marlborough was a card-playing club, that the temptation of cards to a young man was very great, that he did not propose that I should be submitted to it, and consequently I must withdraw my name. It was my father's habit to lay down the law to his children, and it was his children's habit to render unquestioning obedience. No other attitude was possible. When the Prince came to hear what had happened he was most kind and considerate. He told me that I had been proposed as a member with his full approval, and that it was his wish for me to join. Consequently he himself would put my name down again so that I might come up for election when I was a year or two older, and my father felt justified in giving his consent. So it came about. In a little while my father agreed to my becoming a member, and I was elected on the Prince's nomination.

King Edward always attracted me. His personality was not only outstanding, it was arresting, and he had the art of being very friendly without forgetting, or allowing even his intimates to forget, his position and responsibilities. He was never at a loss for the right word or the correct action; those who served him were devoted to him. You always felt that in honouring him you were honouring the position he occupied, and that he received the respect

tendered to him on the State's behalf. He delighted in performing kind actions, they may be said to have been his hobby; and while as a host he could anticipate every possible want of his guests, as a guest he was most affable, courteous and responsive. He appreciated everything that was done for his comfort, and had the gift of setting everybody, whether prince or ploughman, at their ease. We are a democratic people, and ours is a democratic age, but in spite of the times and their tendencies Edward VII. was every inch a king. His word was law in the social world, where he wielded an enormous influence with wisdom and discretion, never so happy as when he could reconcile differences and restore harmony.

I was shooting at Crichel, in Dorsetshire, with the late Lord Alington, and one day I think I took more lunch than was really good for me. Certainly a great many birds that should have been shot were not, and once or twice I found myself merely disturbing their long tail feathers. My valet, a rather pompous chap, was loading for me, and he saw what was happening as well as I did. But I suppose he wished to express himself very politely, for he remarked: "I think the pheasants are swishing their tails in defiance of your Lordship." I was not bent on finding excuses for myself; every shooting man knows that he has his bad days; and I think the long shooting lunch is a mistake, particularly in fine weather. When the days are cold and windy and wet, a good hot meal is necessary for those who are no longer young, but the modern tendency to serve a miniature banquet at one o'clock would have provoked our fathers to laughter.

The Prince of Wales was visiting Crichel on the

occasion of which I am writing, and Lord Alington had interested him in truffle hunting. In Dorsetshire, as in Sussex, truffles can be found under beech and some other trees, and Lord Alington had brought from Salisbury a locally celebrated truffle hunter and his dogs, one of them a very clever Maltese poodle. After breakfast one morning we all went out to see the dogs work in the gardens and park. It was quite interesting. The dogs would scent a truffle and would then scratch at the ground until they had uncovered their quarry; it would only be a few inches below the surface. The truffle would then be bagged and the dog rewarded. We found a large number, and the Prince congratulated Lord Alington very heartily. Nobody seemed to suspect, as I did, that the truffles had been found previously and buried lightly in selected places round the house in order to show good sport to the guests.

Once when shooting at Crichel I remember a pheasant killed by the Prince of Wales falling suddenly on the Dowager Lady Westmorland's forehead; she was the mother-in-law of my wife's sister, and one of the most charming and plucky ladies of our party. John Porter, the trainer, standing by, caught her in his arms. The blow at the time must have been terrible, but she had the courage to appear at dinner in spite of a fearful bruise.

I was one of the house-party at Waddesdon Manor, the late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild's wonderful country seat in Buckinghamshire, when King Edward, then Prince of Wales, met with the unfortunate accident that broke his knee-cap. It was on the Monday morning, the little company had gathered for a week-end, and I was out early and

sitting on a chair in front of the house talking to one of the guests—I can't remember to whom. Suddenly the butler came out and asked anxiously if I knew where the Baron was. I replied that I had not yet seen him, and asked if anything was amiss, as the poor man was greatly agitated. "I fear," he replied, "that the Prince of Wales has met with a bad accident. He slipped heavily on the spiral staircase, and is now sitting down there unable to move." I hurried into the house, and found the Prince where the butler had left him, sitting on a step of the main circular staircase. He smiled reassuringly at me, though I could see at a glance that he must be in great pain, and said: "I fear I've broken something in my leg; my foot slipped, and as I fell I heard a bone crack." Two servants came up at this moment bearing a long invalid chair, and fearing from what the Prince said that he had split or broken his knee-cap, I tied his leg straight out to one of the parallel carrying poles. Then the local doctor arrived, and the Prince was allowed to sit on a sofa with his leg down, to have his breakfast before leaving for town. I have always thought that but for the severe strain involved by the straightened leg the subsequent illness would not have been so long or so difficult, but I will not blame the doctor. The Prince was ever the kindliest of men, and his great anxiety was to reassure Baron Ferdinand, who was so grieved to think that his illustrious visitor should have met with a serious accident under his roof. As long as he could reassure his host and his friends the Prince would not think of himself. Here was one of the causes of the extraordinary ascendency he had over all sorts and conditions of men; it helps to explain

why he was loved for his own sake, and not merely for the power and influence he wielded with such sure vision and wise instinct.

I suppose that it is a comparatively rare occurrence to meet with an accident that results in the breaking of a knee-cap, but, oddly enough, I was to meet with another case only a few months later. My eldest son, Guy (Lord Brooke), returned from the Boer War, and in celebration of his home-coming my sister, Lady Eva, and her husband, Colonel Frank Dugdale, gave a dinner-party at their house in town. Mr. and Mrs. Miller Mundy were among the guests on the occasion. After dinner we all went to the Wild West Show, and remained to the end. Coming out, Mrs. Mundy was walking between me and my son, and, before either of us could assist her, she slipped on the cocoanut matting. As she touched the ground I heard a bone crack, and she said she feared she had broken her leg. We carried her to Mr. Kiralfy's room, and I hurried off to find a doctor. Returning with one I found a police inspector making a note of the accident. The doctor, after brief examination, found the knee-cap broken, and we searched in vain for an ambulance to take her back to her house in Hill Street. Finally a stretcher was forthcoming, one of the kind used by the police to convey to the station people who are in the state known to the law as "drunk and incapable," and while some of the party accompanied the unfortunate lady on her painful and tedious journey, Mr. Mundy and I went off to Hill Street to prepare for her coming and call in a specialist. It was a Saturday night, and all the great ones of the Cavendish Square area seemed to be out of town. At last Sir William Bennett was found, and he asked

me to go to Shepherd's Bush and find a very skilled nurse on whom he relied. I went off to that dark and distant neighbourhood, and groped about among dim streets until I found her house, and carried her off in triumph at 1.30 A.M. On returning to Hill Street we found another nurse installed, but Mr. Mundy recognised the new-comer's zeal so generously that she went home quite happily in the wee small hours. The Prince, as we all know, made a complete recovery from his accident; I am afraid that Mrs. Mundy was not so lucky, and still suffers a little from the bad result of that home-coming celebration.

I found myself one year President of the Birmingham Hospital, and the guest of Lord Calthorpe a little way out of the city. I had been invited to meet the Prince of Wales, who was to open a new wing of the hospital. At the opening ceremony it was my duty to read the Address to His Royal Highness, and we then adjourned to the Town Hall, where the Lord Mayor was holding a great reception. The Prince engaged me in conversation as I walked with him down the centre of the hall, and I was suddenly conscious of an uncomfortable feeling about the end of one trouser leg. I glanced down and saw a rather gaudy-looking piece of silk peeping out over the edge of the trouser. I realised instantly what had unfortunately happened—a careless footman, in brushing my trousers, had forgotten to shake out one of the socks I had worn on the previous day. Obviously in a few seconds it would be lying on the floor in my tracks, exposed to public view. With a quick and sudden effort I stooped down, picked up the offending sock, crushed it in my hand,

and conveyed it to my pocket, convinced that nobody had seen the exposure. But the voice at my side paused for a moment to say, "You d——d slovenly fellow," and then resumed the thread of its discourse.

You could hide things from many men, but never from King Edward VII. His eyes noted everything, nothing seemed able to escape him, and his wonderful gift of embracing all happenings, great and small, was the wonder of his friends. He had watched the descent of the sock, noticed my embarrassment, and seen my action while apparently quite interested in the extension of the hospital, the subject he was discussing at the moment.

I first met the Duke of Connaught in my Oxford days, and remember my earliest invitation to Bagshot Park. What a charming host and hostess the Duke and his lamented Duchess were! I must have been twenty-four or twenty-five years of age at the time, and the occasion was the Ascot meeting. On arrival I was conducted to my room by the Groom of the Chambers, whom I knew well. He was a man of Anglo-French parentage, had been for a long time in the household of Lord Carnarvon, and had come from there to be my father's butler and valet. From Warwick he had gone to Bagshot. While I was dressing for dinner in the evening the old man came to my room to see if he could help me in any way, and he told me mysteriously to be on my guard lest I should sleep with a crocodile. I stared. He then explained that there was a stuffed crocodile in the hall, and that it was frequently taken up and put into the bed of some young visitor, and that I might receive the attention as the youngest and newest guest. I thanked him and decided not

to be caught. So after dinner, before proceeding to join the ladies in the drawing-room, I went very quickly upstairs and heard sounds of much merriment from my room. The key was on the outside of the door, and for the moment I was greatly tempted to twist it and proceed downstairs, but as that seemed too drastic a treatment of a joke I merely walked right in, whereupon sundry fair conspirators rushed laughing from the room. The crocodile was already in my bed but was speedily thrown on to the floor. In those far-off days there was always a measure of mild practical joking in every social circle; the national spirits were high. I was destined to meet the Duke of Connaught frequently in Masonic circles. As Deputy-Grand Master of England I assisted at his installation at the Albert Hall as Grand Master in place of King Edward, who, on his accession to the throne, became Patron of the Order.

I can recall, a little faintly perhaps, the Princess Alice of Hesse, daughter of Queen Victoria and mother of the ex-Tsaritsa of Russia. Mrs. Liddell, wife of the Dean of Christ Church, brought her to see my rooms in the Canterbury Quadrangle and have tea there. The rooms were certainly admirably representative of Oxford, and, if my memory serves me truly, they had been occupied by Lord Rosebery. Princess Alice made a great impression upon me. She was a lady with a charming expression, a very gracious manner that she shared with her sister, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, a passion for public work, and the ability to make a good undertaking bear fruit. I always heard that the Princess Alice was King Edward's favourite sister. I met her husband, the Grand Duke of Hesse, but cannot

remember him, but I can recall the German Crown Prince Frederick, as stately a figure of a man as ever walked this earth. On the occasion of Queen Victoria's first Jubilee my wife and I were invited to meet him at a lunch at the German Embassy. The Ambassador at that time was Count Münster, a distant kinsman of my wife, and our guest at Easton in the shooting season. He was always conspicuous at the cover-side, for, in addition to a loader, he had with him a man who carried a long ash pole and cut a notch in it for every head of game that fell to the Ambassador's gun. His reward was a penny per notch. The Count, than whom I have seen better shots, must have had a profound belief in the Englishman's superiority to temptation, and I am inclined to think that "the Ambassador's penny man," as the ash-bearer was called, may have been tempted to an endeavour to improve Anglo-German relations and his own takings. The Count was greatly chaffed on account of his "penny man," but he never shot at Easton without him.

Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, could fill no place in history, but this was his misfortune, not his fault. A more earnest, strenuous, hopeful and helpful man I never met. I was one of the executors of his will, and at his death I was asked to make some communication about his life and character to the Press. I declined, because I could say nothing without telling of the real sorrow of his life, the chronic ill-health, the great trouble that stood between him and his ambition to serve England. Let those who remember that one of his descendants has been fighting against us remember, too, that

this is a matter reflecting no shadow of blame upon Prince Leopold. A patriot to the heart's core, a scholar and a gentleman, he was content to carry out endless work for Queen Victoria without the smallest public recognition. His life was, on the mental side, strenuous. Too delicate to handle sporting rifle, shot-gun, or even salmon rod, all the pleasures of sport that one set of circumstances had placed within his reach were denied him. But he had his consolations. He loved literature, was a deep reader, and at his beautiful home, Claremont, near Esher, surrounded himself with the cleverest people of the day. He loved the countryside, and was several times our guest at Easton Lodge, where he and the Duchess would enjoy long drives on the four-in-hand that my wife drove so well. His highest ambition, and one that was never realised, was to direct the affairs of one of our great Over-Seas Dominions, but when he found it could not be, he took his disappointment as a brave man should.

We were, as I have already said, the firmest friends; he was best man at my wedding and I was present at his; my wife and I stayed with him at Claremont, where he lived very happily in the devotion of his wife and the love of his children. The severity of the winter that we are leaving behind as I write reminds me of one of our visits to Claremont when the weather was at its worst, the ice being several inches thick. I travelled to London one morning from there, and returned with two portmanteaux filled with magnesium and coloured lights. By the time I came back all the shrubbery had been hung with Chinese lanterns, and a great bonfire had been prepared. My purchases were spread all over the grounds, and even on the lake,

which was frozen hard and had given us some excellent skating. When the darkness came, everything was fired, and the scene was one that I shall never forget. The trees, the great rhododendron bushes, the frozen ground, stood out in a splendour of variegated light that must have been seen for miles and looked to those of us who watched a veritable fairyland.

One cannot live as long as I have without losing valued friends, but though it is many years since I saw Prince Leopold laid to rest in the Chapel at Windsor my memory of our friendship and my regrets are as keen as ever. There was that in our friendship that made it a close one. I knew of his ambitions, how just they were, and yet how hopeless, and I knew that all the real joy of action in life, vouchsafed so fully to me, had been denied him. And in all the years of our friendship I never heard him complain, nor would any of those to whom he was such an admirable host have thought that his brief life had been marred in any way. I could not say these things before, but I feel that they must be set down here, a tribute, however inadequate, to his memory.

The shooting at Sandringham was varied, plentiful, and very ably managed. The beaters wore blouses of a sort of blue twill like the smock of the French peasant. I remember old Lady Ailesbury remarking, "They look exactly like Frenchmen." The Prince smiled as he replied: "How clever of you, Lady A.! That's just what they are. We can't get sufficient beaters here, so I have to import some from France every year."

Pheasant shooting was remarkably good at

Sandringham, but it was by no means the only attraction. Sometimes the day would begin with a big rise of wild duck, and to get into our places for this it was necessary to take many precautions, and to move in absolute silence. I remember how, on the way to my place, the Devil appeared to me in the shape of a brace of woodcock. It was a hard struggle to let them go by. If King Edward could not be considered a first-class shot he was at least a good one, and was certainly a first-class sportsman. I have had the honour of being in the place next to his, and have seen for myself his complete unselfishness and the satisfaction he derived from the skill of his guests. He did not like anything so well as a mixed bag, ducks, partridges, and pheasants in turn, and in those days he would walk from stand to stand without recourse to the shooting pony he used towards the end. As far as I can remember the rule at Sandringham was for the head-keeper to place the guns. The countryside in that part of Norfolk can carry a very heavy head of game, and though not a good country for hunting, there were always plenty of foxes.

Queen Victoria's Ministers shared my awe of her. She appreciated their devotion and recognised their merits, but the relations between them, certainly in the latter days, were those of the Head Master to the staff. There could be no such thing as an excuse for duties ill performed or mistakes made. I think it is better in telling the story that follows to leave out names. Her Majesty wished to send a very strong letter to a European potentate, criticising his attitude towards this country, as expressed in certain thoughtless and mischievous speeches; she

entrusted the task to one of her Ministers in a very private letter, upon which Lord Salisbury was to be consulted. "Write to Lord Salisbury," she said, "because I think it is better I should not write direct on this matter, and if he approves this letter you put before him, it can be sent on by Queen's Messenger without delay." The Minister took great pains over the draft letter that was to embody the Queen's idea, and, as he was leaving his house for the department over which he presided, put it along with the Queen's letter in his pocket, only to find on reaching his private rooms that the packet with all the inflammable material it contained was missing. He hurried back to his house, but the letter was not to be found. Later in the day a man called, asked for the Minister's wife, and told her that he had picked up some papers evidently belonging to her husband, and so important that he did not care to trust them to the post. He remarked that he was a hairdresser, that his town house was in the Old Kent Road, and that he would be prepared to receive any member of Her Majesty's Government at 4 P.M.

Certainly one member of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet found consolation in the news and drove to within a hundred yards of the barber's residence in good time to keep the appointment. Perhaps the barber was receiving Crowned Heads or Ambassadors; perhaps it was one of his missions in life to remind Ministers how unpleasant it is to be kept waiting. Be that as it may, the haughty barber arrived an hour later.

"You have some papers of mine," said the Minister briefly; "they are of no importance, but are valuable to me." "No importance?" replied

the barber, with as much of a sneer as a barber condescends to. "I suppose they can't be. That is why you, a Cabinet Minister, took a cab to within a certain distance of my house, walked here, and have waited an hour to see me about them. Those papers are valuable to me as well as to you; I can get a good sum of money for them." Then they settled to business, and the Minister paid £10, receiving an assurance that the originals had not been copied or shown to anybody.

Put not your trust in barbers! On the following day the Minister had a note from the man of bad faith to say that he felt with infinite regret that he had sold the originals too cheaply, and that the only course left to him in the circumstances was to sell to a daily paper the copy he had fortunately taken and preserved. Then all England would be as well informed as the Minister and himself. But if his Right Honourable friend had any objections, payment of another £10 would give such objections validity. The Minister was very vexed, for the barber had vowed he had no copies, and if he had taken one there might be more. However, it was a matter for payment rather than protest, for in the game on hand the descendant of Sweeney Todd held all the trumps. Another £10 changed hands, the copy was given back, the Minister returned to his duties, and doubtless the barber haunted Whitehall and the neighbouring streets hoping to discover more official documents, and quite determined to sell the next lot to better advantage. Needless perhaps to say, the enemies of England would have paid any sum to get the letter. The Minister was greatly upset about the mischance, and wrote to Lord Salisbury to explain the matter

and offer his resignation. But the Premier would not part with him, and held him free from blame. It appeared that the paper must have slipped between the outer and inner coats as the Minister was endeavouring to put them into an inside pocket just before leaving for his office.

Truly the path of men in high places is not an easy one! An error, an accident, a sudden turn of Fortune's wheel, and those who only yesterday held the world in fee see their career blighted and "none so poor to do them reverence." The unwritten history of our times is full of these cases, and in the political world there are more unrecounted disasters than any of those outside the arena would imagine. I do not know if Queen Victoria heard of a favourite Minister's mistake. If she did, I do not envy him the task of excusing himself, for she was not constituted to accept excuses, and regarded duty as something that could only be done or undone.

I have some very pleasant memories of Windsor Castle, and one that even to-day can make me feel uncomfortable. It goes back many years; Queen Victoria was on the throne then, and I was one of her guests at Windsor. After dinner she had retired, as usual, to her private apartments, and we men drifted to the smoking-room and sat late with some of the Household. When at last somebody looked seriously at the clock and realised that the small hours had come, we decided that it was time to get to bed. All the lights were out in the passages and galleries; we filed out of the smoking-room with bedroom candles, and went our several ways. One of the Queen's equerries said to me: "You

know your way to your room?" and I replied with every confidence that I did. I knew that it was in the Round Tower a good way off, but I thought I had the general line of country well in mind, and that I couldn't go wrong. I believe it is Shakespeare who remarks on the distance that the candle throws its beams, and I cannot help feeling that he thought too well of candles. In the corridors and galleries of the Castle mine proved an ineffective thing. I walked from one great darkness into another, hoping against hope, peering at walls, floors, and ornaments in the hope of discovering something that could be positively identified. At last I thought I had succeeded; something told me my door was at a certain corner. I hurried forward; there was the door. Without pausing I opened it, and from the depths of the room beyond came a sharp query, "Who's there?" I could not see, but I recognised the voice as that of the late Duchess of Sutherland. I knew her well, for her son was my brother-in-law, but I did not stay to make explanations; it sufficed to close the door and fly down the corridor in a state of great dismay and uncertainty. How long I wandered up and down I shall never know, for every minute was an hour long, and when I came to a likely door I let "I dare not wait upon I would." At last I thought I recognised in one of the corridors a mirror that had caught my eye as I left my room after dressing for dinner. A few moments sufficed to construct a map for my mind's eye, and I was moving in the right direction. There, in the little plate above a door, was a card with my name on it, and I don't think I was ever so pleased to see it before or since. Had I looked above the door I should not have

intruded upon Her Grace of Sutherland, but at that moment I was sure her room was mine.

I am afraid it is not impossible for people to lose their way in Warwick Castle, but I cannot recall any complaints. Perhaps the place I found most difficult after Windsor was Drumlanrig Castle, the well-known Border home of the Duke of Buccleuch. He took the chair at the dinner given at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School in Knightsbridge to the Earl of Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury when they returned from Berlin in 1878, bringing back "Peace with Honour." I remember that it was after the dinner that the Duke of Buccleuch asked me to Drumlanrig for the famous black game shooting. He was a very fine old man, of striking appearance, a keen politician, and very popular in Scotland. He had very high spirits and was very fond of practical joking; I remember seeing him in the dining-room after dinner insert in the tail pocket of one of his visitors a large bunch of grapes.

We had remarkable sport in Dumfriesshire at Sanquhar. We were six or seven guns, the birds were driven, and no grey hen were shot. We lined the stone dykes as though they had been butts. I remember one blackcock settling on an adjacent wall not thirty yards away, and the next gun to me—the late Marquis of Bath—having three shots at him sitting, without disturbing the bird at all. Yet Lord Bath was a good shot as well as a keen sportsman, and I think the truth is that the blackcock's close, thick plumage makes him hard to bag, breast on. Going away he is, of course, readily vulnerable. I remember that we had a bag at Sanquhar running well into three figures.

Drumlanrig is a fine old castle, with turret stairs and plenty of them, and it was quite easy to mistake your stair.

While the formalities which accompany Court etiquette are perhaps a little trying—and inevitably so,—a party at Windsor is a very pleasant function, and the enormous size of the place makes all ceremonial imposing. The occasion which served to impress that circumstance upon me emphatically was the presentation of Colours to the Territorial forces by King Edward VII. I was present as Lord-Lieutenant of Essex to see my men receive their Colours at the King's hands, and I never saw anything better organised than the march past of many thousands. If my memory does not mislead me, General Sir Alfred Codrington and my cousin, General Bingham, were responsible for the management. The Castle seemed to provide the perfect background for a ceremony that could hardly have been more impressive, and could not have been better carried out. It gave a great impetus to the whole Territorial movement. What a pity that the politicians did not leave it alone!

I shot several times at Chieveley with the late Harry McCalmont, more than once in company with King Edward. There was a mixed bag; partridges were very good, but pheasants did not come high. On one occasion Mr. Arthur Sassoon was next in line to the King, and it was thought that he had been taking some of his birds. There was no complaint, of course, and if Mr. Sassoon had done so he had acted quite unconsciously. At the subsequent stand I stood next to King Edward, and I

thought he seemed to be absorbed in thought and not taking his usual interest in the sport. He allowed many birds to go over his head unchallenged, and when they were well past him I shot those that were still flying within my range. As a matter of courtesy I went to him at the end of the drive and said: "I hope I didn't take any of your birds, Sir." "You did," he replied, smiling, "but it does not matter." This unexpected reply made me watch his shooting more carefully, and I found that he had acquired the habit of leaving his birds until they were well over him and then turning round on them. I never met in all my experience a more generous or a better-natured shot, and I can only remember one complaint, and that was certainly well called for. Shooting in a home county, he had two very keen young men, one on each side of him, and they, I am sure quite unwittingly, took many of his birds; indeed, there were times when they must have quite disturbed his shooting. Onlookers could have noticed it. "Young men of the present day are rather selfish, I'm afraid," was all he said, for neither of the thoughtless ones appeared to have realised the situation.

Another pleasant sporting estate to which King Edward used to motor sometimes from Sandringham was Houghton, belonging to Lord Cholmondeley, and rented at that time by the late Lord Wilton. It was a splendid partridge manor, and Lord Wilton brought it to a state of perfection. After his death it was rented in turn by Colonel Vivian and by Mr. Kennard, who married Cora, Lady Strafford, an admirable hostess. I shot with the successive tenants, but they did not succeed in maintaining

the sport at the high level reached by Lord Wilton. King George shot at Houghton sometimes when he was Duke of York, and he was already one of the first game shots in England, very quick in movement, with an unerring aim and a splendid judgment of distance.

By the way, Cora, Lady Strafford, did not shoot. I have met few ladies who do, and have come to the conclusion, being no longer young and a staunch Conservative, that I would prefer them not to do so. I would make an exception in favour of my friend Mrs. Willie Jameson, who is not only as safe with the gun as any man I ever met, but is a fine shot. I have several times seen her score a right and left at driven partridges coming hard down wind, and those who can do this have little to learn. Her retriever used to be a Blenheim spaniel. It left hares alone, and its struggles with a dead pheasant were comic, but it could bring the partridges along all right.

Houghton is a stately pile. It was built, if my recollection serves me truly, by Horace Walpole, and is crowded with fine pictures and *objets d'art*, though the splendid Vandycks went to Russia and were bought, I believe, by the Empress Catharine. There used to be a grand staircase leading to the hall, but that has long disappeared. Tradition says it was gambled away; the entrance is now on the ground floor, and the hall is reached from the lower regions. Fine sport, perfect hospitality, and a noble house have left me with the happiest memories of Houghton.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that Queen Victoria took no interest in sport. In the latter years of her

life the supply of game to the Royal table was procured by the keepers at Balmoral and Windsor, but the Prince Consort was fond of the gun, though he did not live to see the perfection of the hammerless ejector. He belonged to the time of the muzzle-loader, but found it good enough for an enjoyable day among the pheasants at Windsor. I say "day," but this is hardly accurate. A shoot in the Prince Consort's time started in the morning after breakfast and finished in time for lunch. Nobody would have thought of going out in the afternoon. Three hours sufficed, and yet the times were not busy ones, and life was moving tranquilly enough. I can't imagine what the Prince Consort would have thought of shooting parties that last for a week, and game that is reckoned by the thousand head, and men whose expenditure of cartridges during the season may run very far into five figures. It goes without saying that the breech-loading gun and the modern cartridges were needed to make these developments possible. The old Duke of Cambridge was a keener sportsman than the Prince Consort. He had some of the best partridge-driving country in England at Six Mile Bottom in Cambridgeshire, where I shot with him sometimes, and found that he was decidedly a good shot.

The Duke of Cambridge was fond of deer-driving, and was an occasional visitor to the Highlands. Some sportsmen do not find much to say for driven deer, but I think the sport good and legitimate; legitimate because it is frequently found necessary to thin the herd, and because only the quickest shot, the man who has a balanced judgment, a steady eye, and a rapid decision, can hope to pick out the good heads when the deer race down the pass his rifle

commands. Again, it is difficult to get a desirable spot commanding the ground and yet out of sight and hearing, while, as every deer-stalker knows, a sudden change in the wind may alter the whole complexion of the sport, redeeming or spoiling the promise of the day.

Curious incidents may be observed at a deer drive. I remember one at the Duke of Atholl's, near a mountain called Ben-y-Gloe. We were rather a large house-party, and the ladies accompanied the men and were carefully disposed behind rocks before the deer were rounded up. My wife was with me, and our hiding-place commanded the pass along which the deer should have come. Unfortunately the wind played an unexpected trick, and the great majority of the herd broke back through the line of beaters, only one or two small stags coming to the right side of the drive. Presently one of these paused for a moment about a hundred yards from a couple of very keen Guardsmen. The first fired, and the deer wheeled round; the second fired, and it dropped. It was found afterwards that the first bullet had hit one haunch and the second had hit the other.

Looking back over many years of stalking, I think there is a deterioration in the Highland herds, something that a few owners are taking steps to check by the introduction of new blood. The trouble is that for some years down to the time of the War the rent of deer forests had been rising, the number of stags allowed to the gun had been limited; consequently everybody was out after the best. Second- and third-rate stags were multiplying fast, and whatever their defects the creatures need plenty of food.

King Edward was very interested both in deer-stalking and driving, though of course the latter form of the sport was the more practicable in the days when he was no longer young. He inherited his love of the gun from his father, the Prince Consort, though neither father nor son could approach King George in this regard, for he is a born shot, and his aim, whether with rifle or shot-gun, is generally unerring. I do not think that King Edward took any steps to improve the breed of Highland deer, but then he shot so little—a week or two in each year—that doubtless there were always good heads for these occasions.

Queen Victoria added Ballochbuie to Balmoral by purchase, if I remember rightly, from Mr. Farquharson, of Invercauld, and the roe-deer shooting was very good. I never shot at Balmoral, but I remember once when I stayed there being taken to a favourite picnic place of Queen Victoria, Glasalt Shiel, and the stone was pointed out on which I was told Lord Chancellor Cairns is said to have sat discreetly when Lord Lorne made his proposal of marriage to the Princess Louise.

King Edward loved the Highland life, entered into it with the keenest zest, and wore the picturesque dress—the kilt—very effectively. The one thing that always worried me as a keen fisherman was that the salmon had no appeal to him. I never saw him with a fishing-rod in his hand, although the Dee below Balmoral is renowned as a salmon river, and the springtime sport is second to none. At this season the Royal family was seldom or never in residence, and the Dee was fished only by officers of the Guard and visitors to the Castle.

King George, as I have said elsewhere, is a keen

and skilled fisherman, and his elder brother, the Duke of Clarence, who enjoyed so little of life, was shaping for a fine sportsman.

My brother Alwyne, who was in the 60th Rifles, was appointed A.D.C. to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Spencer. When King Edward and Queen Alexandra visited "the Red Earl" in Dublin and made their Irish tour they took a great fancy for my brother, and offered him the post of Equerry to the Duke of Clarence, who was just setting up house. My brother held the office until his marriage, when he resigned and was succeeded by Sir George Holford. Alwyne, himself a very keen sportsman, did his best to make the Duke of Clarence an enthusiast, and told me that the Duke met him half-way and promised to develop into something out of the ordinary. In many of his letters to me he said he had a very apt pupil, a young man whose charming disposition was constantly adding to his list of friends and well-wishers. Very few have passed so early from a life that had so much to offer.

While King Edward enjoyed the company of his friends as much as any man I ever met, there was a great difference between his holidays and theirs. His duties followed him everywhere, and he accepted them not only cheerfully but assiduously, as part of the daily round, the common task. An equerry was always in attendance to help, but the mail was often a heavy one, and even in the houses of his friends he would often spend hours at his desk. It is right to state this, for doubtless to thousands who read that the King was shooting at Crichel, Easton, Rufford Abbey, Bolton, or any of the other places whose hosts he honoured, it appeared that he was

taking holiday. To be sure he was ; but in a modified sense. The other guests were far more free than he, though he never alluded to labours which, in claiming his leisure, added undoubtedly to the fullness of his life.

Before Prince Leopold settled in Surrey at beautiful Claremont, the home to which he brought his bride, he had a sort of preliminary experience in the housekeeping world at Boyton, in Wilts. Turning over an old portfolio of sketches a few days ago I came across a little water-colour I made of the house. It was not large, but was very pretty, with many red-tiled gables, a delightful garden, a small lake, and a trout stream near by. The Prince went there from Oxford, and I spent long days with him planning little alterations and additions to the place. He lived very simply, his recreations being lawn tennis, croquet, music, and the company of thinkers and men of letters. I do not suggest that I came in under the latter category, our friendship was not founded on my attainments, but upon an attraction that was mutual. He was very happy there, and the musical evenings were delightful. I remember that Mrs. Ronalds, whose beauty and voice were in their first prime, was a frequent visitor. Once only, so far as I can remember, did he come over to Warwick, when he told me that the exterior of the wonderful old Castle appealed to him far more than the interior. His family was devoted to him. All the children of Queen Victoria were great friends, but they had a special tenderness for their invalid brother, to whom so much of the happiness that filled their lives was forbidden. They were all healthy, robust, and fond of vigorous exercise.

The Duke of Edinburgh was often in Warwick, not to see me, though I sometimes met him there, but to visit an old gentleman I knew well, the late Ferdinand Arkwright, who was one of the most picturesque figures in the town, where he had a delightful home, and was a great entertainer. So popular was he that the town insisted on having him for Mayor. He had lived long in Malta, where he knew the leading men of the Services, and on his return his Warwickshire home was open to them all. He was tall and thin, wore whiskers, and stuttered. He favoured a bottle-blue coat with brass buttons, a very large neckcloth and a big white hat. Perhaps his special characteristic was imperturbability. You couldn't put him out. They told many stories of him in Malta, and at Warwick. Once at the Governor's Ball at Malta he called his partner's attention to a man with a blue birthmark on his cheek, and made some jest about it. "How dare you talk like that, sir!" snapped his angry partner, "that gentleman is my husband." "Then y-y-ou can t-t-tell me," responded Mr. Arkwright joyfully, "if he is b-b-b-blue all over."

On another occasion he was sitting at a supper party next to a lady whom he didn't interest at all, and she yawned her indifference. "I t-t-too have a t-t-tooth stopped j-j-just like that one of y-y-yours," he remarked.

The Duke of Edinburgh was greatly attached to Mr. Arkwright, and nothing pleased him better than to take a week-end away from town and travel to Warwick to enjoy the old man's sprightly if hesitant conversation, his ample hospitality and the company of a few good friends. I believe there were musical evenings too—the Duke's passion was for music—

but I can't remember being present at any. Sometimes when I am in the streets of Warwick I find myself looking for the quaint and arresting figure of Ferdie Arkwright, now, alas! gone the way of most of those he made so happy in his house. He belonged of right to a time that had passed away long before he did.

CHAPTER XVI

ROUND THE ENTRANCE HALL AT EASTON

IN the entrance hall at Easton are many of the trophies of my sporting days, and sometimes on a winter afternoon, when there are no visitors and a great log fire is burning on the hearth, I sit in an armchair and commune with the past, recalling the days of keen enjoyment that are landmarks in an old sportsman's life, and filling the hall with ghosts of strange men and stranger animals, or with pictures of some fair corners of the world that I may not hope to see again. Perhaps to my visitors there is little of special interest in the collection of heads and horns, the plaster casts of fish, the stuffed birds, and the rest, but to me there is nothing in the exhibits I survey with undiminished interest that does not recall exciting moments, or incidents that seem to have an interest that will remain with me to the end.

Facing my chair is a screen of hand-painted leather, dating back to the time when the Moors occupied a great part of Spain. For a period beyond my reckoning, after the expulsion, this wonderful leather adorned a religious house in Spain where it was discovered by the late Lord Kenmare, no mean judge of works of art, and he made such a handsome offer for it that the community was moved to sell, and Lord Kenmare used the leather to line the walls of his library at Kenmare House on Lake Killarney. There was a large piece left

over when the room was finished, and the London firm that did the work for him bought it. One day I happened to be in the shop, and greatly struck by the rare beauty of the leather I gave £100 for the piece displayed, and had my large screen made. Some years passed and Lord Kenmare's beautiful house was burnt to the ground, the library was no more than a charred ruin, and so all that remains of the painted leather is the screen that faces me when I sit by the fire. Doubtless if it could tell its story the recital would be far more interesting than mine.

Behind the screen is the plaster cast of a great salmon, and on the case is written "Stobhall, October, 1897, 42 lbs." The shape of the fish is perfect, and the bright colouring has been admirably caught by Malloch of Perth. My memory goes back to the house my brother Louis built on the Tay, and lent to me for a couple of seasons. I was in a boat with the fisherman, and we had been harling, that is to say, we zig-zagged about the river with three rods out, a fly on one, a spoon bait on another, and a phantom minnow on the third. It is not the form of sport I care for, but I had started by casting, and had caught nothing but a grilse. The day was rainy, the water beginning to colour and to rise, just the time when the angler may hope for luck. I turned to the fisherman and asked him what he thought would suit the water best. "It doesn't matter much," he said, "but let it be a big one." Turning over my book I selected a Spey fly, a Lady Caroline, reddish brown in colour, with a lot of hackle and little wing. After shortening my line to change the fly, I heaved out to get the line free, and at once found the fly taken. Clearly it

was a big fish and wild; there was no chance of landing on that shore in racing water, the playing must be done from the boat. Suddenly the line stuck; the rasping sensation that came down to my hands told me that the fish was under a rock, and was trying to rub the line until it parted. It was an anxious moment; salmon fishers alone will understand what these simple words signify in the way of hope and fear. I told my fisherman to keep above the fish and row across the river, and while this manœuvre was being carried out I kept a tight line, and prayed that it might stand. Gradually the line was free of the ledge of rock, and I started to wind the fish in to the side of the boat, where it got round an oar. Finally my fisherman, leaning well over the side, managed to use the gaff, a thing I have never seen done before from a boat in such hard-running water. I am afraid we were absurdly proud of ourselves, but certainly the salmon was an exceptional one in point of shape and colour, to say nothing of weight, and it was killed in a very few minutes.

On a level with this cast, further along the hall, is another, and on the case is written "Careysville, 1903, 44½ lbs.," and in the catching of this fine specimen three of us had a hand—my brother Alwyne, Jack Flynn the fisherman, and myself. The Blackwater was flooded, and the three of us had walked down to the river, only to find that it had the consistency of soup, and not clear soup either. Flynn picked up my brother's rod and put a "wobbler" on it, a piece of india-rubber with three large triangle hooks. He made a cast down and across, and suddenly gave a tremendous jerk to the line, and said he was into a fish. The line parted at once, and Alwyne and I assured one another by a glance

that we were both of one opinion, namely, that the hooks had caught on a rock in the river-bed, and that there was no fish. Old Jack Flynn, one of the finest fishermen I ever knew, would spring surprises of this kind upon us from time to time. However, we tested the line and found that from friction and wear the reel line was rotten. Flynn picked up my rod in place of my brother's—I don't think my gear was ever found out of order—and made another cast, only a few feet from the first. He struck hard, and this time there could be no doubt but that he was into something exceptional. He handed my rod to Alwyne, the fish took a small run of about eighty yards down stream, and then came round into a little bay where the water was deeper but slacker. I took the gaff, Alwyne gave the fish a run into the bank, and I got the gaff in at the first attempt. From the moment when Flynn struck to the moment when I pulled the great fish ashore there was an interval of less than five minutes. I then realised that in all probability the first fish Flynn had struck was the comrade fish of the one we had taken, and perhaps a still larger one. Salmon will often come up together in a flood, and lie side by side before making for the next deep pool.

Under the casts of these two salmon are a couple of Jacobean cabinets, two of the very few pieces of old English furniture saved from the fire that destroyed the greater part of Easton Lodge in 1848, when the late Lord Maynard was alive. They are perfect specimens of their kind, and often set me wondering at the failure of furniture-makers of our day to produce anything that can vie in beauty with their Jacobean forbears. They have all the

advantage of the taste and initiative of their predecessors, but the fact remains that the smallest room with old furniture in it is good to live in, while the modern things can cast no shadow of repose over those who dwell with them.

Between the cabinets there is a case with a pair of Reeves's pheasants, birds (natives of China) about five feet long from beak to tail tip. I was staying once for the shooting at Merton Hall in Norfolk, let by Lord Walsingham to the late Baron Hirsch. I had been invited there to meet the Prince of Wales. A few of these wonderful pheasants were in the woods, and though the cock birds are readily distinguished, the hens are hard to identify in the dwindling light of evening. The hens were sacred, but we were told that a certain number of cocks might be shot. The Prince shot one, and I shot another, and Baron Hirsch gave me both the birds to have mounted as a memento of my visit. I am told that the Reeves pheasant will cross with the better-known varieties, though I have never seen a cross, and that it will thrive well in England, where it would doubtless have become popular if it were not so vagrant in its habits. A good keeper can keep his ordinary birds well in the woods, but the Reeves will not rest quiet within any bounds, however ample. Talking of crosses, I remember seeing at Lord Suffield's home, Gunton Park, a cross between a pheasant and a bantam. Not far from Gunton I saw the Pallas grouse that made a short visit to these islands, and was protected by a special Act of Parliament. The birds disappeared; a storm had probably blown them on to our shores. High winds play strange tricks with birds. I remember shooting four button quail in

Essex in a barley field close to Easton, five-and-twenty years ago, and I think the weather must have carried them out of their course. I can recall, too, at Dunrobin, the stately Sutherlandshire home of my late brother-in-law, a gale that not only levelled thousands of Scots firs, but blew great packs of grouse out to sea, where beyond a doubt they must have been drowned. Birds that live near the coast, or have the migratory habit, are bound to be the victims of exceptional weather, just as we were in those far-off days when man first sought to sail the sea.

Above the case that holds the pheasant is a necklace with two large and striking pieces of amber and a charm in the shape of a small leather pouch with verses copied from the Koran. I bought this from a Somali in Aden. Next the necklace is a short Swahili stabbing sword with white-headed leather belt. This belt encircled the waist of one of a couple of Swahili ruffians who, while I was in East Africa, attacked two native policemen near the Ravine Fort. They killed their first man, but the other shot them both, a large bullet hole in the belt telling where the retribution found one of the murderers. The sword is very heavy, broad at the base, and tapering to the hilt. One of the officials who had to report upon the case gave it to me as a memento. I hope and believe it will participate in no more murders. On the table in the centre of the hall is the skull of our first hippopotamus shot by Alwyne and myself on a lagoon by Victoria Nyanza, and underneath the table the best buffalo head that ever fell to my rifle.

On the wall above the salmon and pheasants are trophies from various parts of the world, and a collection of weapons from Africa. Some of the

stags' heads carry me back to delightful days. The first, light in comparison with the park red deer, is a beautifully shaped thirteen-pointer that fell to me when I was stalking at Glenfeshie, the guest of my old friend Sir Charles Mordaunt. His forest marches with the famous forest of Mar, and one day I was coming along the march on very high ground when eighty or a hundred stags crossed with the wind from Mar forest into a big corrie, called by the seemingly inappropriate name of Bond Street. They went very slowly so that I was able to examine them carefully through my glass. From among them I picked out one with a white top to one horn, and made up my mind that no other would content me. The herd passed slowly up the corrie below me, and there were so many fine heads among them that it needed the exercise of considerable patience and restraint as I stood with my rifle pointed, to wait until the white-tipped stag came, actually fourth from the end, and about a hundred yards away. At the moment when I pulled the trigger he gave a bound forward, and so certain was I that I had missed that I at once aimed at the one next and dropped him dead, a sixteen-stone stag. In the meantime the stalker had kept his eye on the white tip, and turned to me, saying "He's hit." True enough this stag was lagging behind the rest. I had shot from high above him and he was hit in the ankle. A strenuous pursuit for about an hour brought me once again to a hundred yards' range, and this time I made no mistake. It was a well-known stag, the desire of several stalkers, just under seventeen stone, with a wonderful thirteen-point symmetrical head. I received ample congratulation when I returned

with the spoil, a dance was held in honour of the stag's downfall, and much whisky flowed.

The pendant to this head on the other side of the wall is a twelve-pointer from Glenfeshie, and both heads were stuffed by Quartermain of Stratford-on-Avon, who, in my opinion and that of many experts, is the finest stuffer of animals in the country. The heads of African deer and antelopes are not of special note. The only remarkable ones are those of two impallah, the most attractive of East African antelopes, so quick in pace, so graceful in action.

I have two sets of rhinoceros horns, one of the foremost horns of the pair slightly chipped at the top. It was at the junction of the Nyiro and Narok rivers that this horn came my way. Four of us were out that day, and we had gone over a wide extent of country, each taking a gun-bearer and one or two natives, and forging ahead a few miles apart. I came first upon a large herd of oryx, a beautiful antelope, always very wild and hard to reach. They made off, and I followed, not without hope of a shot. As I moved along I came suddenly upon a very fine bull oryx quite apart from the others. He was lying under a tree about 120 yards away, and I think he must have sighted me just as I sighted him. He rose and bolted, so that no broadside shot was possible. But I fired once or twice and finally hit him in front, as I discovered afterwards, a short distance above the fetlock joint. Nevertheless he went off at great speed and was joined by a comrade from the fast disappearing herd. I at once jumped on my pony and galloped hard after him up a hill. He went so quickly that I found it necessary to spur the pony to keep him

in view, but as soon as the hill-top was reached and the descent began, he could no longer keep up the pace and preferred to turn and face me. I jumped off the pony, fastened the bridle to a bush, and walked up to give the *coup de grâce*, never realising how savage a cornered antelope can be. The plucky beast charged right at me, and I dropped him dead in his tracks with one fortunate shot. His head with its magnificent horns is by the side of the rhino's.

No other chance of sport appeared to be coming my way that day, and it was not until the evening, when I was making my way to camp to rejoin my friends, that I saw a rhino feeding on the open plain. There were no bushes in sight, nothing but a great ant-hill that covered me to within forty or fifty yards of the quarry. I made up my mind to reach that ant-hill if possible, and get in a certain shot. It was a long stalk, over bad ground, but I reached my objective undiscovered because I was moving up wind, and the great beast, whose scent is as keen as his sight is uncertain, suspected no evil. Arrived at the ant-hill I sat down, got my legs forward, and took what should have been a very effective elbow shot. My rifle was one of Holland and Holland's new ·500 Express kind, with a very heavy cordite charge, and a solid bullet. I was not accustomed to it, and the pull was very light. So when, after taking careful aim behind the shoulder I pressed the trigger carefully, both barrels went off at once, and the force of the recoil rolled me backwards down the ant-hill which was five or six feet high. I think that I could hardly have reached the ground and started to pull myself up before that rhino had gone racing and snorting past me

some twenty-five yards on my right, with his tail high up in the air. Without being a moment more than I could help, I rammed in two more cartridges and fired again. He went on as though untouched, and, suddenly collapsing, tumbled over stone dead, six hundred yards away. On examination I found that his horn, otherwise a long one, had the point broken off, and he carried two bullets, one in the neck that had killed him, and the other in the hind quarters. To my great surprise I realised that the two first shots that were accidentally simultaneous had missed him altogether; they would have been close together else, in the neighbourhood of the shoulder. My men took the skin and horn, and doubtless the jackals and hyenas cleared up what was left.

The other rhinoceros horn on the other side of the oryx head in the hall came to me later, with no incident worth mentioning. It is a longer and a thinner one, and is from a cow rhino. As I have pointed out in the chapter on my East African journey, I could have shot others, but there is a Government limit to the number that may be killed, and the restriction serves a double purpose. It checks (as I said) the indiscretion of the indiscreet, and goes far to insure the killing of the most mature and consequently most destructive animals.

My collection holds another rhinoceros horn; it stands on a cabinet in the hall, and came from India. I secured it when I went out after the Proclamation Durbar on a sporting expedition to the vast domains of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar. I remember that four or five of us were given places overlooking a considerable morass which was beaten out by elephants. I had been warned that the

track my rifle was to command was greatly favoured by the rhinos, and so it proved, for several came my way, and I had the good fortune to account for four. I kept only one trophy, and though compared with the East African species it is of no great significance, it has a special value for me as a record of a singularly interesting visit. The Indian rhinoceros is smaller than the East African, and it has a thick black hide.

The two sambur, with their six-point horns, fell to me in the country of the Maharajah of Ulwar. It was when out stalking there that I heard the extraordinary wailing cry of one of the Maharajah's servants, a lad who was carrying to his master the sacred water of the Ganges, a sound that I have never been able to forget. The bala sing, a ten-pointer, not unlike our Highland red deer, became mine in the woods of the Terai, in the country of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar. It is a very shy animal, demanding all the craft of the stalker, but the head is good, and the flavour of the venison excellent.

The Thompson's gazelle, whose head is mounted close by, is an albino from East Africa. I was riding back to camp one night after a hard day's sport, when the strange white beast came in sight, looking for all the world like a ghost in the gathering darkness. To make sure that it was really an earthly visitant, and not supernatural in any way, I jumped off my pony and shot it. It was too dark by then to take the skin, so we cut down bushes and covered the body as best we could, to keep it from the roving beasts of the night that scent the dead from incredible distances. I had not much hope of the morrow, but my luck was in on that occasion,

and the next morning found the pile of bushes undisturbed.

On the left of the albino is the head of an eland bull, not in any way remarkable as these splendid heads go, but of interest to me by reason of the difficulty I had in securing it. The bull was surrounded by cows, and my object was to get in a shot that should bring him down without previously disturbing his companions. A long time elapsed before I could get what I desired, and several times I feared the chance would not come. But it came at last, and so the eland bull's head is among the trophies. The body was very large, and had the head been in like proportion, which it is not, it would have been a remarkable one. Next to it, and also from East Africa, is a good specimen of the rather common Jackson antelope, and in the corner the head and neck of a fine giraffe can be seen in a prominent position.

I remember how Colonel Patterson and I were out one day together when we came upon four or five giraffes browsing on the tops of thorn bushes. They did not wait for our close investigation, but went off, and we followed them for miles and miles under a hot sun and over rough ground. They would allow us to get nearly within shot and then would be off again. It was not until the end of the day, when we were feeling the full effects of our pursuit, that we came up to them where they were feeding deep down in a donga and, shooting at the same time and picking out a mark for each barrel, Patterson and I dropped four out of the five. Looking back, it seems a little cold-blooded, but we had had a long chase; we had not at the time shot any giraffe on this journey (doubtless

Colonel Patterson, who knew East Africa before I did, had had some on previous expeditions), and I don't suppose we stopped to think that one trophy apiece of such harmless and beautiful beasts should have sufficed us. I never had the desire to kill another.

On the outside wall facing the rhino horns and the Reeves's pheasants are two fine buffalo heads. In the forehead of one of them is the mark where my bullet went home as he charged down upon me. He was not thirty yards away when the end came, and it was with distinct satisfaction that I saw him go headlong, for the pace was great and the position did not admit of mistakes. Yet these are the shots one likes to remember, and the moments that make the life of the sportsman what it is. Without the element of danger the best of sport tends to lose its savour.

The floor of the hall is covered with skins. I have some beautifully marked zebras from East Africa, and though there are three or four leopards, I can only claim that one fell to my rifle. The most notable skin on the floor is that of a magnificent polar bear. I bought it from the captain of an Arctic whaler in the north of Norway (Hammerfest). It was one of three or four that had been rammed into a large barrel and pickled with salt. If I look upon it with rather mixed feelings of admiration and regret, it is because it is a perpetual reminder that one form of sport that always held my imagination captive has been denied to me. Whaling and polar-bear shooting would have pleased me mightily; they would have given a finishing touch to my sporting experiences. A little greedy, you may say, but after all it is a greed that harms nobody—not even myself.

I have no tiger skins here, but there are a few at Warwick Castle to remind me of the Indian jungle. Unfortunately, many of my trophies have been killed, for the second and last time, by moth, and I know it will not be permitted to me to replace them. The great head of the hippopotamus came to me as I have already described on Victoria Nyanza, in the country that the dread sleeping sickness had ravaged, and the tarpon in the glass case can recall Florida without telling of the possibilities of the wonderful waters of the bay, for it is only a hundred-pound fish, and by no means a good representative of my catch, so far as size is concerned.

Cui bono? you may ask now the tale is told; but you will not ask if you, too, have been a traveller or a sportsman. It is something to have enjoyed the cream of the world's sport, and happy memories being untaxable, not even a Chancellor of the Exchequer can make them too expensive to keep. It is the solace of old age to talk over these things, sitting round the fire, with a good pipe and a sympathetic sportsman or two for company. My friend and neighbour in Essex, Edward North Buxton, is such an one. I remember staying with him one night when ex-President Roosevelt was his guest. What a jolly evening we had in the smoking-room, and how many of the yarns were well worth recording! My memory will not serve, and even if it would the stories are not my property. What I had to tell I have told, but I may perhaps leave the hall for a moment and recall something of my visit to Mr. Roosevelt when I had returned to London from East Africa.

Some time after I returned from that trip I had

A CORNER OF THE ENTRANCE HALL, EASTON LODGE.

a letter from a friend in New York, General Gordon, who wrote to say that President Roosevelt was going on a sporting expedition into the same country. If I could give him some of the practical hints that are born of actual knowledge of conditions the President would be glad, and if it should be possible for me to come across he would be delighted to welcome me in Washington. I happened to have the necessary leisure, submarines were in their comparatively harmless infancy, and within a fortnight of the day when his letter arrived I was in New York reading a message from the President's secretary, saying that if I could come on the following day to White House, Mr. Roosevelt would like me to dine with him. I reached White House in the evening of the next day—a fine building, with a white front looking glorious in the sunset that flooded the Potomac River. On arrival I was shown into a small reception room, where I was delighted to meet two men who knew a lot about sport and natural history — Major Wadsworth, of the United States Army, and Mr. Pinchot, head of the Forestry Department. Shortly afterwards the President arrived; his is a most genial presence which stirs everybody and everything; his personality is electric; he radiates energy as a furnace throws out heat. As he led the way to the dining-room he asked me to examine his equipment after dinner. The meal, a very short and rigidly simple one, passed most pleasantly. The President, determined to put me at my ease, did most of the talking. I remember how he spoke with pride of the American Fleet. It had just toured the world and returned to its bases intact. "Not a lame duck among them," was the President's delighted comment.

After dinner his rifles and equipment were brought down, and I overhauled everything very carefully; the selection had been well thought out. Then the new Territorial forces on our side came under discussion, and Mr. Roosevelt anticipated the best of work from them. He also told me of his own Roughriders, and gave a vivid description of the battle of San Juan in the Cuban War. We were getting on famously when the door opened and the entrance was seen full of that ample and jolly statesman, Mr. Taft. Clearly he had come along on business, for he had papers in his hand, so I rose and said good night, and was invited by the President to dine with him on the following evening at a sporting dinner of the Boone and Crockett Club. I thanked him, and when the evening came round again found this gathering of about fifty or sixty a very interesting one. The topic of special interest was the question of a Government grant for a sporting exhibition to be held in Vienna. It was nearly ten o'clock when Mr. Roosevelt, who had thrown himself very heartily into the proceedings, turned to me and said, "I'd like you to come on with me now to the Gridiron dinner. It's getting late, and I'm one of the guests of the evening." This was hospitality on a Gargantuan scale, and it is one of my unwritten rules not to dine twice in one day, but needs must when Mr. Roosevelt commands, and so I went along with him and took my place at the table. I found I had the pleasure of being next to Mr. Taft, who is the very best of company. Needless to say, at that late hour dinner was nearly over. We hadn't been in the dining-room more than a few minutes when suddenly all the lights went out. A voice cried "Darkest Africa!" An

old gentleman on my right, to say nothing of others in all parts of the room, started creditable imitations of the roaring of lions and howling of hyenas. Then lights went up again, and in front of the President's table a tent had arisen, apparently from nowhere, and in front of the tent a black sentry carrying a spear walked up and down. Inside the tent could be heard the furious clicking of a typewriter, and the voice of someone in authority explained that the President was inside pouring out the narrative of his sporting tour for an American magazine. Then the typewriter ceased, somebody within the tent yawned very audibly indeed, and a voice cried, "I've had enough of this—I must go and shoot a lion." Almost immediately there was a loud explosion, the sentry ran off and returned with the skin of the President's latest lion—apparently a domestic cat. All the time he was being so mercilessly chaffed by his friends, the President sat at the high table beaming with good nature and enjoying the fun as much as anybody present.

My brief visit to New York and Washington gave me keen interest in Mr. Roosevelt's sporting trip, which was a great success from every point of view. Indeed, it was bound to be when the British Government threw open to him the hospitality of the whole country and welcomed him heartily to the most preserved and guarded portions of it. I carried away with me a very vivid impression of the President's character, and judged him alert, very vigorous in act and word, incapable of hesitancy, and gifted with more than the ordinary measure of physical and moral courage, a fine type of the man that "arrives," in a young and progressive country, and carries his ideals along with him.

I met Mr. Roosevelt again when he had finished his sporting journey, of which, by the way, he has published an admirable account, showing that he mingled a proper measure of restraint with his enthusiasms. He returned to America via London, and a number of sportsmen who had subscribed to present him with a double-barrel Express rifle by Holland and Holland were invited by Lord Lonsdale, himself a subscriber, to meet the ex-President at a luncheon party. I had had the pleasure of subscribing, and was one of some seventy or eighty gentlemen who were present at the gathering at Lord Lonsdale's town house in Carlton House Terrace, and luncheon was served at several round tables. I had the good fortune to find myself at my host's table, one of ten or a dozen, including, of course, Mr. Roosevelt, and I had the further pleasure of being seated between that greatest of modern hunters, F. C. Selous, who died for his country in East Africa only a few months ago, and Sir William Garstin, the distinguished engineer, who is also a noted sportsman and is credited with having shot the elephant with the heaviest pair of tusks on record. It was a very pleasant party, and Mr. Roosevelt told us many of his adventures, stirring tales all. "I wish, Lord Warwick," whispered Selous, "you'd ask him to tell the story of his encounter with a giraffe; it is very remarkable." So I turned to Mr. Roosevelt and said: "Will your Excellency tell us your giraffe story? I'm told you have had an uncommon experience." "If you call me 'Your Excellency,'" replied Mr. Roosevelt with twinkling eyes, "I won't tell you anything." "Then I'll call you by any other name, but tell us the story, please," I said. Thereupon

the ex-President related how one day, while he was in East Africa and travelling across the open plains, he saw a giraffe and determined to stalk it. He had very little hope of success, for the giraffe is timorous, shy, very quick to scent danger, and there was nothing in the way of cover to help the stalker, but the spirit moved him to do his best. Slowly but surely he got within shot, and then decided to see how far he could go without disturbing the animal. The distance diminished until at last he was close enough to realise that the giraffe was fast asleep. Still moving cautiously forward, he came close enough to lay a hand upon it. That sufficed. The giraffe seemed to wake and gallop away at one and the same moment. I suppose this experience stands by itself, even Selous could not match it, and his African experiences are probably unrivalled in both extent and variety. What a man he was! You could have been in his company for hours without a hint from him of his experiences and achievements; he was the very essence of modesty and simplicity—a great gentleman and sportsman who will not be the less regretted by those who knew him because in all probability he died the death he would have chosen for himself.

Back again to the hall, whence I had travelled in memory to Washington and New York, I am reminded that I must no longer look to the chase for pleasure and relaxation. There may, happily, be some more partridges skimming the tops of the hedgerows with the breeze behind them; some rocketers from the woods that will have escaped from the doom of indiscriminate slaughter, and will come to grass as I imagine a self-respecting pheasant would choose to do. But, in the full sense, sport

lies behind me, and it is a rare satisfaction to find that the garden can take the place of field and woodside. Throughout all my life I have been a lover of gardens, and slowly but surely the passion has grown, until to-day I can find in their marvels full satisfaction for activities laid aside.

A man need not be in his sixty-fifth year to recall the birth of the garden interest in this country. In their best aspects all our finest gardens are modern. When I was a young man the owners of large country houses seldom saw their gardens at their best, and consequently gardening languished. When the spring had come they would go up to London for Parliament and the season; when the summer was at the full and Parliament had risen, they went to the Continent, to Scotland, to their yachts, only to return to their country homes when the autumn tints had begun to flame and fire the garden ways. It was the advent of the "week-end" that brought about the renaissance of gardening in England. The owners of big places discovered not only their gardens, but the landscape gardener and the importer of rare shrubs, trees, and rock-garden plants from all parts of the earth, even as far as China. The old style of formal and Italian gardens passed, and an attempt was made to encourage the growth of trees, shrubs, and flowers in relation to the landscape. The appeal to the artist in me was very quick and complete. I always preferred a natural or even a wild growth to the more formal and "bedding out" style.

The development of the water garden was another great improvement that I have watched from its birth. Bamboos, herbaceous plants, and shrubs, particularly those of recent importation from

China, have transformed sheets of water that were hardly ornamental before. Not only in England have I noted the change, but in America, where many gardens founded on old Italian models have been embellished by the natural taste, I had almost said genius, of the American people. Some of the gardens on the other side of the Atlantic may be said to excel the best of ours. They have there, of course, every variety of climate, and that gives them an opportunity they have taken advantage of to the full. In the West Indies, too, where I was a few winters ago, the gardens are a revelation. The gorgeous hibiscus and the mahogany tree, with its scarlet, tulip-shaped flowers, are unforgettable.

Here at Easton Mr. Harold Peto laid out the most of our gardens some years ago, and has certainly every reason to be satisfied with his accomplishment; while my wife, whose feeling for the garden has always been truly artistic, has done much to add to their beauty; and we are fortunate in our head gardener, Lister, who has been as devoted to the gardens as to ourselves for close upon forty years. The growth of garden, tree and shrub is slow in Essex. They take a long time to decide to do their best, but the decision taken, they go ahead and do better than almost anywhere else in England.

I have always been a lover of beautiful gardens, and have lost no chance of visiting them. Perhaps one of the finest in Europe is at Lady Hanbury's place, La Mortola, near Bordighera, but although it is probably unrivalled as a botanical spectacle, the things are so crowded that there is less than enough scope for the purely landscape effect which is in my opinion the surest basis for pleasure grounds.

While in Cornwall in the winter of 1916–17 I greatly enjoyed the gardens at Carhayes belonging to Mr. C. J. Williams, who has done so much in hybridising rhododendrons and importing from Asia fine specimens hitherto unknown. The special feature of the gardens, and a very fortunate one in that terrible winter of 1916–17, is the choice of sheltered gullies for bamboos, rhododendrons, and rare shrubs. They are planted in deep rich leaf mould, often in the shadow of immemorial trees, and winter passes them by. Perhaps the most interesting garden in Essex is that of Miss Wilmot at Warley. Miss Wilmot is one of our greatest gardeners, and I can recall many a pleasant chat with her. I remember once she was making a garden at Bordighera, and was particularly anxious to possess a very fine Draco tree growing in the grounds of Sir Frederic Johnson at Beaulieu. I managed to purchase it for her, and have a photograph of the tree as it was being planted on one of her terraces by the combined effort of some twenty men. I can remember too when I was lunching with Miss Wilmot at Warley there was a sudden unexpected rain shower. With a brief word of apology she vanished from the room and hastened to cover, with a small sheet of glass, some delicate little rock plants she was raising for the first time. It was the action of the true enthusiast.

How we have beautified our streams in and around the water garden with the beautiful primula which comes from Japan, and was unknown only a few years ago; how we have prospered with the many-coloured water lilies introduced to us originally by a Frenchman, Monsieur Marliac! Perhaps the gardens that have pleased me most are those at

Tresco, in the Scilly Islands. There you may see the mesembryanthemums imported from distant lands sprawling over the rocks with their star-like flowers of every delicate tint, leaving a sense of beauty beyond parallel. There, too, are the bottle-brush trees, the dracænas, the sweet-scented geraniums giving an overwhelming sense of beauty, warmth, and sunshine. I have learned to take an ever-increasing interest not only in gardens, but in the individual growth of favourite trees and flowers. It becomes a pleasure to watch their progress, to protect them, to wonder how far another year will carry them along the road to perfection. If I may judge by the glimpses I catch of the gardens of our tenants and labourers, and by the splendid exhibition brought together every year at our annual show of flowers and fruit in the grounds of Easton, this corner of Essex has its full share of garden lovers.

It is impossible to regret the passing of activity when so much remains to gladden the tranquil life, and I pray that if the new economic conditions are to make it impossible for the landowner to keep the gardens that are his delight, the coming of change may at least be delayed till I have passed beyond the reach of it.

INDEX

ABERCROMBIE, Sir Robert, 34
Absentee landlords, 125
Adam's Peak, 39
Aden, narrow escape from death at, 181
Africa, East (*see* East Africa)
Agriculture, author's interest in, 54
Ailesbury, Lady, and the Sandringham beaters, 274
Airlie, Lady, 10
Albany, Duke of (Prince Leopold), 5, 15, 22, 26, 40, 261
  accompanies author to Paris Exhibition of 1878, 27
  at Boyton, Wilts, 288
  author's tribute to, 272
  best man at author's wedding, 43, 273
  death of, 45
  friendship with author, 5, 15, 273
  instals author P.G.M. of Essex, 60
  marriage, 45
  ruins a copy of Greville Memoirs, 15
Albert, Prince Consort, visits Warwick Castle, 1
  as sportsman, 284
Albert Edward, Prince of Wales (*see* Edward VII., King)
Alexandra, Queen, at a masked ball, 46
  visits Ireland, 287
Alfonso XII., King of Spain, Order of the Garter conferred on, 255
Alice of Hesse, Princess, 271
Alington, Lord, 265, 266
Allen, Major, M.P. for E. Somerset, 56
Allen, Phillip, a fight at Chalfont St. Giles, 3, 56
Alton, the, fishing on, 99
Alverstone, Lord, 65
America, gardens in, 311
Amherst, Lord, appointed Pro-Grand Master of English Masons, 62
Ancaster, Lord, 87
Antelope hunting, 38
Ants on the march, 185
Archer, Fred, his tip for the St. Leger, 47
Argyll, Duke of, 120
Argyll, Duchess (*see* Louise, Princess)
Arkwright, Ferdinand, imperturbability of, 289
Asquith, Mr., 215
Atholl, Duke of, 285
  entertains Lord and Lady Warwick, 49
Atholl Highlanders, a clan gathering, 49
Avon, the, 12, 136, 209
Aylesford, Joe, 24

B

BAGPIPES, 231
Balaclava, the Charge of, 244
Balfour, A. J., at Warwick Castle, 215
Balmoral, a romantic spot at, 286
  author's visit to, 26
Balston, Dr., headmaster of Eton, 4
Barber, a, and a Cabinet Minister's loss, 275
Barnard, Lord, 238
Bath, Marquis of, 235, 280
Bath-rooms, Mexican, 161, 167
Beaconsfield, Lord, and the marriage of the Duke of Albany, 40
  author's meetings with, 251
  Lord Rosslyn and: a candid utterance, 252
Beatrice, Princess, 44
Beatty, Admiral, 82, 217
Beaufort, Duke of, 106, 238
Beer drinking in Germany, 22, 23
Bennett, Sir William, 268
Beresford, Lord William, an unfortunate polo match, 36
Bhurtpore, duck shooting at, 36
Bingham, General, 281
Birmingham, Queen Victoria opens the Aston Hall, 1
Birmingham Hospital, a new wing opened, 269
Blackcock shooting, 280
Blackwater, the, a fisherman's story, 224
  fishing on, 29, 95, 96, 116

Black-water fever, 200
Blair Atholl, a visit to, 49
Blenheim, tapestries of, 19
Blois, Captain, 243
Blood, Sir Bindon, pig-sticking with, 37
Boer War, the, 62, 72
  a German tribute to the British, 63
Bombay, a levee at, 35
Bradlaugh, Charles, 58
Brahmaputra, the, 38
Bream fishing, 94
Bridgeman, Colonel, 256
Bright, John, 68
Brockhampton, pheasant shooting at, 87
Brooke, Lord, 218
  A.D.C. to General French, 73
  and Sir Evelyn Wood, 72
  military experience of, 13, 74
  returns from Boer War, 268
Brougham, Lord, 255
Brown, John, 26
Buccleuch, Duchess of, 44
Buccleuch, Duke of, a practical joke, 280
Buffalo-hunting, 38, 196
Burke, Mr., murder of, 51
Burns, John, and open-air shelters for phthisical patients, 67
Bute, Lord, Mayor of Cardiff, 215
Butt, Madame Clara, 22
Butterfly hunting in Mexico, 163
Buxton, Edward North, 304

C

Cabinet Minister, a, and the barber, 275
Cairns, Lord, 87, 102
  a sketch by, 259
Calcraft, Sir Henry, 47, 71
Calcutta, 39
Callender, H., 242
Calthorpe, Lord, 269
Cambridge, Duke of, as sportsman, 284
Campbell, John, of Islay, 35, 36
Canford Manor, tennis court at, 223
Careysville, a Royal visit to, 102
Carnegie, Lord, 239
Carrol, Mr., 116, 117
Carver, Dr., rifle shooting of, 108
Castlereagh, Lord, at Oxford, 18
Castletown, Lord, 110
Catania, the, a pleasant trip in, 219
Cavendish, Lord Frederick, murder of, 51
Cawdor Moors, grouse shooting on, 86, 243
Cawnpore, a visit to, 37
Chalfont St. Giles, life at, 3
Chamberlain, Joseph, 68
  and Tariff Reform, 55
Chaplin, Henry, Protectionist views of, 55
Charles II., King, epigram on, 263
Charteris, Colonel, 85
  a toothless guest, 236
Charteris, Dick, 25
Chesterfield, Lord, 87
Cholmondeley, Lord, 282
Chubb, Percy, 86, 87, 242, 243
Chund, Manick, and Mr. St. Quentin, 37
Churchill, Lord Randolph, 19
  a gift to the author from, 106
  recommends a tailor, 20
Claremont, a memorable winter night, 273
Clarence, Duke of, 287
Clayton, Captain, tragic death of, 36
Clegg, Mr., manager of Inter-Oceanic Railway, 174
Cleveland, Duke of, 238, 240
Codrington, Gen. Sir Alfred, 281
Colchester, exciting by-election at, 59
  oyster banquet at, 65
Colley, Archdeacon, séances in Warwick Castle, 225
Colne, the, gas buoys on, 70, 71
Commemoration festivities at Oxford, 6
Conger eel fishing, 218
Connaught, Duke of, first meeting with, 270
  Masonic activities of, 63, 271
Cooch Behar, Maharajah of, 38
Corn Production Bill, the, 128
Corry, Montagu (*see* Rowton, Lord)
Cottage accommodation, the question of, 127
County Councils, institution of, 211
  post-War problems, 212
Coventry and its industries, 249
Coventry, Arthur, 120
Coventry, Lord, 215
Cowdray, Lord, 156
Craven, "Billy," 120
Craven, Col. the Hon. "Obby," 120
Craven, Lord, 121
Cricket in pre-War times, 233
Crimean War, reminiscences of, 242
Cuban War, the, 306
Culloden relics at Warwick Castle, 2
Cunningham, Professor, 95
Cust, Sir Charles, 102
Cyanide treatment of gold, 151, 173

D

Darjeeling, 37
Darnley, Lord, 5, 22
De Broke (*see* Willoughby de Broke)
De Grey, Lord (Lord Ripon), 88, 93, 239
Deer driving and stalking, 38, 78, 85, 284
Delacourt, John, 24
Delamere, Lady, death of, 183
Delamere, Lord, in his garden, 183
Delfur, fishing at, 231
Delhi, an historic Durbar at, 34
Derby, Lord, and his scheme, 67
De Rosens, M., 4
Devonshire, Duke of, 103, 104
  action against, 117
  an old charter, 103, 115
Diaz, Porfirio, personality of, 155, 158
  the President's wife, 156
Dickson, Baron Oscar, 104
Digby, Colonel Everard, 101
Dodd, Woolley, 4
Doncaster, author's Leger week at, 46
Dorsetshire, truffle hunting in, 266
Douglas, Akers, 59
Downe, Lord and Lady, 35, 36
Dry-fly fishing, 119
Drynacher, a big bag at, 242
Dublin, an unsatisfactory purchase, 50
Duck-shooting at Bhurtpore, 36
Dudley, Lady, 112
Dudley, Lord, 87, 112
Dugdale, Col. Frank, 25, 268
Dugdale, Lady Eva, 268
Duncombe, Jim, 3
Duncombe, Reggie (Lord Helmsley), 3
Dunrobin Castle, 217
  a curious incident, 218

E

East Africa, a journey to, 180 *et seq.*
  game of, 185
Easton, cricket grounds at, 233
  fire at, 294
  gardens, 311
  Masonic meeting at, 60
  the entrance hall: its treasures, 291 *et seq.*
  the shooting, 91
Eastwell Park, reminiscences of, 89
Edinburgh, Duchess of, her priceless jewels, 89, 90
Edinburgh, Duke of, 90
  and Mr. Arkwright, 289
  his love of music, 89
Edward VII., King, 217, 295
  a refractory motor-car, 249
  an unfortunate accident to, 104
  and Lord Rosslyn, 41
Edward VII., King (*cont.*)—
  as sportsman, 286
  busy holidays, 287
  capacity for work, 261, 262
  Coronation of, 255
  dons the kilt, 286
  episode at Birmingham Town Hall, 269
  his knee-cap broken, 266
  personality of, 264
  presents Colours to Territorial forces, 281
  purchases race-horse Lucknow, 251
  shooting at Chieveley, 281
  visits Dublin, 287
  visits Royal Agricultural Show at Warwick, 33
Egerton of Tatton, Lord, 62
El Oro Mine, flotation of, 178
Eland shooting, 302
Elcho, Lord, 2
Elgin, Lord, 202
Elk-hunting in India, 39
Ely, Lady, 44
Embu country (East Africa), 194
  unfriendly natives, 195
England, County Councils of, 211
English landowner, the, 122 *et seq.*
Entail, the law of, 132
Entebbe, sleeping sickness at, 187
Erskine, Fitzroy, 40
Essex, author appointed Lord-Lieutenant of, 205
  garden lovers in, 312, 313
  increasing number of phthisis cases in, 67
  sounds of the Great War in, 249

F

Falkenberg, the, fishing on, 105
Fayrer, Sir Joseph, a curious incident, 218
Feshie, the, 80
Feversham, Lord, 33
ffennell, Mr., report on the Blackwater fishing, 115
Field, Barclay, 101
Finch, Col. Seymour Wynne, 256
Fish hatcheries, 111, 119
Fishing in India, 39
Fishing *v.* shooting, 136
Fitzgerald, Sir Penrose, 95
Florida, a sporting visit to, 136 *et seq.*
  bird life of, 144
  fishermen of, 147
Fly-fishing, 94
Flynn, Jack, 98, 103, 293, 294

Foley, Mr., 115, 118
Forbes, Lady Angela, 40
Forster, Colonel, 32
Fort Hall, a gruesome story, 193
Fox hunting, 92
Francis of Teck, Prince, 94
Frederica, Princess, 28
Frederick, German Crown Prince, 272
Frederick Leopold of Prussia, Prince, Masonic congratulations to, 62
Freemasonry, 60–62
Frewen, Moreton, 109, 180, 196, 197
Frisby, General, 164, 165
  sells a mining option, 173, 177

G

Gage, Lord, 5, 16
Gambetta, Léon, author and, 27
Gambling hells, 159
Ganges, the, sacred water of, 37, 301
Gardening, renaissance of, 310
Garstin, Sir William, 308
Gazelle-shooting, 301
George V., King, at Warwick Castle, 33
  an unerring shot, 283, 286
  as fisherman, 286
  Coronation festivities, 90
  entertained by author, 102
Gerard, Lord, 89
German University, the, 22
Germany, Freemasonry in, 62
Gilbey, Sir Walter, 33
Gladstone, W. E., 57, 68
  his Midlothian campaign, 251
Glenfeshie, sport at, 221
Godman, Mr., an anecdote of, 81
"Gold crusher," the, 151, 157, 165
  failure of, 173, 177
Gold, cyanide treatment of, 151, 173
Gold mines, Mexican, 164
Golf, 30
Gordon Castle and its fishing parties, 228
Gordon, General, 137, 305
Gordon-Lennox, Lady Algernon, 40, 60, 231
Gordon-Lennox, Lord Algernon, 228
Granville, Lady, 9
Granville, Lord, 68
Great War, sights and sounds of, 249
Green, C. E., captain of Essex County Cricket Club, death of, 233
Gregory, Sir William, Governor of Ceylon, 39
Grenfell, Willie, 137
Greville, Hon. Alwyne, 1, 83, 84, 88, 237
  A.D.C. to Lord Spencer, 287
  a fine rifle shot, 85
Grenville, Hon. Alwyne (*cont.*)—
  buffalo stalking, 196, 197
  equerry to Duke of Clarence, 287
  fishing on the Falkenberg, 105
  grouse shooting at Glenfeshie, 221
  hippopotamus shooting, 188
  in Uganda, 187
  journey to East Africa, 180
  partridge shooting in Warwickshire, 243
  racing cutter of, 32
  timber prospecting, 184
  upset in the snow, 254
Greville, Hon. Louis, 97, 101
Greville, Hon. Sidney, 107
Greville Memoirs, the, Prince Leopold and, 15
Grouse shooting, 75, 86, 221, 235, 238
Gurdon, Sir William Brampton, 59

H

Haggin, J. B., and the El Oro mine, 177, 178
Haig, Sir Douglas, 245
Haldane, Lord, Territorial scheme of, 66
Hamilton, Sir Ian, a tribute to author, 25
Hammerfest, memories of, 99
Hanbury, Lady, a celebrated garden, 311
Hanover, King and Queen of, 28
Harcourt, Aubrey, 5, 16, 17
Harcourt, Sir William, 5
  author's introduction to, 16
Hardinge, Lord, 10
Hares, a good bag at Blenheim, 20
Harewood, Lord, 120
Harris, Lord, 22
Hartebeest, 184, 185
Hartington, Lord, 68
Hatcheries, fish, 111, 119
Hatfield House, 107
Hawk kite, the, 222
Headfort, Lord, 51
Healy, "Tim," 116, 117
Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, Princess, wedding of, 45
Helmsley, Lord, 3
Herbert, Michael, 46
Hervey, Sir Robert, and Lady, 181
Hewitt, Mr., 39
Hicks-Beach, Sir Michael (Lord St. Aldwyn), 71
Highforce and its owners, 238
Highland gillie, a non-teetotal, 230
Highland stalkers and gillies, 81
Hind, Dr. and Mrs., 191, 192, 196

Hippopotamus shooting, 188
Hirsch, Baron, 295
Hohenlöhe, Princess, 90
Hole, Dean, at Colchester oyster banquet, 65
Holford, Lady, a ball-room episode, 259
Holford, Sir George, 287
Holland, Sydney (*see* Knutsford, Lord)
Home Rule question, 56, 68, 82
Hope, Adrian, as sportsman, 85
Houghton and its memories, 282
Howe, Lady, a clumsy waiter and, 252
Hoyos, Count, and his nephew, 193
Hunter, Charlie, 241

I

Iddesleigh, Lord, 68
India, sport in, 36 *et seq.*
Indians, Mexican, 152, 153, 171, 172, 176
Inver fishings, Ballynahinch, 109, 219
Invercauld, author's visits to, 82, 217
Ireland, a visit to, 51
  Land Acts, 125
  the County Councils of, 211
Irish question, the, 56, 68, 82
Isle of Wight, yacht-racing, 32
Iverna, the, cruising in, 29
Ixtaccihuatl, 174

J

Jameson, Jack, owner of the *Iverna*, 29
Jameson, Willie, 242
  as yachtsman, 29, 31, 32
Jameson, Mrs. Willie, 29
  and her brother, Sir Douglas Haig, 245
  fine shooting by, 283
Jeypore, a tiger shoot at, 37
Johnson, Sir Frederic, 312

K

Kandy, 39
Kashmir, Rajah of, 36
Kenia, Mount (*see* Mount Kenia)
Kenmare, Lord, 291
Kennard, Mr., 282
Khelat, the Khan of, 36
Killarney, Lake, 83
Kilmaine, Lord, 34
Kinchingjunga, snow-peaks of, 38
Kiralfy, Mr., 268
Knollys, Miss Charlotte, and a silk hat, 43
Knutsford, Lord, 242, 243

L

Lambourne, Lord (Sir Mark Lockwood), 66
Lamington, Lord, 181
Land League, the, 113
Land problem, the, 122 *et seq.*
Land tax and tithe, 126
Landa, Señor Don Gulielmo, 153, 157
Landlord *v.* tenant, 122 *et seq.*
Landlords, cost of "improvements," 210
Lathom, Lord, death of, 62
Leigh, Lord, 7
Leopold, Prince (*see* Albany, Duke of)
Leslie, C., 242
Liddell, Mrs., 6, 271
Lingham, Mr., 180
  his timber concession, 186
Loch Inver, 109, 219
Lockwood, Colonel Mark (Lord Lambourne), 66
Londonderry, Lord (Lord Castlereagh), 18
Long, Walter, 5, 16
  and motor-car speed, 54
Longleat, antiquarian clergyman at, 236
Longstock Club, the, 108, 120
Lonsdale, Lord, 215, 308
Loreburn, Lord Chancellor, and appointments to the Bench, 207
Lorne, Marquis of, woos Princess Louise, 286
Lothaire, Colonel, 191
Louise, Princess (Duchess of Argyll), 271, 286
Louise, Princess (daughter of King of Hanover), 28
Low, Willie, 136, 137
  a forgotten commission, 250
  and the French hair-dresser, 238
  death of, 234
Lowther, Jimmy, 253
Lucan, Lord, and the Crimean War, 244, 245
Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. Morton, 95
Lucknow, a visit to, 37
Lucy, Barclay, 243
Lucy, Spenser, 243
Lyons, Lord, 27
Lythe fishing at Hammerfest, 99
Lyttelton, Hon. Alfred, 215
Lytton, Lord, Governor-General of India, 34, 35

M

Machell, Captain, 46
Mackay, Mrs., and Lord Willoughby, 248

Madras, a famine camp at, 39
Madrid, a bull-fight in, 256
Mahsir fishing, 39
Maria Christina, Queen, 258
Marjoribanks, Edward, 7
Marlborough Club, the Prince of Wales and author, 264
Marlborough, Duchess, a welcome telegram from her father, 21
Marliac, Monsieur, 312
Maynard, Col. Charles Henry, 40
  at a Spanish bull-fight, 257
Maynard, Miss, betrothal and marriage of, 41 *et seq.* (*See also* Warwick, Lady)
Mayors, Peers as, 215
McCalmont, Harry, 281
Mealmore, grouse shooting at, 235
Menzies, Mrs. (Lady Holford), 259
Menzies, Willie Stuart, 99
Mexborough, Lady: an unfortunate *contretemps*, 1
Mexico, author's visit to, 151 *et seq.*
  its President, 155
MexicoCity, beauty and situation of, 154
Midges at Mealmore, 235
Milbanke, Sir Frederick, 241
Miles, Sir Philip, 56
Mills, Algernon, 22
Mills, Lady Mary, 45
Mining in Mexico, 164 *et seq*
Mocking-bird, a tame, 139
Monarchy, necessity of, 260
Monkeys, 186
Montague, Colonel Oliver, 43
Montgomery, Mr., 102, 104, 113
Mordaunt, Sir Charles, 221
  as host, 78
  his record kill of stags, 80
Mosquitoes, 148, 200
Moths, Mexican, 159, 163
Motley, Mr., 17
Motor-cars, King Edward and, 249
  speed limit of, 54
Mount Kenia, 189, 195
  forests of, 195, 202
Muckross Abbey, 83
Mundy, Mrs. Miller, a broken knee-cap, 268
Münster, Count, and his "penny man," 272

N

Nairobi, Freemasonry at, 61
Nandi country, the (East Africa), 186, 187
Naples, ex-King of, 28
National Insurance Bill, the, 68
Neruda, Madame Norman, 22
Neville, Lady Dorothy, a story of, 223
Newport, Lord, 239
Nice, a skating carnival at, 90
Noble, Heatley, 242
Nolan, Captain, and the Charge at Balaclava, 242
Northcote, Sir Stafford (*see* Iddesleigh, Lord)
Norway, fishing in, 99
Nuneham, a "burglary" at, 17
Nuwara Eliya, 39

O

Oajaca, an unconventional Governor in, 160
  an untimely deputation, 162
Oakley, Teddy, 137
O'Brien, Sir Terence, 62
Open-air treatment of phthisis, 67
Osprey, a disappointed, 222
Oxford, author at, 5, 12
  clubs, 22
  Commemoration festivities, 6
  Princess Alice of Hesse visits author at, 271
  students' practical joking at, 15
Oyster crabs, 138
Oyster feast at Colchester, the, 65

P

Paget, General Sir Arthur, 87, 250
Paris Exhibition of 1878, the, 27
Parker brothers, the (sons of Lord Macclesfield), 22
Parliament, party politics past and present, 68
  the Irish question in, 56
Parliamentary elections and the intervention of Peers: a nice point, 215
Parnell, Charles Stewart, 57
Parrots, remarkable, 141
Party politics, evils of, 65 *et seq.*, 214
Patterson, Col. J. H., arranges East African trip, 180
  buffalo stalking, 196
  giraffe shooting, 302
  visits Uganda, 187
Paulet, Col. Charles, 243
Paulet, "Jimmy" (*see* Winchester, Lord)
Pearson, Sir Weetman (Lord Cowdray), 156
Peel, Mr., Speaker of the House of Commons, 64
Peer mayors, 215

Pelicans, 144
Percy, Colonel, 113
Perkins, Mr., organist at Blenheim, 21
Perowne, Dr., Bishop of Worcester: a curious text, 34
Persia, Shah of, 107
Peto, Harold, 311
Pheasant shooting, 87, 92
Phœnix Park murders, the, 51
Phthisis, increase of, 67
Pig-sticking at Jeypore, 37
Pigeon shooting, 77, 234
Pike, a large, 94
Pinchot, Mr., 305
Plunket, David (Lord Rathmore), 57
Point de Galle, 39
Popocatepetl, 174
Portmarnock golf course, 30
Pretyman, Mr., 66
Primula, Japanese, 312
Prinsep, Val, 35
Property qualification, abolition of, 206
Prothero, Mr., 128
Puebla, a gambling hell in, 159
Python, a huge, 192

R

Raby Castle, host and hostess of, 240
the visitors' book, 241
Raglan, Lord, and Crimean War, 244
Railways, Mexican: their maker, 156
Rathmore, Lord, 57
Rayleigh, Lord, resigns Lord-Lieutenancy of Essex, 205
Rent, a suggested sliding scale of, 129
Rhinoceros hunting in East Africa, 184
large number of, 198
tragic story of a, 194
want of fear in the, 190
Richmond and Gordon, Duke of, 102
hospitality of, 228
Rifle shooting at Hatfield, 108
Rinderpest, effect on buffalo herds, 196
successful combating of, 200
Ripon, Lord (Lord de Grey), as game shot, 88, 93, 239
Rivers, pollution of, 208
Robinson, Mr., and a Court dress, 11
Robsart, Amy, an antiquary's discovery, 237
Roe-deer shooting, 286
Ronalds, Mrs., 288
Roosevelt, Theodore, 304
a giraffe story by, 308
British hospitality, 307
presentation from sportsmen to, 308
Rosebery, Lord, and the Raby Castle visitors' book, 241
Rosslyn, Lord, 40
a neat retort by, 41
and Alfonso XII. of Spain, 255
and the "G.O.M.," 251
and the grocer, 93
fiery temper of, 41, 42, 93
keen sense of humour, 41
Lord Beaconsfield's frank talk with, 252
Queen Victoria and, 40
Rothschild, Baron Ferdinand de, and the accident to King Edward, 266
Rowton, Lord, 40
presents author to Lord Beaconsfield, 251
Royal Agricultural Show at Warwick, 33
Royle, Dr., 27
Rumania, Queen of, 90
Rural life, some aspects of, 213 *et seq.*

S

Sadler, Sir Hayes, 183
St. Aldwyn, Lord (Sir M. Hicks-Beach), 71
St. Leger, the, a lucrative week, 46–7
St. Quentin, Tommy, 37
St. Swithin's Eve at Balmoral, 27
Salisbury, Lord, 34
and the Colchester election, 60
garden party for Shah of Persia, 107
Lord R. Churchill and, 107
offers author Lord-Lieutenancy of Essex, 205
Salmon fishing, hints on, 101
in the Dee, 217
on the Blackwater, 29, 95, 96, 116
on the Spey, 229
Sambur shooting at Ulwar, 37, 301
Sandringham, the shooting at, 274
Sanger, "Lord" George, and the Warwick family coach, 253
Sassoon, Arthur, 281
Savannah, an enjoyable week in, 137
fauna of, 139
Scandinavia, fishing days in, 99
Schlaeger fighting in Germany, 22, 23
Scilly Islands, the, 29
Screeb, Island of, 111
Sea trout hatchery, a, 111
Seely, Colonel, 73
Selous, F. C., 308, 309
Shanks, Geordie, 229
Sharks, 111, 145, 146, 147
Sheffield, Mr. (secretary to Lord Lyons), 27
Shooting permits, 184

Silkworms, experiments with, 192
Singh, Sir Pertab, 37
Skating carnival at Nice, 90
Sleeping sickness, 187, 188, 200
Small Holdings Act, the, failure of, 127
Smith, Vivian, 242
Smith, W. H., 64, 68, 126
  a dinner party and a careless waiter, 252
Smoking extraordinary, 28
Snakes, 192
Snipe shooting in Mexico, 174
Somersetshire Conservative Association, the, 56
Sousa, John Philip, at Warwick Castle, 258
South African War, the, 62, 63, 72
Spain, Lord Rosslyn in, 256
Spencer, Lord, Viceroy of Ireland, and the sentry, 51
Spiritualistic séances at Warwick Castle, 225
Sporting trophies at Easton, 291 *et seq.*
Stag hunting, 78, 85, 221
Stewart, Hughie Shaw, 22
Stobart, F., 242
Strafford, Lady, 282
Strathmore, Lord, 238
Strawberry Hill, a masked ball at, 46
"Sugar Candy," 24
Sutherland, Duchess of, 40
  a bedroom episode, 279
Sutherland, Duke of, 209
  and Dunrobin Castle, 217
  his yacht *Catania*, 219
Sweden, a strange mode of landing fish, 228
Sword fish, 147

T

Taft, Mr., 306
Tankerville, Lord, 120
Tarpon fishing in Florida, 136, 143
Tennis at Canford Manor, 223
"Terrapin crawl," a, 138
Territorial scheme of Lord Haldane, the, 66, 306
Test, the, a ducking in, 121
  dry-fly fishing on, 120
Thunderstorms, Mexican, 163
Tiger shooting in India, 37, 38
Tilbury, a disobliging embarkation officer, 73
Timber concession in East Africa, a, 186
Timber, discovery of, 195, 202 *et seq.*
Travel, old-time, 253
Tredegar, Lord, 54
Trent, the, pollution of, 209
Trentham, abandoned by late Duke of Sutherland, 209
Tresco, 50
  the gardens at, 313
Trotter, Captain, 50
Trout, an expensive, 109
  fishing on the Test, 120
Truffle hunting in Dorsetshire, 266
Tufnell, Rev. Mr., and Lord Rosslyn, 41, 42
Turtle, 138
Tuticorin, 39
Tweedmouth, Lord, 7

U

Uganda, a trip into, 187
Uganda Railway, the, 185, 187
Ulwar, sambur shooting at, 37

V

Vanderbilt, Mr., 21
Vane-Tempest, Lord Herbert, 87, 137
Verney, Sir Harry, 127
Vernon, Miss, and the Raby Castle visitors' book, 241
Victoria, Queen, 44
  at the gillies' ball, 26
  birthday book of, 45
  devotion to duty, 260
  funeral of Duke of Albany, 45
  her esteem for Lord Rosslyn, 41
  Jubilee of, 272
  proclaimed Empress of India, 34
  visits Warwick Castle, 1
Village institutes, suggestions for, 131
Vivian, Colonel, 231, 282

W

Waddesdon Manor, an unfortunate accident at, 266
Wadsworth, Major, 305
Waldeck-Pyrmont, Princess Helen of, 45
Waldegrave, Lady, 46
Wales, lung disease in, 68
Walrond, Sir William, 59
Walsingham, Lord, 295
Ward, Hon. Cyril and Mrs., 181, 189, 196
Warter Priory, pheasant shooting at, 87
Warwick Borough and Leamington, by-election for, 215
  Mayor and Council of, 210
  Royal Agricultural Show at, 33

Warwick Castle, a brilliant function, 237
Culloden relics at, 2
fire at, 7
music at, 21
old family coaches, 253
Queen Victoria's visit to, 1
the " spirits " of, 225
Warwick, Lady, a lucrative wager, 49
a speech at a lecture, 179
and the ghosts of Warwick Castle, 226
as canvasser, 59
as horsewoman, 246
her first fishing experience, 232
marriage of, 43
the gardens at Easton, 311
Warwick and Brooke, Earl of, a bath, and a sequel, 161
a good Leger week, 47
a practical joke, and its consequences, 34
activities of, 54
advice to fishermen, 98
allowance exceeded—and curtailed, 20, 21
an expensive holiday, 150
an indulgent butler, 2
an unpopular officer and his bulldog, 24
and an Oxford crammer, 18
ants, an unpleasant experience, 185
as huntsman, 246
assists at an amputation, 170
at Eton, 4
at Oxford, 5, 12, 271
attends Great Durbar at Delhi, 34
becomes a member of Mexican Jockey Club, 154
birth of, 1
Blackwater Fishery Commission : a story of, 95
Blair Atholl : a gathering of Atholl clan, 49
Cabinet Minister's disaster, 275
chairman of a Coventry cycle company, 249
coming of age festivities abandoned, 7, 8
commanded to Balmoral and Buckingham Palace, 26, 247
commands Warwickshire Yeomanry, 35
Count Münster's " penny man," 272
crocodile as bedfellow, 270
curious incident at a deer drive, 285
death of his father, 58
declines a kilt, 49
Warwick and Brooke, Earl of (*cont.*)—
dicta of an Indian chief, 216
dines at White House, 305
dines at Windsor Castle, 44
duck shooting, 36
Duke of Albany and (*see* Albany)
early days, 1 *et seq.*
East African journey, 180 *et seq.*
Easton : the entrance hall and its treasures, 291 *et seq.*
encouragement from a keeper, 217
entertains King George V., 102
entomological specimens, Mexican, 159, 163
ex-King of Naples and, 28
fairyland at Claremont, 273
first cigar, 3
first meeting with King Edward VII., 264
fishing remembrances, 94 *et seq.*
Florida : sport in, 136 *et seq.*
Foreign Office reception, a, and author's Court dress, 9
Freemasons at Easton, 60
friendship with Lord R. Churchill, 20, 106, 107
fun at a Hunt Ball, 259
funeral of Duke of Albany, 45, 274
Gridiron dinner, New York, 306
gun-bearers' quarrel, a, 200, 201
high game, 223
his *beau-ideal* as a boy, 244
hunting in Essex, 50
in Dublin, 51
inspects a timber concession, 183
installation of Duke of Connaught, 63, 271
introduced to Lord Beaconsfield, 251
joins Warwickshire Yeomanry, 24
landlord and tenant, author's views, 122
leaves Eton, 4
lectures on Mexico, 179
Lord-Lieutenant of Essex, 66, 205
Lord Willoughby de Broke and, 247
love of painting, 12
Marlborough Club, a delayed election to, 264
marriage, 43
matters Masonic, 60, 62
Mayor of Warwick, 210
M.P. for Colchester, 59, 60
M.P. for East Somersetshire, 56
memories of the Reigning House, 260 *et seq.*
Mexico, a trip to, 151
narrow escapes from death, 88, 181

Warwick and Brooke, Earl of (*cont.*)—
old family coach and "Lord" George Sanger, 253
on the troubles of the landowning classes, 52
Oxford days, and sporting memories, 12 *et seq.*
P.G.M. of Essex, 59, 60
political reminiscences of, 65 *et seq.*
pre-railway and present-day travel, 253, 255
presence of mind at a political dinner, 252
President of Birmingham Hospital, 269
purchases a mining option, 173, 177
Queen Victoria's birthday book, 45
race-horse Lucknow, 250, 251
random memories of people and places, 217 *et seq.*
reminiscences of Warwickshire Yeomanry, 24, 25
resigns Mayoralty of Warwick, 215
Roosevelt's giraffe story, 308
rusticated, 7
schooldays, 2
séances at Warwick Castle, 225
seconds Address, 64
sees a bull-fight in Madrid, 256
sequel to a mining accident, 171
shooting memories, 75 *et seq.*
snipe shooting in Mexico, 174
some aspects of rural life, 213
sport in India, 36, 37
story of a sock, 269
strike of beaters, 86
swims Barnes Pool, and the result, 4
tarpon fishing, 145
tests a "gold crusher," 165 *et seq.*
the doctor—and a wasted cigar, 220
the "Spey Courier" and, 230
tiger shooting, 37
turf experiences, 46 *et seq.*
Uganda, a visit to, 187
uncomfortable elephant ride, 35
unpleasant experience at Windsor Castle, 278
valet's veiled rebuke, 265
visits Paris Exhibition, 27
wedding of Duke of Albany, 45
yacht racing, 32
Warwickshire Hunt Ball, the, 259
Warwickshire Yeomanry, inspected by Sir Ian Hamilton, 25
Lord Willoughby de Broke's colonelcy, 246, 248
reminiscences of, 24
Water as a source of pollution, 200
Water grasses, poisonous, 199
Waterford, Lord and Lady, 181
Water gardens, 310
Water-lilies at Easton, 312
Webster, Sir Richard (*see* Alverstone, Lord)
Week-end habit, the, 310
Wellington, Duke of, 213, 218
Wells, H. G., 213, 260
Wells, William, 238
Wemmergill, shooting at, 241
Wemyss, Lord, 238
a fire on the butts, 239
as sportsman, 75, 239
West Indies, the, gardens in, 311
Western Highlands, the, 30
a yachting mishap, 31
Westmorland, Countess of, 40
Westmorland, Dowager Countess of, 266
Whale stories, 95
Whip rays, 147
Whitney, Mr., 21, 149
Willoughby, Sir John, 46
Willoughby de Broke, Lord, death of, 250
dislike of motor-cars, 248
his free tongue, 246, 248
reprimands author, 247
Willoughby de Broke, Lord (son of above), and the rights of the House of Peers, 250
Williams, C. J., his gardens, 312
Wilmot, Miss, as gardener, 312
Wilson, Miss Muriel, 90
Wilton, Lord, 282
Wimbledon, Brackenbury's school, 5
Wimborne, Lord, 223
Winchester, Lord, 248
Windsor, presentation of Colours at, 281
Windsor Castle, a bedroom hunt, 278
Wolff, Sir Drummond, 257
Wood, Sir Evelyn, 72
Woodcock shooting, 83
Worcester, Bishop of, a curious text, 83

Y

Yachting experiences, 29 *et seq.*
York, Duke of (King George V.), 33

Z

Zebras, 185
Zeppelins over Essex, 249

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